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THE WORKS

OF

J.-B. P. MOLIERE

VOLUME I

MEMOIR
THE BLUNDERER
THE LOVE-TIFF

THE EDITION

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

ON JAPAN VELLUM PAPER

LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES

No. 51

PRINTED FOR

MARY HAMILTON HOXIE

THE WORKS OF MOLIÈRE

MM. LOUIS LELOIR, MAURICE LELOIR, JACQUES LEMAN
EDMOND BÉDOUIN

MOLIÈRE AND HIS MUSE

LOUIS LELOIR, PAINTER. E. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

PARIS
CHEZ [illegible], ÉDITEURS
[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA

MOLIERE AND HIS MUSE

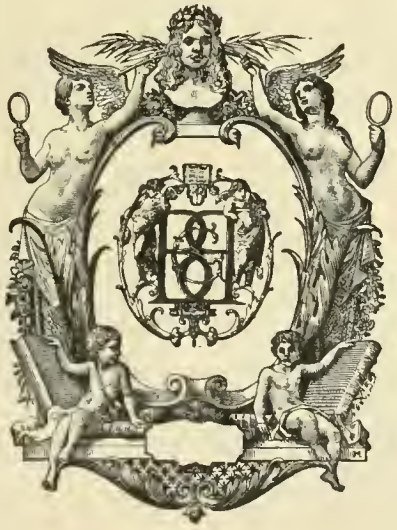
LOUIS LELOIR, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

THE WORKS OF MOLIERE

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MM. LOUIS LELOIR MAURICE LELOIR JACQUES LEMAN
EDMOND HEDOUIN



PARIS

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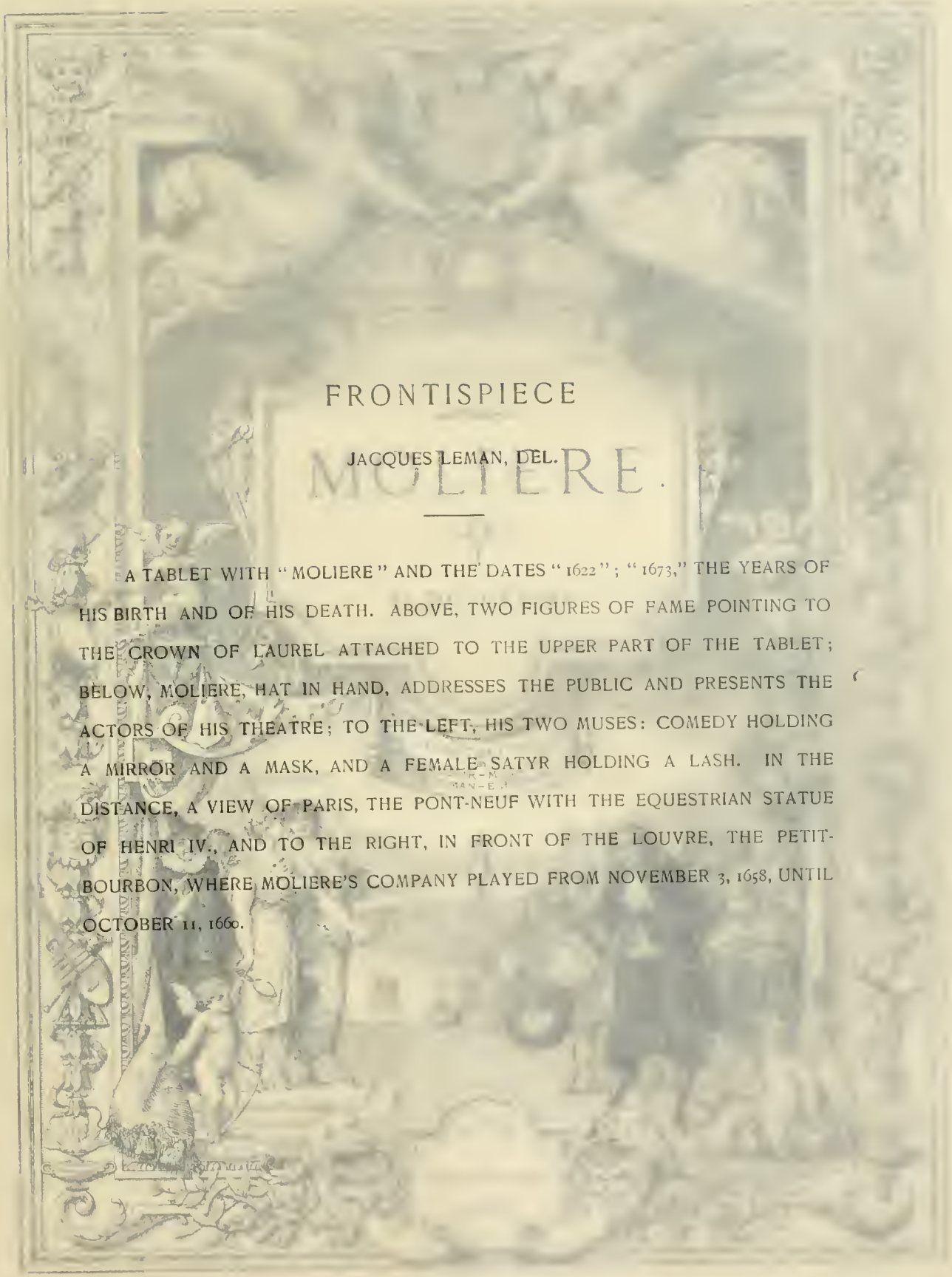

FRONTISPIECE

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

A TABLET WITH "MOLIERE" AND THE DATES "1622"; "1673," THE YEARS OF HIS BIRTH AND OF HIS DEATH. ABOVE, TWO FIGURES OF FAME POINTING TO THE CROWN OF LAUREL ATTACHED TO THE UPPER PART OF THE TABLET; BELOW, MOLIERE, HAT IN HAND, ADDRESSES THE PUBLIC AND PRESENTS THE ACTORS OF HIS THEATRE; TO THE LEFT, HIS TWO MUSES: COMEDY HOLDING A MIRROR AND A MASK, AND A FEMALE SATYR HOLDING A LASH. IN THE DISTANCE, A VIEW OF PARIS, THE PONT-NEUF WITH THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF HENRI IV., AND TO THE RIGHT, IN FRONT OF THE LOUVRE, THE PETIT-BOURBON, WHERE MOLIERE'S COMPANY PLAYED FROM NOVEMBER 3, 1658, UNTIL OCTOBER 11, 1660.

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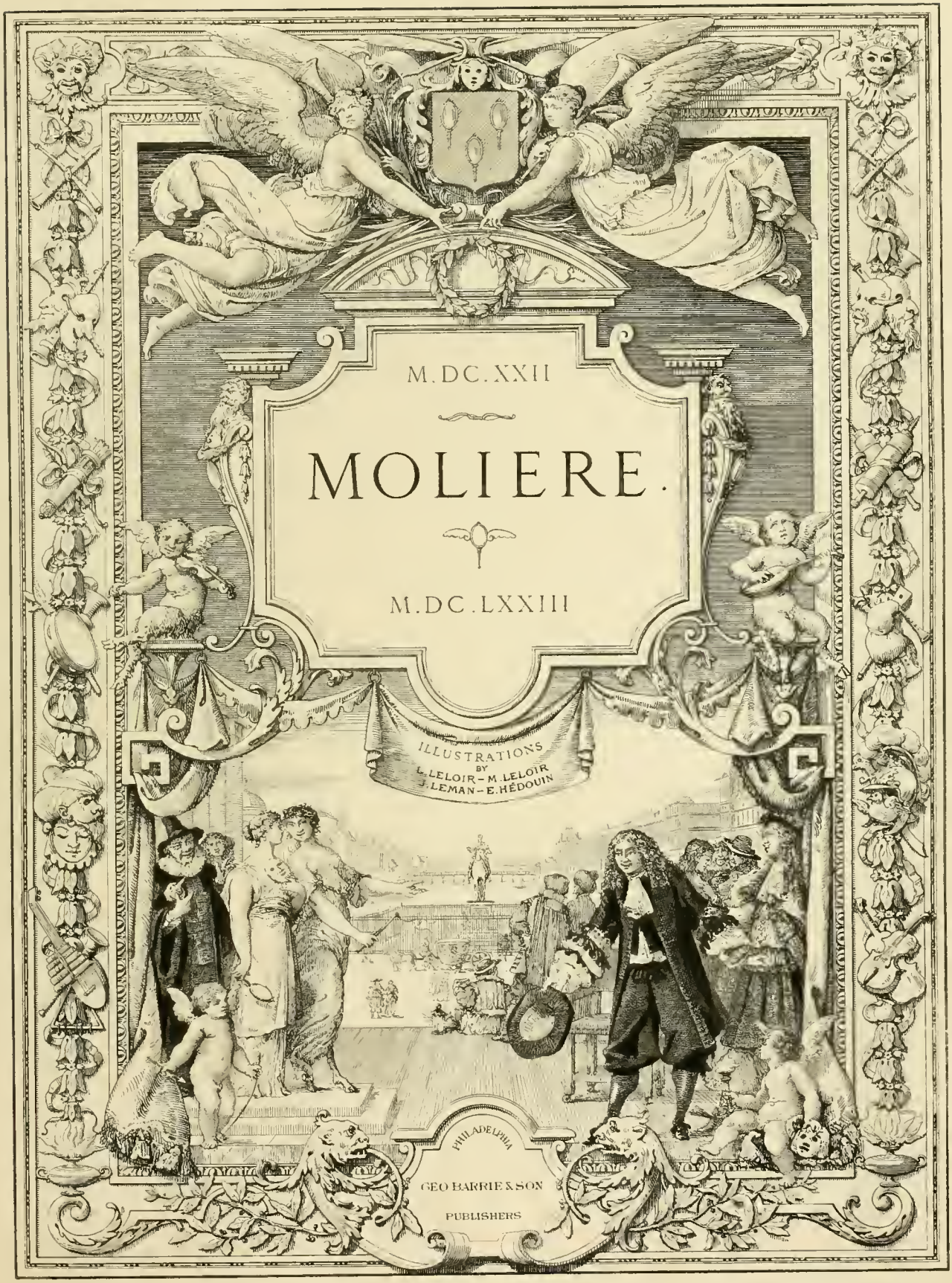
M.DC.XXII
MOLIERE.
M.DC.LXXIII
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
L. LELOIR – M. LELOIR
J. LEMAN – E. HÉDOUIN
PHILADELPHIA
GEO BARRIE & SON
PUBLISHERS

JACQUES LEMAN

I think it will be [illegible]
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of character-comedies on [illegible]
divided into six classes or [illegible]
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Mélicerte, *la Pastorale comique* [illegible]
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la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas, *Mons*[illegible]
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into prominence one particular vice [illegible]
quences; *Fourth*, those splendidly [illegible]
savantes, *Tartuffe*, and *le Misanthr*[illegible]
aspects; *Fifth*, those critical short [illegible]
and *l'Impromptu de Versailles*, [illegible]
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his comic muse *le Médecin* [illegible]
ample promise of what he [illegible]

It is always difficult to [illegible]
author, for the saying, "*Je* [illegible]
covered, and still covers, a [illegible]
sessed a power of absorption [illegible]
the materials he b[illegible]
[illegible] In this [illegible]

J.-B. P. MOLIERE

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER.

P. LE RAT, ETCHER.

PREFACE

I think it will be generally admitted that Molière is the greatest comic poet France has produced, and that he is equal, if not superior, to any writer of character-comedies on the ancient or modern stage. His plays may be divided into six classes or groups: *First*, the small dramatic poems or pastorals, such as *Psyché*, *les Amants magnifiques*, *la Princesse d'Elide*, *les Facheux*, *Mélicerte*, *la Pastorale comique*, and *Amphitryon*, which he wrote for court festivals, by order of Louis XIV.; *Second*, his farces, written to suit the taste of the less refined, such as *les Fourberies de Scapin*, *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, *la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, *le Médecin malgré lui*, *George Dandin*, *le Sicilien*, *l'Amour Médecin*, *le Mariage forcé*, *Sganarelle*, and *les Précieuses Ridicules*,—and yet, notwithstanding their absurdity, attracting the higher classes by their witty descriptions of grotesque characters; *Third*, his comedies—*l'Etourdi*, *l'Ecole des Maris*, *l'Ecole des femmes*, *l'Avare*, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, *le Dépit amoureux*, and *le Malade imaginaire*,—in each of which the principal object seems to have been to bring into prominence one particular vice or folly, with all its necessary consequences; *Fourth*, those splendidly conceived plays, *Don Juan*, *les Femmes savantes*, *Tartuffe*, and *le Misanthrope*, which portray humanity in all its aspects; *Fifth*, those critical short pieces, *la Critique de l'Ecole des femmes* and *l'Impromptu de Versailles*, in which, with masterly acumen, he defends his own plays and attacks his adversaries; and *Sixth*, those early attempts of his comic muse *le Médecin volant* and *la Jalousie du Barbouillé*, which gave ample promise of what he afterwards became.

It is always difficult to state when a playwright has taken from any other author, for the saying, "*Je prends mon bien partout ou je le trouve*," has covered, and still covers, a multitude of literary sins. Moreover, Molière possessed a power of absorption and assimilation which enabled him so to vivify the materials he borrowed that they became new creations of incomparable value. In this sense, to take an idea or a mere thought from another author

can hardly be called an imitation; and though Molière, in his first two or three plays, translated several scenes from Italian authors, he has scarcely ever done so in his latter pieces. To mention which of his comedies I consider, or rather which are generally thought, the best, would be difficult, where everything is so eminent; for in all his plays characters will be found which demonstrate his thorough knowledge of human nature, and display his genius. To discover these little peculiarities in which the specific difference of character consists; to distinguish between what men do from custom or fashion, and what they perform through their own natural idiosyncracy; to select, unite and draw these peculiarities to a dramatic point, demands real genius, and that of the highest order.

Generally Molière's satire is directed against hypocrites, against quacks, against the affectation of learning amongst ladies, and against snobbishness. If I were to enumerate, however, all the characters our author has created, I should arrive at the sum total of all human passions, all human feelings, all human vices, and at every type of the different classes of society. In *l'Avare* sordid avarice is represented by Harpagon, and want of order and lavish prodigality by his son Cléante; in *le Festin de Pierre* the type of shameless vice is Don Juan, Donna Elvira displays resignation amidst love disgracefully betrayed, Mathurine primitive and uncultivated coquetry, and Mons. Dimanche the greed of a tradesman who wishes to make money. Tartuffe, in the comedy of that name, represents hypocrisy and downright wickedness. Mons. Jourdain, a tradesman who has made money and who imitates a nobleman, is, in *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, no bad specimen of self-sufficient vanity, folly and ignorance; whilst Dorante, in the same play, is a well-copied example of the fashionable swindler of that period. In *le Misanthrope*, Alceste portrays great susceptibility of tenderness and honor, Célimène, wit without any feeling, and Philinte, quiet common sense, amiability, intelligence, instruction, knowledge of the world, and a spirit of refined criticism. This is also displayed by Chrysalde in *l'Ecole des Femmes*, by Béralde, in *le Malade imaginaire*, and by Ariste in *l'Ecole des Maris;* whilst Sganarelle in the latter play is an example of foolish and coarse jealousy. George Dandin, in the comedy of that name, is a model of weakness of character and irresolution. Angélique, an impudent and heartless woman, and her father, Monsieur de Sotenville, the coarse, proud, country squire of that age. Argan, in *le Malade imaginaire*, represents egotism and pusillanimity; Vadius and Trissotin, in *les Femmes savantes*, pedantic foolishness and self-conceit; Agnès, in *l'Ecole des Femmes*, cunning as well as ingenuity; and Aglaure, in *Psyché*, feminine jealousy. Finally, Nicole, Dorine, Martine, Marotte, Toinette, and Lisette

personify the homely servant girls, who, possessing plain, downright common sense, point out the affectation and ridiculous pretensions of their companions and superiors; whilst Claudine, in *George Dandin*, Nérine, in *Mons. de Pourceaugnac*, and Frosine, in the *Avare*, represent the intriguant in petticoats,—a female Mascarille.

In how far it is true that many of Molière's characters were copied from persons well known at the time his plays were represented, there is now no certain means of judging; but I think it extremely unlikely that he should have brought on the stage and ridiculed persons of the highest rank, as it is said he has done; though it is very probable that a general likeness existed between the character produced and the person whom it was thought he imitated. In the Introductory Notice to each play of this translation, due attention will be paid to any such innuendoes, and to the degree of credence which they deserve.

The style of Molière is the style suitable for comedy, and therefore extremely difficult, if not impossible, to render into any other language. Perhaps of no writer are so many phrases quoted in French conversation; not seldom by people who have never read him, and who only, parrot-like, repeat what they have heard. Several of his expressions have become proverbial, or are used as wise saws to be uttered with solemn face and bated breath.

Another not less remarkable faculty of Molière is that the language his personages employ is precisely suited to them. It varies according to their age, character, rank and profession, whilst the very sentence becomes long or short, stilted or tripping, pedantic or elastic, finical or natural, coarse or over-refined, according as an old or young man, a marquis or a citizen, a scholar or a dunce, has to speak. It can be said of Molière, more than of any other author we know, that he always employs the right word in the right place. Hence different commentators have tried to show that he was a kind of Admirable Crichton, and that he knew and understood everything. Mons. Castil-Blaze wrote a book to prove that Molière was a perfect musician; MM. Truinet and Paringault, barristers, printed one to convince the world he was a most able and learned lawyer; Mons. M. Raynaud, that he must have studied medicine most thoroughly in order to be able to imitate so accurately the medical jargon of his time. And still a number of books might have been written to prove that he knew perfectly many more things. Even his peasants speak correctly the dialect of the province or county Molière gives them as the land of their birth; all his creations bear proofs of his genius in an incisiveness of expression and clearness of thought which no other writer has equaled.

Molière has written some of his comedies in prose, others in verse,—and

in verse that has none of the stiffness of the ordinary French rhyme, but which becomes in his hands a delightful medium for sparkling sallies, bitter sarcasms, well sustained and sprightly conversations. He has also managed blank verse with wonderful precision,—a rare gift among French authors. The whole of *le Sicilien*, the love scenes of the *Avare*, the monologues of *George Dandin*, and certain scenes of *le Festin de Pierre*, are written in this metre.

Molière's plays have been translated into every language of Europe, and some of them even into the classical tongues; they have found admirers wherever intellectual beings are congregated; they have been carefully conned and studied by literary men of every age and clime; and Goethe himself read some of these comedies every year.

I have attempted to give a new translation of all Molière's plays. After mature consideration the idea has been abandoned of reproducing, either in rhyme or blank verse, those which in the original are in poetry. The experiments which have been made to represent some of these in metre have not greatly charmed me; and as they were tried by men of talent, and as I do not pretend to possess greater gifts than my predecessors, I have come to the conclusion that an imitation of Molière's style in any metre is next to an impossibility, but that a faithful and literal translation in prose, even if it cannot preserve the fire of the original, may still render the ideas, and represent to the English reader as clear a perception of Molière's characters as can be obtained in a foreign tongue.

I have however endeavored not to be satisfied with a mere verbal version, but to preserve and convey the genuine spirit, as far as is consistent with the difference of the two languages. In the Introductory Notices a compact, critical judgment of the merits or demerits of each play is also given. But in order to place ourselves on a right standpoint for judging them, we must not forget that Molière wrote his plays to be represented on the stage, and not to be read in the study only; that therefore we must recall, on reading him, the change of voice, the step, the smile, the gesture, the twinkle of the eye or movement of the head in the actor. Thus we are never tired of perusing him; he never cloys; we can remember all his good sayings, quote them, study him again and again, and every time discover fresh beauties.

A remarkable characteristic of Molière is that he does not exaggerate; his fools are never over-witty, his buffoons too grotesque, his men of wit too anxious to display their smartness, and his fine gentlemen too fond of immodest and ribald talk. His satire is always kept within bounds, his repartees are never out of place, his plots are but seldom intricate, and the moral of

his plays is not obtruded, but follows as a natural consequence of the whole. He rarely rises to those lofty realms of poetry where Shakespeare so often soars, for he wrote not idealistic, but character-comedies; which is, perhaps, the reason that some of his would-be admirers consider him rather commonplace. His claim to distinction is based only on strong common sense, good manners, sound morality, real wit, true humor, a great facile, and accurate command of language, and a photographic delineation of nature. It cannot be denied that there is little action in his plays, but there is a great deal of natural conversation; his personages show that he was a most attentive observer of men, even at court, where a certain varnish of over-refinement conceals nearly all individual features. He always makes vice appear in its most ridiculous aspect, in order to let his audience laugh at and despise it; his aim is to correct the follies of the age by exposing them to ridicule. Shakespeare, on the contrary, has no lack of incidents; he roves through camp, and court, and grove, through solitary forests and populous cities; he sketches in broad outlines rather than with minute strokes; he defines classes rather than individuals, and instead of portraying petty vanities and human foibles prefers to deal with deep and tumultuous passions, to such an extent that some of his comedies are highly dramatic. But both poets are great, and perhaps unsurpassed in their own way, and both have many similar passages. Whenever these occur I have taken notice of them. As specimens, let me refer to Mascarille's soliloquy in the *Blunderer* (iii, 1), and Launcelot Gobbo's speech in the *Merchant of Venice* (ii, 2); in the same play Mascarille refusing money, and Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale* (iv, 3) doing the same; the speech of Gros-René in *Sganarelle* (i, 7), and the scene between Sir Valentine and Speed (ii, 1) in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Monsieur Jourdain, in *The Citizen who Apes the Nobleman* (*le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*), when putting on his hat at the entreaty of Dorante, says "*J'aime mieux être civil qu' importun;*" Master Slender, upon entering the house before Mrs. Page, says, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (i, 1), "I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome;" Sosia, in *Amphitryon* (i, 2), sings, in order to show that he is not afraid when Mercury appears; Nick Bottom, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (iii, 1), says, "I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid." The description of the horse in *The Bores* (*les Facheux*) is also worthy of being compared with that spoken by the Dauphin in *Henry V.* (iii, 6), and with the "round-hoof'd, short-jointed" horse in *Venus and Adonis.*

Molière's plays have been already several times translated into English. I shall give a short history of each of these translations, observing however, beforehand, that though many faults may be found in them, I have no incli-

nation to cavil at anything that my predecessors may have badly done or wholly omitted. And I here once and for all state that I have never scrupled to adopt any expression, turn of thought, or even page, of any or every translation of my predecessors, whenever I found I could not improve upon it.

The oldest of these English translations is by Mr. John Ozell, appeared in six volumes, was published in London, and printed for Bernard Lintott, at the "Cross-Keys," between the Two Temple Gates, in Fleet Street, 1714. It is full of racy and sometimes even witty expressions. Unfortunately where Molière slightly hints at something indelicate, Ozell employs the broadest language possible. Moreover, he very often paraphrases or imitates, and on the whole translates rather too freely. This work is dedicated to the Earl of Dorset, in words which are rather a genealogical history of the Sackville family than an introduction to Molière.

The second translation is called, "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, French and English, in eight volumes, with a frontispiece to each Comedy; to which is prefix'd a curious print of the author, with his life in *French* and *English*. Hic meret æra liber Sociis; hic et mare transit et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum. *Horat.* London, printed for John Watts, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, MDCCXXXII." This translation is less racy, but far more literal than the former. One of the translators, in the Preface to *The Self-deceived Husband*, oddly enough dedicated to Miss Wolstenholme, dates from Enfield, Jan. 1st, 1731–2, and signs himself "H. B.," probably Henry Baker; the other, in the Preface to *Tartuffe*, dedicated to Mr. Wyndham, dates from the Academy in Soho-Square, London, July 25, 1732, and subscribes himself, "Your most obliged and obedient humble servant, Martin Clare;" who appears to fame unknown. Some of the pictures in this edition have been drawn by Hogarth, of which the one before *Sganarelle ou le Cocu Imaginaire* is the best. Of the thirty-one plays then known to have been written by Molière, only seventeen are translated; each of them is dedicated to a separate person, and the whole to the Queen, in the following words :—

"TO THE QUEEN.

"MADAM,—When MAJESTY vouchsafes to patronize the *wise* and the *learned*, and a QUEEN recommends KNOWLEDGE and VIRTUE to her people, what blessings may we not promise ourselves in such happy circumstances? That this is the great intention and business of your MAJESTY'S Life, witness the reception, which the labors of a Clark, a Newton, a Locke and a Wollaston have met with from your MAJESTY, and the immortal honors you have paid their names. Whatever therefore can any ways conduce to those glorious ends, need not question your royal approbation and favor; and upon this presumption MOLIÈRE casts himself at your MAJESTY'S feet for protection.

"This merry philosopher, MADAM, hath taken as much pains to laugh ignorance and immorality out of the world, as the other great sages did to reason 'em out; and as the generality of mankind can stand an argument better than a jest, and bear to be told how good they ought to be, with less concern than to be shown how ridiculous they are, his success, we conceive, has not been much inferior.

"Your MAJESTY need not be informed how much the manners and conduct of a people are dependent on their diversions; and you are therefore convinced how necessary it is (since diversions are necessary) to give 'em such as may serve to polish and reform 'em. With this view, MADAM, was the following translation undertaken. By a perusal of these scenes, every reader will plainly perceive that obscenities and immoralities are no ways necessary to make a diverting comedy; they'll learn to distinguish betwixt honest satire and scurrilous invective; betwixt decent repartee and tasteless ribaldry; in short, between vicious satisfactions and rational pleasures. And if these plays should come to be read by the generality of people (as your MAJESTY'S approbation will unquestionably make 'em), they'll by degrees get a more just and refined taste in their diversions, be better acquainted, and grow more in love with the true excellencies of dramatic writings. By this means our poets will be encouraged to aim at those excellencies, and blush to find themselves so much outdone in manners and virtue by their neighbors. Nay, there's no reason can possibly be given, MADAM, why these very pieces should not most of 'em be brought upon the English stage. For, tho' our translation of 'em, as it now stands, may be thought too literal and close for that purpose, yet the dramatic writers might, with very little pains, so model and adapt them to our theatre and age, as to procure 'em all the success could be wished; and we may venture to affirm, that 'twould turn more to their own account, and the satisfaction of their audiences, than anything they are able to produce themselves. This, too, they ought to be the more earnest to attempt, as the most probable means of drawing down a larger share of royal influence on the stage, which has been too justly forfeited by the licentious practice of modern playwrights.

"We might here, MADAM, take occasion to particularize our author's perfections and excellencies, but those your MAJESTY wants no information of. All we shall therefore observe to your MAJESTY is, that wherever learning, wit and politeness flourish, MOLIÈRE has always had an extraordinary reputation; and his plays, which are translated into so many languages, and acted in so many nations, will gain him admiration as long as the stage shall endure. But what will contribute more than all to his glory and happiness, will be the patronage of a BRITISH PRINCESS, and the applause of a BRITISH audience.

"We dare not think, MADAM, of offering anything in this address that might look like panegyric, lest the world should condemn us for meddling with a task above our talents, and saying too little—Your MAJESTY, for presuming to say anything at all. There are many virtues and perfections, so very peculiar in your MAJESTY'S character, and so rarely found amongst the politics of princes, that they require a masterly and deliberate hand to do 'em justice—Such a zeal for religion moderated by reason—such a benevolent study for composing all factions and dissensions—such a laudable ambition, which aims at power only in order to benefit mankind, and yet such a glorious contempt, even of empire itself, when inconsistent with those Principles whose Truth, you were satisfy'd of. These are such elevated and shining virtues, as even the vicious themselves must have a secret veneration for—But as your MAJESTY'S great pleasure is privately to merit applause, not publicly to receive it; for fear we should interrupt you in that noble delight, we'll beg leave to subscribe Our Selves,—May it please your MAJESTY, your MAJESTY'S most obedient and most devoted humble servants,

"THE TRANSLATORS."

The third translation is "The works of Molière, French and English, in ten volumes, a new edition, London, printed for John Watts, MDCCXXXIX." This translation appears to be precisely the same as the former one, a few words slightly altered; the motto from Horace on the title-page is the same; and the plays not found in the "Select Comedies" are here translated. The pictures are identical with those of the translation mentioned above, with the exception of those in front of the fourteen comedies added, which have engravings, and very good ones too, drawn by the celebrated Boucher. According to Lowndes, this translation was executed by Henry Baker and the Rev. Mr. Miller. The work is dedicated to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the dedication of the former translation to the Queen does duty here, somewhat abridged. The chief difference is, that whilst, in the former, the virtues of the Queen are all specified and catalogued in the paragraph beginning, "We dare not think," under the headings "zeal for religion," "benevolent study," "laudable ambition," and "glorious contempt," they are only mentioned in the present preface in a lump as "many virtues and perfections;" but, to make up for it, the Prince and Princess of Wales are praised for their "unparall'd union of hearts and affections."

The dedication begins thus:—

"To their Royal Highnesses the
PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES.

"*May it please your Royal Highnesses*,—The refined taste your Royal Highnesses are both so celebrated for in the *Belles Lettres*, and the peculiar countenance you have shown to theatrical performances, have embolden'd the editors and translators of the following work to lay it at your feet.

"*Molière* has been translated into most of the languages, and patroniz'd by most of the Princes in *Europe:* But if we have been capable of doing him as much justice in our version, as we have been prudent enough to do him in the choice of patrons, he'll be more happy in speaking *English* than all the rest."

The rest of the dedication is taken from that to the Queen, beginning from "Your Majesty (your Royal Highnesses) need not be informed" until "with the true excellencies of Dramatic Writings." The ending varies, and we give it here below:—

"By this means our poets will be encourag'd to aim at those excellencies, and be assisted in producing entertainments more agreeable to nature, good sense, and your Royal Highnesses' taste.

"We dare not think of offering anything in this address that might look like panegyric; there are many virtues and perfections so singular in your Royal Highnesses' characters, that they require a masterly and deliberate hand to do 'em justice. Give us leave, Sir and Madam, only to hint at one, which is that unparallel'd union of hearts and affections so rarely found

in the palaces of princes, and which shines so conspicuously in your Royal Highnesses that we durst not presume so much as to separate your very names, or make our address to either singly.

"That your Royal Highnesses may long enjoy that mutual bliss is the universal prayer of mankind, and of none more than of your Royal Highnesses' most obedient and most devoted humble servants,

"THE TRANSLATORS."

Another similar edition of our author was published by the same firm in 1748.

Two editions of the same translation of Molière's works were also published by D. Browne and A. Millar in 1748 and in 1755.

The next Molière, an elegant Scottish reprint of the English part of the above edition in ten volumes, was published in Glasgow in five volumes, "printed by Robert Urie, and sold by John Gilmour, Bookseller in the Salt-marcat, 1751."

An edition of our author, according to Lowndes, was also published in Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1770, six volumes, but I have not been able to get hold of a copy of this translation. In the British Museum there is, however, a translation of five plays by Molière, published in one volume, and printed at Berwick for R. Taylor, 1771.

Seven comedies of Molière, most spiritedly translated from the fourth and fifth volumes of the "Comic Theatre, being a free translation of all the best French Comedies by Samuel Foote, Esq., and others, London: printed by Dryden Leach, for J. Coote, in Paternoster Row; G. Kearsly, in Ludgate Street; and S. Crowder & Co., in Paternoster Row, 1762." The proprietors state, however, to the public, "One Comedy in each volume of this work will be translated by Mr. Foote, his other avocations not permitting him to undertake more; and the rest by two other gentlemen, who, it is presumed, will acquit themselves in such a manner as to merit the approbation of the public."

It appears that of the above "Comic Theatre" an edition was prepared for Ireland. At least I have seen a volume with a separate printed title-page; "printed for J. Coote, and sold by R. Bell, in Stephen Street, Dublin, 1765."

Of single translated comedies of Molière no notice has been taken, in order not to increase these already too long bibliographical remarks.

Generally the proper names used by Molière have not been Italianized or rendered into an English form in this translation, for wherever the scene of his play is laid, his characters, manners, and customs are always thoroughly French, and should therefore as much as possible remain so.

English dramatic authors have borrowed, and then adapted or imitated

from Molière. Dryden, Vanbrugh, Flecknoe, Fielding, Bickerstaffe, Murphy, Miller, Ravenscroft, Shadwell, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Crowne, Lacy, Wycherley, Colman, Garrick, Swiney, Sheridan, Otway, Foote, Cibber, and several other less known dramatic authors, are among the borrowers; and though not rarely showing great talent in their adaptation, yet as a general rule they have always been careful to leave nothing to the imagination, and to emphasize the slightest *mot* of our author in the broadest language possible. Too often they have verified the saying of one of the admirers of our poet, "*La ou Molière glisse, ses traducteurs appuyent et s'enfoncent.*"

Several farces which have never been printed have been attributed to Molière. Two of these, *le Médecin volant* and *la Jalousie du Barbouillé*, have of late been added to the complete edition of his works. They give indications of what our author promised to become, and will be found in the last volume of this edition, for the first time rendered into English.

Nearly all known editions of Molière have been consulted by me whilst engaged upon this translation; but in any cases of doubt I always referred to the literal reprints of the original editions published in 1666 and 1682, and only lately republished in eight volumes by Mons. A. Lemerre, of Paris; as distinguished for their accuracy and good and pithy notes as for their typographical excellence.

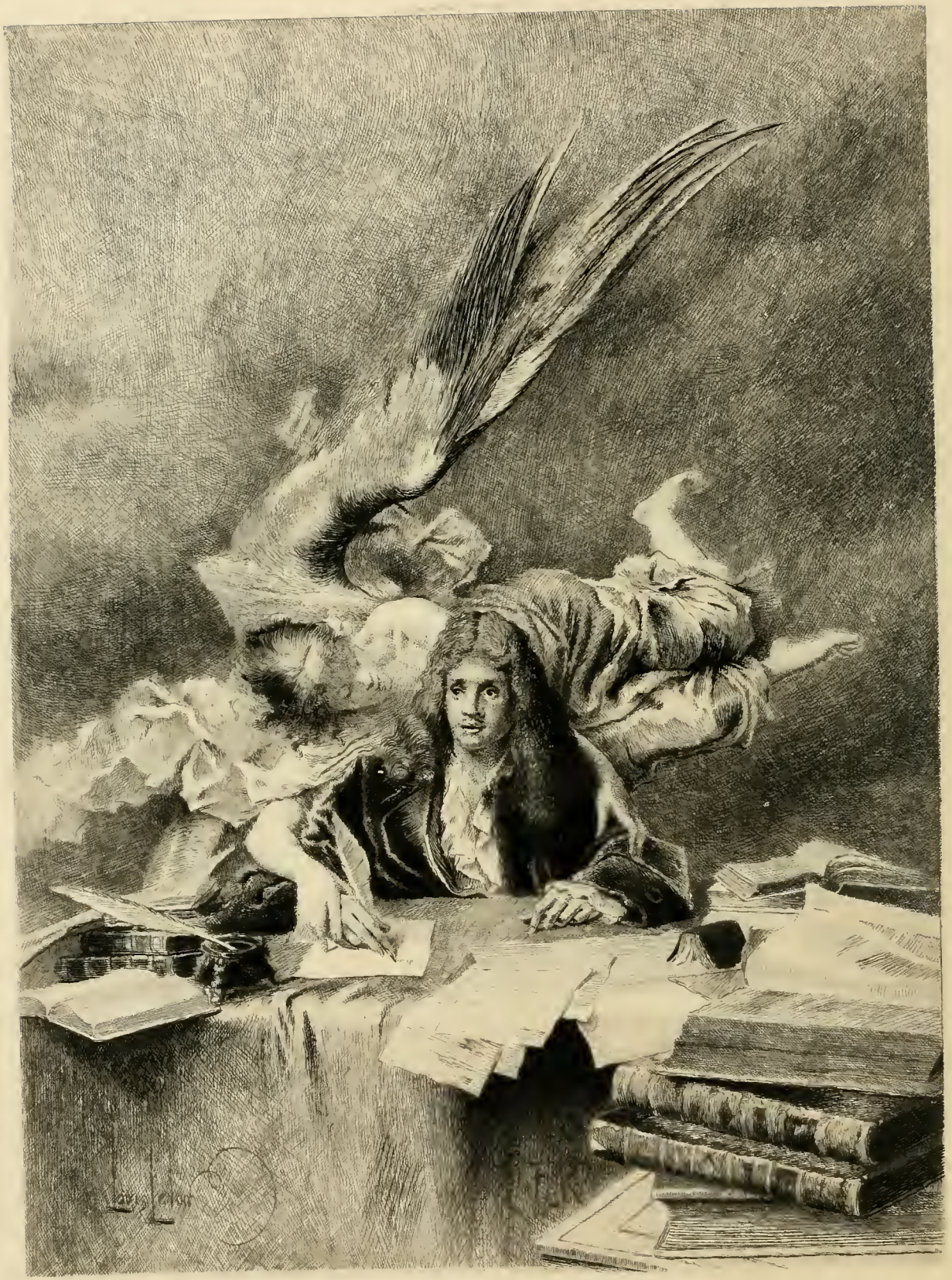
In the *Prefatory Memoir* I have admitted no hypothetical or fanciful assertions, but have only stated what is really known of him.

My best thanks are due to Mons. Engène Despois, the learned editor of the new edition of Molière, now in course of publication by Messrs. Hachette, for valuable advice and elucidations kindly given.

I have likewise to express my great obligations to Mons. Guillard, the archiviste of the *Comédie Francaise*, for willing and kind assistance rendered with regard to the correct costumes of the times of Louis XIV.

Last, but not least, I have to thank the superintendents and employés of the reading-room in the British Museum for many kind suggestions, which have often shortened my labors, and for their untiring willingness to aid me, whenever required.

H. VAN LAUN.



PREFATORY [illegible]

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, afte[illegible] 1622. His father, Jean Poquelin, [illegible] Honoré, who in 1631 attained to [illegible] the "tapissiers ordinaires," and la[illegible] to the king. It was a post which Je[illegible] he coveted nothing better for his s[illegible] clearly mapped out for him. But the [illegible] shop; [illegible] his maternal grandfather [illegible] de C[illegible] encouraged him in his rebellion. H[illegible] lost no time in [illegible] partly due to the un[illegible] opportunity of [illegible] where the king's traged[illegible] of the classical drama. Here the [illegible] the histri[illegible] shuddered at the notion of so [illegible] level of respectability and prosperity to which the family had [illegible]

The young Poquelin was brou[illegible] (1637) the best and most popular [illegible] scholars were many members of [illegible] in [illegible] attendance on its classes, tra[illegible] Prince de Conti, the poet Hes[illegible] and the astronomer Gassendi. [illegible] in classics and in philosophy [illegible] complete education [illegible] civil law.

The period of Moliè[illegible] XIII. died in 1643, and [illegible] destined to be a patro[illegible] the unvarying, though selfi[illegible] his most famous trage[illegible] ing allegories, Pas[illegible] of religion, Des[illegible] Madame de S[illegible]

MOLIERE AND HIS MUSE

LOUIS LELOIR, PAINTER.

F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

PREFATORY MEMOIR

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, afterwards Molière, was born at Paris, January 15, 1622. His father, Jean Poquelin, was a well-to-do upholsterer in the Rue Saint Honoré, who in 1631 attained to the height of his ambition in becoming one of the "tapissiers ordinaires," and later one of the "valets de chambre tapissiers" to the king. It was a post which Jean Poquelin's brother had held before; and he coveted nothing better for his son than that he should pursue the path thus clearly mapped out for him. But the boy did not take kindly to the upholsterer's shop; and his maternal grandfather, Louis de Cressé, is said to have secretly encouraged him in his rebellion. His mother died when he was ten years old, and the father lost no time in providing the house with a new mistress. Tradition states that it was partly due to the ungenial influence of the stepmother that Louis de Cressé took every opportunity of carrying off his grandson to the hôtel de Bourgogne, where the king's tragedians gave their bombastic interpretation of the classical drama. Here the future comedian was inoculated with a passion for the histrionic art, and when Molière, later in life, became an actor, his father shuddered at the notion of so vast a descent from the level of respectability and prosperity to which the family had risen.

The young Poquelin was brought up at the College de Clermont, at that time (1637) the best and most popular school in Paris. Amongst its four hundred scholars were many members of the first families in France; and during this attendance on its classes, tradition mentions that he was the schoolfellow of the Prince de Conti, the poet Hesnaut, the rollicking Chapelle, Bernier the traveler, and the astronomer Gassendi. Poquelin distinguished himself at the college, both in classics and in philosophy; and afterwards, following the usual course of a complete education, he proceeded to Orléans to attend a series of lectures on civil law.[1]

The period of Molière's life was the period of France's greatest glory. Louis XIII. died in 1643, and gave place to Louis le Grand, then only five years old, but destined to be a patron of literature, science and art; and in particular, the unvarying, though selfish protector of Molière. Corneille had written some of his most famous tragedies before Molière came of age, La Fontaine wrote his charming allegories, Pascal and Bossuet added the sparkle of literature to the dignity of religion, Descartes and Gassendi advanced the limits of scientific knowledge, Madame de Sévigné combined the masculine strength of her intellect with femi-

nine grace, whilst Racine in his tragedies, and Boileau in his satires, aimed at raising and sustaining the literary taste of the age of Louis XIV. Port Royal, within three leagues of Versailles, made its conscientious effort after moral and ethical reform; whilst in Paris itself, the hôtel de Rambouillet—the domain of three generations of magnificent women—gathered to its alcove the wits, fops and littérateurs of the metropolis, until Molière, in 1659, gave a death-blow to the *Précieuses*. The court of Louis the Grand was by far more splendid than the court of Louis Treize. The new and gorgeous palace at Versailles welcomed all who offered a fresh entertainment to the self-indulgent monarch and his crowd of pleasure-seeking courtiers. Amongst such entertainments none was more acceptable to the cultivated taste of the Parisians than the drama. Even in the time of Louis XIII. the earlier plays of Corneille obtained the first recognition of their merit, but before Molière came French comedy was meagre in the extreme. The court and the people were addicted to the rounded periods and sonorous enunciation of the hôtel de Bourgogne; and Torelli's Italian farces at the Petit Bourbon were never sufficiently popular to excite in the tragedians the envy and alarm afterwards aroused by Molière.

In the latter part of the year 1643 a number of young men and women, members of certain well-to-do families of Parisian bourgeois, established in Paris a dramatic company, to which they gave the high-sounding name of *L'Illustre Théatre*.[2] One Madeleine Béjart,[3] the daughter of a procureur, was the life and soul of the undertaking. At the time when she commenced her rôle of impressario and manageress she was twenty-seven years old, and had been the mistress of Esprit de Raymond de Moirmoiron, Marquess of Modène, gentilhomme ordinaire de Monsieur (Gaston, Duke of Orléans), brother of Louis XIII. With her were her brother Joseph,[4] and a sister Geneviève, scarcely twenty years old; Clérin, Pinel, Bonenfant, Madeleine Malingre, Catherine des Urlis and Catherine Bourgeois, Denis or Charles Beys, and Desfontaines, two writers of comedies, and Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who, on adopting the career of an actor, no doubt in deference to the scruples of his family, assumed the surname of Molière. He never explained the reason for this assumption in particular; but the name of a popular dancer and musician, attached to the private chapel of the king, Louis de Mollier, was often written Molière; a novel-writer, who at that time enjoyed a certain reputation, was also called François de Molière, whilst the name itself was not uncommon.

Molière was on terms of intimate friendship with Madeleine Béjart, and it is natural that he should at once have obtained a supreme influence over the company. After trying their fortune successively on three stages—one near the Tour de Nesle, another in the Rue des Barrés, a third in the faubourg Saint Germain—and meeting with scant fortune, seven of them quitted Paris in 1646, and for nearly twelve years were engaged in a tour through the provinces. Before leaving Paris they had run considerably into debt, and that in spite of the fact that they were partially supported by Gaston, Duke of Orléans. The widowed mother of the Béjarts, Marie Hervé, became surety for her children, and for Molière; whilst the other associates gave bonds to their creditors for a considerable amount. For

the non-payment of one obligation Molière was arrested and imprisoned; nor does this seem to have been the only debt which brought about the like result during the career of the *Illustre Théatre* in Paris. Documents have been discovered which show that he was successively arrested at the suit of a number of tradesmen who had furnished or supplied the different theatres. Over and over again he was rescued by his friends; often at the cost of his entering into new engagements, bearing more or less exorbitant interest. Fourteen years later we find him discharging one of those debts, with interest, expenses and "*loyaux couts*," which had in the meantime accumulated.[5]

The plays with which the undaunted company commenced their histrionic career were of indifferent merit. Amongst them were the comedies of Scarron, and, no doubt, of Denis Beys, such as *l'Hopital des fous*, and of Desfontaines, such as *Eurymédon ou l'illustre Pirate*, and *l'illustre Comédien, ou le Martyre de Saint-Genest*. It would be difficult to fix the exact date at which Molière's earliest plays were produced, but it is probable that he began to write for his company as soon as he had enlisted in it. He seems, like Shakespeare, to have in part at least adapted the plays of others; but in the year 1653, if not earlier, he had produced *l'Etourdi* and in 1656 *le Dépit amoureux*.

In 1648 we hear of the Béjart-Molière company at Nantes, Limoges and Bordeaux. From Bordeaux they went to Toulouse; and in 1650 they were at Narbonne; after which time they appear to have peregrinated to the south of France, until in 1653 we find them at Lyons, where *l'Etourdi*, Molière's earliest important venture in verse, is supposed to have been represented for the first time, and where Berthelot, generally known as Duparc, and Gros-René joined them. Here the tide of their fortune was caught at the flood. The whole town flocked to hear them; and during the next two or three years they made Lyons their headquarters, from whence they visited the populous places in the southeast of France. Occasionally they were invited to the castles of the nobility, as, for instance, in 1653, to the country-seat of the Prince de Conti, near Pézenas. *Le Dépit amoureux* was produced in 1656 at Béziers, during the meeting of the States of Languedoc in that town. It was at Grenoble, in the early spring of 1658, that Molière's friends, among them the painter Mignard, persuaded him once more to try his fortune in Paris. After a summer trip to Rouen he returned to Paris in the autumn, where he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, and renewed his acquaintance with the Prince de Conti. Through the latter's friend, the Bishop of Valence, he was brought under the notice of the king's brother, Philippe, then Duke of Anjou, who was at that time but eighteen years of age, but who had already formed the design of supporting a dramatic company. The *Illustre Théatre* acted before him, and pleased him; he invited Molière to repeat the experiment before the court. This was what the company most desired; the opportunity for which they had been conscientiously laboring through their twelve years' apprenticeship. They accepted the offer with gratitude.

The company was not precisely the same on its return to Paris as it had been in 1646. There were now four ladies—Madeleine Béjart, Geneviève Béjart, Duparc and Debrie; the two brothers Béjart, Duparc, Debrie, Dufresne and

Croisac, making, with Molière himself, eleven persons. It may be concluded that their tour—or at all events the part of it which dated from Lyons—had been very successful; for we find that Joseph Béjart, who died early in 1659, left behind him a fortune of twenty-four thousand golden crowns. So at least we are told by the physician, Guy-Patin, in a letter dated May 27, 1659; and he adds: "Is it not enough to make one believe that Peru is no longer in America, but in Paris?"

It was on the 24th of October, 1658—about the same time, in fact, as Sir William D'Avenant was establishing his theatre in London—that Molière and his fellow-actors played before Louis le Grand in a theatre which had been raised in the "salle des Gardes" of the Louvre. The piece chosen was Corneille's *Nicomède*, and after that Molière's farce *le Docteur amoureux*. From that time forward the *Illustre Théatre* was called the *Comèdiens de Monsieur;* and the company was allowed the use of the Petit Bourbon on alternate days with Torelli's Italians. Molière paid Torelli fifteen hundred livres a year for the monopoly of four days in the week. On November 3d *l'Etourdi* was given, with Molière in the part of Mascarille; and *le Dépit amoureux* followed in December. The success of those pieces was so great that the prices of admission had to be raised; and at the close of the season each actor's share of the profits amounted to about eight hundred livres.

There were in Paris at this time at least six theatres; one at the hôtel de Bourgogne, one at the Marais, the companies of Monsieur, of which Molière was the manager, and of Mademoiselle,[6] a Spanish company, and Torelli's. The latter was broken up at the Easter of 1659, when Molière had the Petit Bourbon to himself. The theatre was one hundred and eight feet long by forty-eight broad and high, the stage being six feet above the floor.

The taste of the age, before Molière's plays had cultivated an appreciation for high-class comedy, was centred in the tragedies of Corneille and his school, or in the grotesque farces of Scarron and Scudéry. Molière's own earliest efforts were in the latter vein, and his first encouragement arose from the discovery that his intermezzos were more successful on the stage than those of his juvenile models. Several of his best comedies were founded upon the less ambitious efforts which had laid the basis of his company's fame, such as *le Docteur amoureux*, *les trois Docteurs rivaux*, *le Maitre d'école*, *Gorgibus dans le sac*, *le Fagoteux*, *le Docteur pédant*, *la Casaque*, *la Jalousie du Barbouillé*, and *le Médecin volant*. The fourth farce appears to be the foundation of a scene of *les Fourberies de Scapin*, the fifth as well as the last that of the *Médecin malgré lui*, and the eighth that of *George Dandin*.

At the commencement of the next season, November 18, 1659, appeared *les Précieuses ridicules*. This admirably conceived satire upon the imitations of the hôtel de Rambouillet was Molière's first grand hit in the metropolis. Paris was entranced by the novelty and precision of the delineation, and flocked to see it. The *Précieux* and *Précieuses* themselves went down to the theatre of the Petit Bourbon, in order to criticize their critics. Madame de Rambouillet, the head of that famous coterie, Madame de Grignan, Chapelle and Ménage, Scudéry and Beneserade, all were compelled to praise the author who ridiculed them. Chapelle

sought out his old school-fellow, and facilitated his good reception by the Parisians. Ménage, quitting the theatre on the first night, is reputed to have said to Chapelle: "Now, like Clovis, we must burn what we have adored and adore what we have burnt." According to tradition, a spectator was so overcome by admiration that he called out in the middle of the piece: "*Courage, Molière! Voila la bonne comédie!*" The king, who disliked the Rambouillet coterie, but who was at this time at the foot of the Pyrénées, commanded that the play should be represented before him.

Molière's success was unequivocal, but the incisiveness of his satire had raised up many enemies, and the shrinking receipts of the other theatres added many more. Those who were in authority during the king's absence were induced to forbid *les Précieuses ridicules;* but the Parisians would not consent to lose the best comedy in the language. In fourteen days the prohibition was removed; and then, although the prices of nearly the whole house were raised by about one-half, public curiosity would hardly be satisfied.[7]

As we have already mentioned, Joseph Béjart died in 1659, ere he had recognized to what a height of fame and fortune the company was destined to reach, but having already succeeded in amassing a competence. In 1660 another member of the company, Jodelet, died; and Duparc and his wife, who had withdrawn, again placed themselves at Molière's disposal for a time.

In the month of May, 1660, was produced *Sganarelle ou le Cocu Imaginaire*, the poet again taking the leading part. It is recorded that one Neufvillenaine, after a few representations of this one-act comedy, had learned it thoroughly by heart. He wrote it down, had it printed, and put it up for sale through the bookseller Ribou. Molière was advised to invoke the law in defence of his copyright, and he did so successfully. He did not, however, publish his play before 1663, and then it was found word for word the same with Neufvillenaine's copy.

In August, 1660, Louis le Grand returned to Paris with his young wife, and the Louvre being committed to Claude Perrault for renovation and re-decoration, the theatre of the Petit Bourbon was doomed. Molière's company was transferred to the Palais Royal, the great hall being capable of holding four thousand spectators.[8] Whilst this building was preparing, the actors played several times at the houses and seats of the nobility, and even in the Louvre itself, where, on the 26th of October the *Etourdi* and the *Précieuses* were performed before the king and Cardinal Mazarin, the latter being carried in on his sick-bed. On this occasion the company was presented with three thousand livres. The Palais Royal was ready by the 20th of January, 1661, and opened with the *Dépit amoureux* and *Sganarelle*. In honor of the king's Spanish spouse the poet now wrote an inflated piece called *Don Garcie de Navarre*. It met with no success, and was dropped after five representations. A few of the scenes were afterwards adopted in the *Misanthrope*, *Amphitryon*, the *Facheux*, *Tartuffe*, and the *Femmes savantes*.

The office of "tapissier valet de chambre," which had been held by Molière's father, was probably transferred by the latter to his younger son, Jean Poquelin, who exercised it during his elder brother's absence from Paris. Jean Poquelin the younger died in 1660, and Molière then assumed the office to himself. Apart

from the emoluments attached to this position, the poet no doubt found it extremely useful in bringing him constantly into the presence of the king, and in providing him with abundant opportunities for making the necessary studies of the foibles of humanity. That he suffered somewhat in his dignity as a poet we may well imagine; but Molière's mind was sufficiently strong to bear the rebuffs of smaller men with equanimity. On one occasion a fellow-valet declined to assist the comedian in making the king's bed. Bellocq, a courtier, known by some pretty verses, heard this remark, and walking towards them said: "Mons. de Molière, permit me to have the honor of making his majesty's bed with you." But the king himself delighted to honor Molière; and the latter made his own position wherever he went. He was recognized not only as an admirable actor, but as an author of the first rank; from this time forward, although he wrote a few complimentary or farcical pieces which were not quite worthy of his genius, he continued to throw off, with great rapidity and yet with marvelous finish, the series of comedies on which his fame is securely built. Well might he say: "I need no longer study Plautus and Terence, and filch the fragments of Menander; my models henceforth are the world and the living."

In June, 1661, Molière produced his *Ecole des Maris*, and in August, at a grand entertainment given by Fouquet to the king and queen, to the former Duke of Anjou, who had become Duke of Orléans, and to the Princess Henrietta of England, a few days before he was replaced by Colbert, *les Facheux* made another good impression. It was during the representation of this play that Louis XIV. pointed out to Molière his future Master of the Hunt, the Marquis de Soyecourt, as a character well worthy of his attention. In a few days the piece was richer by a part; though some critics maintained that Molière did not actually write the principal scene which sprang out of this suggestion of the king, but that he merely versified what had been supplied to him by another.

On the 20th of February, 1662, Molière married Armande-Grésinde-Claire-Elizabeth Béjart, the youngest sister of Madeleine Béjart, and at this time aged about twenty years.[9] Her dowry was ten thousand livres; her widow's portion four thousand. The marriage contract and other documents relating to this period of Molière's life, which were discovered by Beffara,[10] the most able of his earlier biographers, show clearly that Armande's mother, brother and eldest sister were present at and consenting to the ceremony—so that Grimarest, and several of Molière's early biographers must have been mistaken in saying that Madeleine was opposed to this union, and that it was kept secret for some time. Geneviève Béjart, however, the second daughter of Marie Hervé, does not seem to have been present at the marriage; and it is surmised by Soulé that whatever opposition existed may have come from her, and that Molière's connection with her may have dated back to the time at which he first resolved to follow the career of an actor. Geneviève married two years after her younger sister. The affection between Molière and Armande had been sincere from the beginning. Armande was brought up, if not born, in the company; and her wit and manners seem to have secured for her in after-life the tenderness which the poet displayed towards her when a child. Molière's enemies have coupled his name injuriously with those of

Madeleine and Geneviève Béjart. There is hardly any evidence in support of such suggestions; but there is abundant proof of his love and respect for his wife. His happiness with her was not, however, as great as he had hoped to find it. Armande was fond of pleasure and admiration; Molière, amidst the avocations and anxieties of his position, could not always attend upon her with the devotion and ardor of a lover; and she sought and found adulation at the hands of others. On the stage, therefore, he acted Sganarelle to the life, and in his most melancholy moods could not hold himself free from the twinges of but too well-founded jealousy.

In the latter part of 1662 the *Ecole des Femmes* was performed. This play met with some opposition, and was answered by our author's *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, which was brought out the 1st of June, 1663. The comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne had long envied and hated Molière, and they took now the opportunity of attacking him. Boursault wrote a piece entitled *le Portrait du Peintre ou la Contra-critique de l'Ecole des Femmes.* Molière replied in *l'Impromptu de Versailles.* De Villiers and Montfleury took up the cudgels on the other side, and wrote *la Vengeance des Marquis* and *l'Impromptu de l'hotel de Mondé.* At the same time Montfleury's father was base enough to accuse Molière before the king of having married his own daughter; the insinuation being that Armande was the child of Madeleine Béjart. The court did not listen to this tale, and presently after the king and Henrietta, Duchess of Orléans, stood sponsors for Molière's eldest son, who was born on the 19th of January, 1664.[11] Molière was satisfied with his triumph, and soon after stopped the sale of the *Impromptu de Versailles.*

Molière regarded himself henceforth as the court dramatist *par excellence*, and he was anxious to show by every means in his power the gratitude aroused in him by the king's favor. In January, 1664, he wrote, for a court high festival, *le Mariage forcé*, a one-act piece with eight *entrées de ballet*,[12] and in which Sganarelle reappears; who had figured in several previous plays. Louis himself danced in one of the acts. In May of the same year the Grand Monarque gave a grand festival in honor of Louise de Vallière, lasting over a week, to which Molière contributed the *Princesse d' Elide*, a five-act piece, strung together in such haste that only the first act was in verse, and—a far more ambitious flight of the Muse, which had no doubt been for some time past in preparation—the first three acts of *Tartuffe.*

Tartuffe was a protest and satire against the ecclesiastical intolerance and religious hypocrisy which were amongst the characteristics of the day. A revival of orthodoxy had followed upon the restless period of the Ligue and the Fronde; and this reaction had brought in its train more of the outward show than of the reality of religion. Molière hated cant with an unfeigned hatred; and besides, he had a private quarrel of his own against the ecclesiastics, who had excommunicated himself and his brother actors. In *Tartuffe* he hit the priests and the hypocrites very hard, and multiplied the number of his enemies. The play seems to have been acted tentatively from the first, and then only before the king, or certain select audiences at Versailles, Villers-Cotterets and Raincy. Paris did not

see it at the Palais Royal for years after; but this partial publicity was sufficient to secure for it the abhorrence of those who regarded themselves as the guardians of popular morality and orthodoxy. Their objection to *Tartuffe*, and to *le Festin de Pierre*, which was first acted in February, 1665, and which treated hypocrisy in the like ungentle fashion, was much akin to those raised against Paul by the coppersmiths of Ephesus. But it was successful; and both pieces were interdicted, after the last-named had been represented for fifteen days before crowded houses. Pierre Roulès, curé of Saint Barthélemy, and another clergyman, de Rochemont,[13] wrote treatises to counteract the evil effects of Molière's works; and the enemies of the latter produced a disreputable pasquinade in his name, wherein he was made to cast shameful reflections against the priests. He subsequently thought it worth his while to expose this trick in the fifth act of the *Misanthrope*. The king hardly dared to withstand the Church in the then existing condition of the public mind. Unwilling to remove the prohibition by his royal fiat, he paid Molière the compliment of permitting his troupe to be styled "Comédiens du Roi," which title they held from this time forward: and they were subsidized by a yearly pension of seven thousand livres.

An intermittent source of trouble and anxiety to Molière was found in the ingratitude of his company, who now and again forgot that he had made the fortunes of every one of them. When a play did not draw, or when the public found a momentary attraction elsewhere, they seem generally to have laid the blame upon their manager. Such was the case when "Scaramouch" (Torelli), the manager of the Italian farce-company, who had earned enough to buy an estate at Florence of about ten thousand livres per annum, being driven from his retirement by his wife and children, returned to Paris and resumed his career as an actor. The public had not lost their appreciation of the Italian harlequinades —the receipts of Molière's theatre began to fall off, and his company—especially one of the Béjarts and Maddle.[14] Duparc pretended that the cause of the failure originated with him.

Molière's path was by no means an easy one to tread; the following anecdote may serve as another illustration of the fact. The king's body guards, and other household troops, had formerly been allowed to see the play for nothing, and Molière, who was doubtless more troubled by the abuse of "paper" than are the managers of to-day, was urged by his company to obtain the removal of this privilege from the king. His request was granted; but the change gave great umbrage to the soldiers. They came down to the house in a body, killed the door-keeper, and uttered loud threats against the actors. On the next day the king had them drawn up on parade, and sent for Molière to harangue them. This he did with so much tact and good humor, and he gave them such excellent reasons why they should pay for their seats like gentlemen, and leave the free admissions for such as could not afford a trifle, that they made no further difficulty in the matter.

Like many comic actors, Molière was often melancholy, morose and timid off the stage; and the lack of sympathy from the young wife he loved so much tended to aggravate those symptoms. He was, moreover, afflicted by a spasmodic

cough and pulmonary attacks, very possibly due to frequent exposures during his provincial tours, and compelled to live a most abstemious life. He had taken a house at Auteuil, where he passed all the time that could be spared from his arduous duties; hither his friends were wont to come and visit him, trying, with but little success, to rouse him from his characteristic melancholy. A very touching story is related of one of these visits, which we may quote as an instance of the genuine friendship which existed between the poet and his friends, and of the essentially dramatic constitution of Molière's mind.

Chapelle, La Fontaine, Lulli, director of the Royal Academy of Music, Boileau, Mignard the artist and Corneille came one evening to Auteuil to make merry with their friend. Molière was obliged to excuse himself on the ground of ill-health, but he requested Chapelle to do the honors of his house. The guests sat down, and presently, warmed with wine, they fell to talking of religion, futurity, the vanity of human life, and such other lofty and inexhaustible topics as are wont to occupy the vinous moments of intellectual men. Chapelle led the conversation, and indulged in a long tirade against the folly of most things counted wise; at length one of them suggested the idea of suicide, and proposed that they should all go and drown themselves in the river. This splendid notion was received with acclamation; the tipsy philosophers hurried down to the bank, and seized upon a boat in order to get into the middle of the stream. Meanwhile Baron, Molière's favorite pupil,[15] who lived in the house with him, and who had been present at the debauch, aroused his master, and sent off the servants in quest of the would-be suicides. The latter were already in the water when assistance arrived, and they were pulled out; but, on resenting such an impertinence, they drew their swords on their deliverers, and pursued them to Molière's house. The poet displayed complete presence of mind, and pretended to approve of the plan which had been formed; but he professed to be much annoyed that they should have thought of drowning themselves without him. They admitted their error, and invited him to come back with them and finish the business. "Nay," said Molière, "that would be very clumsy. So glorious a deed should not be done at night, and in darkness. Early to-morrow, when we have all slept well, we will go, fasting and in public, and throw ourselves in." To this all assented, and Chapelle proposed that in the meantime they should finish the wine that had been left. It need not be added that the next day found them in a different mood.[16]

In September, 1665, *l'Amour Médicin* was written, studied and rehearsed within a period of five days, and acted first at Versailles, afterwards in Paris. In December the Palais Royal had to be closed on account of Molière's serious illness. It was the beginning of the end, but he fought against his weakness valiantly. The death of Anne of Austria delayed the reopening of the theatre until June, 1666, in which month Molière produced his *Misanthrope*, a play which has been ranked as high in comedy as *Athalie* is ranked in French tragedy. The circumstances under which it was written were such as might almost warrant us in calling it a tragedy itself; for the great satirist, who had spent his life in copying the eccentricities of others, had now employed the season of his illness and convalescence to commit to paper a drama in which he was himself the principal

actor. The misanthrope, Alceste, loves the coquette Célimène almost against his will; and we can imagine the feelings with which Molière himself took the rôle of Alceste to his wife's Célimène. The general sarcasm of the piece is very bitter; but Paris heard it eagerly for close upon a month. It was succeeded by the *Médecin malgré lui;* and at the beginning of the next year followed the charming operetta of *le Sicilien ou l'Amour peintre.* Shortly after the appearance of this piece the author was again confined to his bed for upwards of two months.

Philip IV. of Spain died in September, 1665, and Louis XIV. claimed Brabant, Flanders, Hainault and Limburg in the right of his wife. He went in the spring of 1667 with a corps d'armée to take possession of this territory, and with him went the queen, Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de la Vallière and the whole court. During their absence Molière, relying on a previously implied permission of the king, once more produced *Tartuffe*, the name of which he had changed to *l'Imposteur.* It was immediately prohibited by the President de Lamoignon, and Molière sent off two of his company to ask for the king's sanction. The latter gave an evasive reply, undertaking to inquire into the matter on his return. Louis returned on the 7th of September, but his promise was not at once redeemed. In January, 1668, *Amphitryon* appeared, and a little later, in the course of a festival given in the honor of Condé's victories in Franche-Comté, *George Dandin.* In the autumn of this year *l'Avare* was first acted, but it was coldly received by the public. It was not until February, 1669, that *Tartuffe* finally made its appearance before a Parisian audience, with the full permission and protection of the king. The objections raised against it were as strong as ever, but Louis was less anxious than formerly to please the ecclesiastics. The play had an immense success, and appears to have run for several months. In the same month (February) died Molière's father, and in the papers he left behind him there is a bitter allusion to "Monsieur Molière." In October of the same year Molière played the title-rôle in his new farce, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.* In reference to this bright play Diderot has remarked that it would be a mistake to suppose that there are many more men capable of writing *Pourceaugnac* than the *Misanthrope;* and the judgment of later critics has confirmed the observation.

As his infirmities increased upon him, and his short life drew to a close Molière's pen was more fruitful than ever. In the year 1670 he produced, in addition to a comedy-ballet, *les Amants magnifiques*, an excellent comedy, *le Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, in which he played the title-rôle. The same year died Marie Hervé, the mother of the Béjarts. Baron took this year also the place of Louis Béjart. In the following year (1671) were brought out *Psyché*, a tragédie-ballet, of which he only wrote a part, and two farces, *les Fourberies de Scapin* and *la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas.* In 1672 was played a satire-comedy in the highest mood of his trenchant mind, *les Femmes savantes*, a sort of sequel to *les Précieuses ridicules*, though with more general application.

In 1671 his friends succeeded in bringing about a better understanding between Molière and his wife, who for some time past had rarely met except on the stage. One cause of disagreement between them had been the absurd jealousy

with which Armande regarded the affection of her husband for the young actor, Baron, whom on one occasion she drove from the house by her petulant reproaches. The reconciliation extended to this faithful pupil of the great comedian, and the last scenes of Molière's life were brightened by the affectionate devotion of the two people whom he loved best. The year 1672 was nevertheless a sad one; and as it were by an omen of his approaching end, more than one of the ties which bound him with his earlier career were broken. Madeleine Béjart, the companion of his life-long labors, died in February, leaving many legacies to religious foundations, but the bulk of her property to her favorite sister Armande, with reversion to Madeleine Esprit, Molière's only surviving child, whose second son had died a few days previously. Of the famous company which in 1646 had quitted Paris on its twelve years' provincial tour, only two now remained—the poet and Geneviève Béjart.

Bowed down by sorrow and pain, weakened by a racking cough which never left him a day's peace, he could not be persuaded to spare himself. Within a few months of his death he wrote his *Malade Imaginaire*, a happy conception, which must have done much to rob his bodily sufferings of their sting. On the 17th of February, 1673, in spite of the dissuasion of his wife and Baron, he played the part of Argan, and acted the piece through, though he was very ill. In the evening of the same day, in his house in the Rue Richelieu, he burst a blood-vessel. Two nuns who had for some time past been living in the house stood by his bed, and to them he expressed his complete resignation to the will of God. They sent in succession for two priests to administer the last consolations of religion, but both refused to come. Before a third could be found Molière was dead. He was buried four days later, almost without the rites of religion, in a church-yard adjoining the Rue Montmartre.

The daughter of the actor Du Croisy, Madame Poisson, herself an actress, and one who had seen Molière when she was very young, has left us an exact description of his personal appearance, which she wrote in the *Mercure de France* for May, 1740. "He was neither too stout nor too thin; his stature was rather tall than short; his carriage was noble; and he had a remarkable good leg. He walked measuredly; had a very serious air; a large nose, an ample mouth, with full lips; brown complexion, and eyebrows black and thick; while the varied motion he gave to these latter rendered his physiognomy extremely comic." [17]

NOTES

[1] Grimarest (*La Vie de M. de Molière*, 1705, p. 14), says "*quand Molière eut achevé ses études, il fut obligé à cause du grand âge de son père, d'exercer sa charge pendant quelque temps, et même il fit le voyage de Narbonne à la suite de Louis XIII.*" This journey was in 1642, at which time Beffara (*Dissertation sur J. B. Poquelin-Molière*, 1821, p. 25), has conclusively proved that the elder Poquelin was no more than forty-seven years old. It is also said that Jean Baptiste Poquelin studied at Orléans in 1642. Others of his biographers mention that Molière performed temporarily the duties of valet-tapissier to Louis XIII. The circumstance appears hardly probable; but our knowledge is not sufficiently definite to warrant us in describing it as absolutely impossible.

[2] The biographers of Molière are not agreed about the date of the opening of the *Illustre Théâtre*. Moland and several others say 1645; Soulié, in his *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, proves by official documents that it was either December 31, 1643, or at the very beginning of 1644.

[3] Béjart is sometimes written "Bêjard." Soulié always spells it thus, though the members of that family generally wrote it with a *t*.

[4] Several commentators say he was called Jacques. Soulié says Joseph.

[5] Eud. Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, p. 42.

[6] *Mademoiselle* was the title given to Mdlle. de Montpensier, the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orléans, uncle of Louis XIV. She was sometimes called *la grande Mademoiselle* to distinguish her from the daughter of Philip of Orléans, brother of Louis XIV. See also note 14.

[7] In general people have not a correct idea about the prices of admittance to the theatre in Molière's time. In the theatre of the Palais Royal, where all his pieces were played, with the exception of the first four, the prices for the *billets de théâtre* (tickets admitting on the stage) were five livres ten sous, representing about eighteen francs at the present time; those for the boxes four livres; those for the amphitheatre three livres; for the boxes on the second tier, one livre ten sous; for the upper boxes, one livre; and for the pit, fifteen sous. In representations *au double* or *a l'extraordinaire* all the prices are raised except those of five livres ten sous. During ordinary representations the salle du Petit-Bourbon could hold 1400 livres, that of the Palais Royal 2860 livres; the Comédie Française can at present hold 6000 francs: so that, considering the relative value of money, the latter place cannot make more, though it has room for 1650 persons.

[8] Sauval in his *Histoire et Recherches des Antiquités de la ville de Paris*, 1724, 3 vols., iii., p. 47, says the theatre of the Palais Royal could contain 4000 persons, M. Taschereau states 1000; the last number appears to be the most probable, considering the money the room could hold. See also note 7.

[9] Some of Molière's biographers state that Armande de Béjart, at the time of her marriage, was not yet seventeen years old; Soulié gives the very marriage contract, which proves that she was twenty or thereabout. This contract is dated January 23, 1662.

[10] *Dissertation sur J. B. Poquelin-Molière*, 1821, p. 7.

[11] Eud. Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière*, p. 59. "This child died in the same year."

[12] The *ballets de cour*, according to M. Bazin's *Notes historiques sur la vie de Molière*, 1851, were composed of *entrées*, *vers* and *récits*. The *entrées* were represented by persons who said nothing, but whose gestures, dancing and dress sufficiently showed what the author intended to represent; this was, moreover, elucidated by the *vers*, which were not spoken on the stage, but only printed in the libretto. The *récits* were verses spoken, or couplets sung, generally by professional actors or actresses.

[13] In the re-impression of *Observations sur le Festin de Pierre par de Rochemont et Réponses aux Observations*, edited by the bibliophile Jacob, Genève, 1869, it is stated, p. 11, that though de Rochemont may have been an advocate, as many of Molière's biographers had said, he was a clergyman at the time he wrote his *Observations*.

[14] All ladies who were not of noble birth, or those of inferior nobility, were in Molière's time called *Mademoiselle*, the others *Madame*; nevertheless the expressions *une demoiselle*, *une femme demoiselle*, were often used for a noble-born married or unmarried lady. For the use of *Mademoiselle* as a special name, see note 6.

[15] Subsequently the most finished actor in France.

[16] Boileau repeated this story to Racine, whose son has recorded it in his Memoirs. A sceptic might perhaps suspect that the attempted suicide was only a trick to get Molière to join in the revels.

[17] In that monument of accuracy and erudition, *Dictionaire critique de Biographie et d'Histoire*, by A. Jal, Paris, 1872, it is stated in the article "Poisson," p. 983, that this actress died at St. Germain en Laye, the 12th of December, 1756, at the age of ninety. Molière died in 1673; therefore, if she saw him even in 1672, she must have been six years old, a rather early age to receive impressions of personal appearance. Moland, in his life of Molière, states that she was fifteen years old at our author's death, but Jal is always exact. I suppose Madame Poisson, who in 1740, was seventy-four years old, gave as her own personal impression what she could only have known by hearsay.

THE BLUNDERER
JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.
THE BLUNDERER
A CHILD, DRESSED AS LELIO, SHOWS THE PURSE OF ANSELMO.

[illegible] of the opening of the *Pl[illegible]* [illegible] Moland [illegible] *Molière*, 1[illegible]3, proves by official documents that it was [illegible] 1844.

[illegible] always spells it thus, though the members of that family [illegible]

[illegible] he was [illegible] Soulié says Joseph.

[illegible] *Molière*, [illegible] p. 42.

[illegible] was [illegible] given to [illegible] de Montpensier, the [illegible] of Gaston, [illegible] of Orléans, uncle of [illegible] XIV. She was sometimes [illegible] to [illegible] her from the daughter of Philip of [illegible] brother of [illegible] XIV. [illegible] 14.

[7] In general [illegible] in [illegible] In the theatre of [illegible] the [illegible] frances [illegible] on the [illegible] tations *au* [illegible] the [illegible] latter [illegible]

[illegible] p. 47, says the [illegible] person [illegible] number appears to [illegible] considering [illegible] See also [illegible]

[9] [illegible] at the time of her marriage, was not yet seventeen years old; [illegible] she was twenty or thereabout. This contract is dated January 23[illegible]

[10] *Dissertation* [illegible] *Molière*, 18[illegible]

[11] [illegible] p. 59 [illegible] in the same year."

[12] [illegible] M. [illegible] *Molière*, 1851, were composed of *entrées*, *vers* and *récits* [illegible] who said [illegible], but whose gestures, dancing and [illegible] ciently [illegible] author inte[illegible] this was, moreover, elucidated by the *vers*, [illegible] the stage, but only [illegible] The *récits* were verses spoken, or couplets [illegible] professional actors or [illegible]

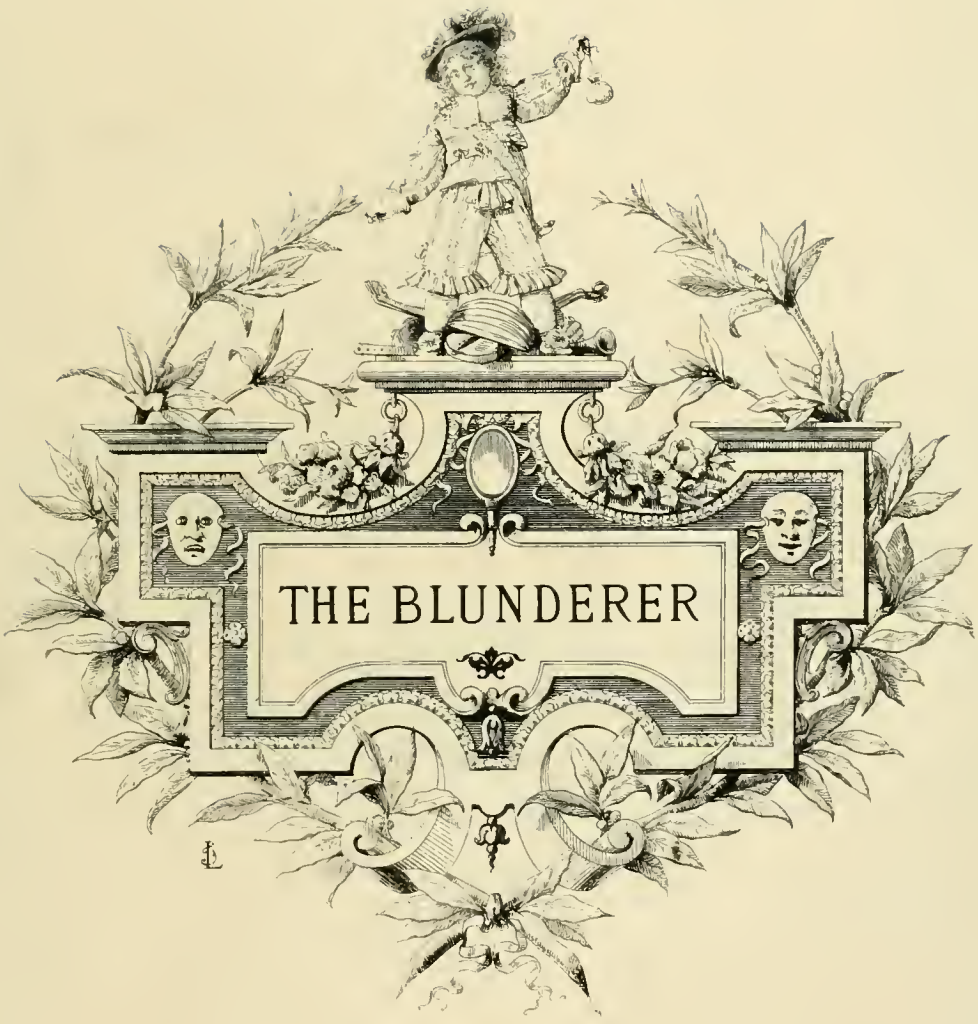
[13] In the [illegible] *Pierre* [illegible] *Observa-* [illegible] said, he was a [illegible]

[14] [illegible] for a [illegible] married [illegible]

[15] Subsequently the [illegible]

[16] Boileau repeated the story to R[illegible] suspect that the attempted suicide was [illegible]

[17] In that monument of [illegible] *Di*[illegible] by A. Jal, [illegible] 1872, it is stated in the article "[illegible]" p. [illegible]83, that [illegible] the 12th [illegible] 1756, at the age of ninety. Molière [illegible] in 1672, she [illegible] years old, a rather early age [illegible] appearance. Moland, in his [illegible] states that she was fifteen years old [illegible] always exact. I suppose [illegible] who in 1740, was seventy-four years old, gave [illegible] impression what she could [illegible] by hearsay.


THE BLUNDERER

L'ESTOURDY

TITLE OF 1663

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL. LES CONTRE TEMPS P. ARENTS, SC.

COMEDIE

ABOVE IS SMALL VIEW OF THE RHONE AND OF THE FAUBOURG D'AINAY AT LYONS. IN THE UPPER LEFT CORNER, THE ARMS OF LYONS; GULES, A LION RAMPANT, ARGENT, CHEF THE ARMS OF FRANCE. IN THE RIGHT CORNER, THE ARMS OF PARIS; GULES AN ANTIQUE SHIP, ARGENT, SAILING ON WAVES OF THE SAME, CHEF THE ARMS OF FRANCE. THE DATES "1653"; "1658" RECALL THE PRESENTATIONS OF "THE BLUNDERER" AT LYONS AND AT PARIS. BELOW ARE THE PORTRAITS OF LEANDER AND HIPPOLYTA IN CONTEMPORARY COSTUMES. FARTHER DOWN, CELIA AND LELIO, DISGUISED AS ARMENIANS; BELOW, THE PURSE OF ANSELMO ACCOMPANIED BY THE SWORD OF LELIO AND THE STAFF OF TRUFALDIN IN THE FORM OF SAINT ANDREW'S CROSS. AT THE BOTTOM, LITTLE MASQUERADERS IN THE FORM OF TERMINI, WHICH RECALL THE MASQUERADE AT THE END OF ACT III. IN THE CENTRE, THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, WHICH OCCUR ON ALL THE ORIGINAL TITLES, BUT ALWAYS WITH DIFFERENT ORNAMENT.

CHEZ

TITLE OF 1663

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL. P. ARENTS, SC.

ABOVE IS SMALL VIEW OF THE RHONE AND OF THE FAUBOURG D'AINAY AT LYONS. IN THE UPPER LEFT CORNER, THE ARMS OF LYONS; GULES, A LION RAMPANT, ARGENT, CHEF THE ARMS OF FRANCE. IN THE RIGHT CORNER, THE ARMS OF PARIS; GULES AN ANTIQUE SHIP, ARGENT, SAILING ON WAVES OF THE SAME, CHEF THE ARMS OF FRANCE. THE DATES "1653"; "1638" RECALL THE PRESENTATIONS OF "THE BLUNDERER" AT LYONS AND AT PARIS. BELOW ARE THE PORTRAITS OF LEANDER AND HIPPOLYTA IN CONTEMPORARY COSTUMES. FARTHER DOWN, CELIA AND LELIO, DISGUISED AS ARMENIANS; BELOW, THE PURSE OF ANSELMO ACCOMPANIED BY THE SWORD OF LELIO AND THE STAFF OF TRUFALDIN IN THE FORM OF SAINT ANDREW'S CROSS. AT THE BOTTOM, LITTLE MASQUERADERS IN THE FORM OF TERMINI, WHICH RECALL THE MASQUERADE AT THE END OF ACT III. IN THE CENTRE, THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, WHICH OCCUR ON ALL THE ORIGINAL TITLES, BUT ALWAYS WITH DIFFERENT ORNAMENT.

1653

1658

L'ESTOURDY

OU

LES CONTRE-TEMPS

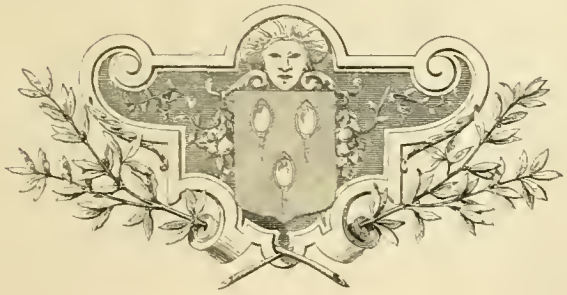
COMEDIE

REPRESENTEE

SUR LE THEATRE DU PALAIS ROYAL

PAR

J.B.P. MOLIERE



A PARIS

CHEZ GABRIEL QUINET, AU PALAIS

DANS LA GALERIE DES PRISONNIERS

A L'ANGE GABRIEL

M. DC. LIII

AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le dernier jour de May 1660, signé Le Juge, *il est permis au Sieur* Molier *de faire imprimer une Pièce de Théâtre par luy composée, intitulée* L'Estourdy, ou les Contre-temps, *pendant l'espace de cinq années, à commencer du jour que le dit livre sera achevé d'imprimer, et deffences sont faites à tous autres de l'imprimer, ainsi qu'il est porté plus amplement par ledit Privilège.*

Et ledit Sieur Molier a cédé et transporté son droict de Privilège à Claude Barbin et Gabriel Quinet, Marchands Libraires à Paris, pour en jouir le temps porté par iceluy.

Achevé d'imprimer, pour la première fois, le vingt et un Novembre 1662.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté . . .

Octobre 1662.

Signé : Dubray, Sindic.

Les exemplaires ont esté fournis.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The Blunderer is generally believed to have been first acted at Lyons in 1653, whilst Molière and his troupe were in the provinces. In the month of November, 1658, it was played for the first time in Paris, where it obtained a great and well-deserved success. It is chiefly based on an Italian comedy, written by Nicolo Barbieri, known as Beltrame, and called *L'Inavvertito*, from which the character of Mascarille, the servant, is taken, but differs in the ending, which is superior in the Italian play. An imitation of the classical boasting soldier, Captain Bellorofonte, Martelione, and a great number of *concetti*, have also not been copied by Molière. The fourth scene of the fourth act of *l'Etourdi* contains some passages taken from the *Angelica*, a comedy by Fabritio de Fornaris, a Neapolitan, who calls himself on the title-page of his play "il Capitano Coccodrillo, comico confidente." A few remarks are borrowed from *la Emilia*, a comedy by Luigi Grotto, whilst here and there we find a reminiscence from Plautus, and one scene, possibly suggested by the sixteenth of the *Contes et Dis ours d'Eutrapel*, written by Nöel de Fail, Lord of la Hérissaye. Some of the scenes remind us of passages in several Italian *Commedia del arte* between *Arlecchino* and *Pantaleone*, the personifications of impudence and ingenuity, as opposed to meekness and stupidity; they rouse the hilarity of the spectators, who laugh at the ready invention of the knave, as well as at the gullibility of the old man. Before this comedy appeared the French stage was chiefly filled with plays full of intrigue, but with scarcely any attempt to delineate character or manners. In this piece the plot is carried on partly in imitation of the Spanish taste, by a servant, Mascarille, who is the first original personage Molière has created; he is not a mere imitation of the valets of the Italian or classical comedy; he has not the coarseness and base feelings of the servants of his contemporaries, but he is a lineal descendant of Villon, a free and easy fellow, nor over nice in the choice or execution of his plans, but inventing new ones after each failure, simply to keep in his hand; not too valiant, except, perhaps, when in his cups; rather jovial and chaffy, making fun of himself and everybody else besides, no respecter of persons or things, and doomed probably not to die in his bed. Molière must have encountered many such a man whilst the wars of the Fronde were raging, during his peregrinations in the provinces. Even at the present time, a Mascarille is no impossibility; for, "like master like man." There are also in *The Blunderer* too many incidents, which take place successively, without necessarily arising one from another. Some of the characters are not distinctly brought out; the style has often been found fault with, by Voltaire and other competent judges,[1] but these defects are partly covered by a variety and vivacity which are only fully displayed when heard on the stage.

In the third volume of the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," *The Blunderer* is dedicated to the Right Honorable Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, in the following words:

"My Lord—The translation of *L'Etourdi*, which, in company with the original, throws itself at your lordship's feet, is a part of a design form'd by some gentlemen, of exhibiting to the public a *Select Collection of Molière's Plays*, in *French* and *English*. This author, my lord, was truly a genius, caress'd by the greatest men of his own time, and honor'd with the patronage of princes. When the translator, therefore, of this piece was to introduce him in an *English* dress in justice he owed him an *English* patron, and was readily determined to your lordship, whom all the world allows to be a genius of the first rank. But he is too sensible of the beauties of his author, and the refined taste your lordship is universally known to have in polite literature, to plead anything but your candor and goodness, for your acceptance of this performance. He persuades himself that your lordship, who best knows how difficult it is to speak like *Molière*, even when we have his sentiments to inspire us, will be readiest to forgive the imperfections of this attempt. He is the rather encouraged, my lord, to hope for a candid reception from your lordship, on account of the usefulness of this design, which he flatters himself will have your approbation. 'Tis to spirit greater numbers of our countrymen to read this author, who wou'd otherwise not have attempted it, or, being foil'd in their attempts, wou'd throw him by in despair. And however generally the *French* language may be read or spoke in England, there will be still very great numbers, even of those who are said to understand *French*, who, to master this comic writer, will want the help of a translation; and glad wou'd the publishers of this work be to guide the feebler steps of some such persons, not only till they should want no translation, but till some of them should be able to make a much better than the present. The great advantage of understanding *Molière* your Lordship best knows. What is it, but almost to understand mankind? He has shown such a compass of knowledge in human nature as scarce to leave it in the power of succeeding writers in comedy to be originals; whence it has, in fact, appear'd that they who, since his time, have most excelled in the *Comic* way, have copied *Molière*, and therein were sure of copying nature. In this author, my lord, our youth will find the strongest sense, the purest moral, and the keenest satyr, accompany'd with the utmost politeness; so that our countrymen may take a *French* polish, without danger of commencing fops and apes, as they sometimes do by an affectation of the dress and manners of that people; for no man has better portray'd, or in a finer manner expos'd fopperies of all kinds, than this our author hath, in one or other of his pieces. And now, 'tis not doubted, my lord, but your lordship is under some apprehensions, and the reader under some expectation, that the translator should atttempt your character, in right of a dedicator, as a refin'd wit and consummate statesman. But, my lord, speaking the truth to a person of your lordship's accomplishments, wou'd have the appearance of flattery, especially to those who have not the honor of knowing you; and those who have, conceive greater ideas of you than the translator will pretend to express. Permit him, then, my lord, to crave your lordship's acceptance of this piece, which appears to you with a fair and correct copy of the original; but with a translation which can be of no manner of consequence to your lordship, only as it may be of consequence to those who *would* understand Molière if they *could*. Your lordship's countenance to recommend it to such will infinitely oblige, my lord, your lordship's most devoted, and most obedient, humble servant,

"The Translator."

To recommend to Lord Chesterfield an author on account of "the purest moral," or because "no man has . . . in a finer manner exposed fopperies of all kinds," appears to us now a bitter piece of satire; it may, however, be doubted if it seemed so to his contemporaries.[2]

Dryden has imitated *The Blunderer* in *Sir Martin Mar-all; or, The Feigned Innocence,* first translated by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards adapted for the stage by "glorious John." It must have been very successful, for it ran no less than thirty-three nights, and was four times acted at court. It was performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields by the Duke of York's servants, probably at the desire of the Duke of Newcastle, as Dryden was engaged to write for the king's company. It seems to have been acted in 1667, and was published, without the author's name, in 1668. But it cannot be fairly called a translation, for Dryden has made several alterations, generally not for the better, and changed *double entendres* into single ones. The heroine in the English play, Mrs. Millisent (Celia), marries the roguish servant, Warner (Mascarille), who takes all his master's blunders upon himself, is bribed by nearly everybody, pockets insults and money with the same equanimity, and when married, is at last proved a gentleman by the disgusting Lord Dartmouth, who "cannot refuse to own him for my (his) kinsman." With a fine stroke of irony Millisent's father becomes reconciled to his daughter having married a serving-man as soon as he hears that the latter has an estate of eight hundred a year. Sir Martin Mar-all is far more conceited and foolish than Lelio; Trufaldin becomes Mr. Moody, a swashbuckler; a compound of Leander and Andrès, Sir John Swallow, a Kentish knight; whilst of the filthy characters of Lord Dartmouth, Lady Dupe, Mrs. Christian and Mrs. Preparation, no counterparts are found in Molière's play. But the scene in which Warner plays the lute, whilst his master pretends to do so, and which is at last discovered by Sir Martin continuing to play after the servant has finished, is very clever.[3] Dryden is also said to have consulted *l'Amant indiscret* of Quinault, in order to furbish forth the Duke of Newcastle's labors. Sir Walter Scott states in his introduction: "In that part of the play which occasions its second title of 'The Feigned Innocence,' the reader will hardly find wit enough to counterbalance the want of delicacy." Murphy has borrowed from *The Blunderer* some incidents of the second act of his *School for Guardians,* played for the first time in 1767.

NOTES

[1] Victor Hugo appears to be of another opinion. M. Paul Stapfer, in his *les Artistes juges et parties* (2e Causerie, the Grammarian of Hauteville House, p. 55), states: "The opinion of Victor Hugo about Molière is very peculiar. According to him, the best written of all the plays of our great comic author is his first work, *l'Etourdi.* It possesses a brilliancy and freshness of style which still shine in *le Dépit amoureux,* but which gradually fade, because Molière, yielding unfortunately to other inspirations than his own, enters more and more upon a new way."

[2] Lord Chesterfield appeared not so black to those who lived in his own time as he does to us, for Bishop Warburton dedicated to him his "Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test-Law Demonstrated," and says in his preface: "It is an uncommon happiness when an honest man can congratulate a patriot on his becoming minister," and expresses the hope, that "the temper of the times will suffer your Lordship to be instrumental in saving your country by a reformation of the general manners."

[3] According to Geneste, "Some Accounts of the English Stage," 10 vols., 1832, vol. i., p. 76, Bishop Warburton, in his "Alliance of Church and State" (the same work is mentioned in Note 2), and Porson, in his "Letters to Travis," alludes to this scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LELIO, Son to Pandolphus.

LEANDER, A young gentleman of good birth.

ANSELMO, An old man.

PANDOLPHUS, An old man.

TRUFALDIN, An old man.

ANDRES, A supposed gipsy.

MASCARILLE,[2] Servant to Lelio.

ERGASTE, A servant.

A MESSENGER.

Two troops of Masqueraders.

CELIA, Slave to Trufaldin.

HIPPOLYTA, Daughter to Anselmo.

THE BLUNDERER
THE COUNTERTOWN
COMEDY

SCENE I.—[illegible]

Very well! Leander, [illegible] quarrel, then; we shall see which [illegible] us two will gain the day; and which [illegible] our mutual pursuit after this young [illegible] of beauty, will thwart the most his [illegible] dresses. Do whatever you can, [illegible] self well, for depend upon it, [illegible] pains shall be spared.

SCENE II.—Le[illegible]

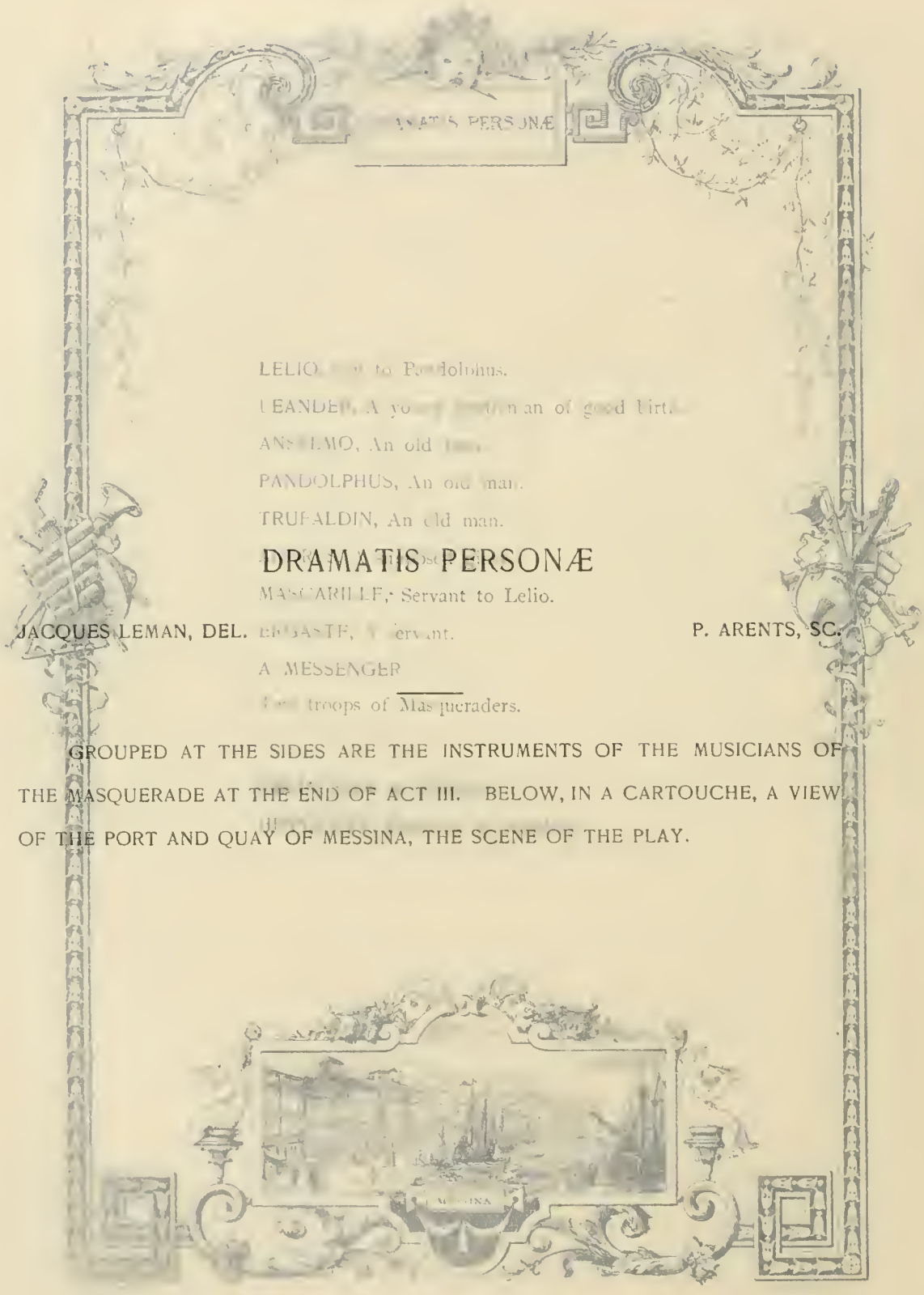
Lel. Ah! Mascar[illegible]

Masc. What's the [illegible]ter?

Lel. A gre[illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] your [illegible] never [illegible] should [illegible] and that [illegible] . . .

[illegible] compliments; when [illegible] poor servants, we are


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ
LELIO, [illegible] to Pandolphus.
LEANDER, A young [illegible] man of good birth.
ANSELMO, An old [illegible]
PANDOLPHUS, An old man.
TRUFALDIN, An old man.
[illegible]
MASCARILLE, Servant to Lelio.
[illegible], Servant.
A MESSENGER
[illegible] troops of Masqueraders.
JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.
P. ARENTS, SC.
GROUPED AT THE SIDES ARE THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE MUSICIANS OF THE MASQUERADE AT THE END OF ACT III. BELOW, IN A CARTOUCHE, A VIEW OF THE PORT AND QUAY OF MESSINA, THE SCENE OF THE PLAY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Lelio, *alone.*

Very well! Leander, very well! we must quarrel, then; we shall see which of us two will gain the day; and which, in our mutual pursuit after this young miracle of beauty, will thwart the most his rival's addresses. Do whatever you can, defend yourself well, for depend upon it, on my side no pains shall be spared.

SCENE II.—Lelio, Mascarille.

Lel. Ah! Mascarille!

Masc. What's the matter?

Lel. A great deal is the matter. Everything crosses my love. Leander is enamored of Celia. The Fates have willed it, that though I have changed the object of my passion, he still remains my rival.

Masc. Leander enamored of Celia!

Lel. He adores her, I tell you.[3]

Masc. So much the worse.

Lel. Yes, so much the worse, and that's what annoys me. However, I should be wrong to despair, for since you aid me, I ought to take courage. I know that your mind can plan many intrigues, and never finds anything too difficult; that you should be called the prince of servants, and that throughout the whole world . . .

Masc. A truce to these compliments; when people have need of us poor servants, we are

darlings, and incomparable creatures; but at other times, at the least fit of anger, we are scoundrels, and ought to be soundly thrashed.

LEL. Nay, upon my word, you wrong me by this remark. But let us talk a little about the captive. Tell me, is there a heart so cruel, so unfeeling, as to be proof against such charming features? For my part, in her conversation as well as in her countenance, I see evidence of her noble birth. I believe that Heaven has concealed a lofty origin beneath such a lowly station.

MASC. You are very romantic with all your fancies. But what will Pandolphus do in this case? He is your father, at least he says so. You know very well that his bile is pretty often stirred up; that he can rage against you finely, when your behavior offends him. He is now in treaty with Anselmo about your marriage with his daughter, Hippolyta; imagining that it is marriage alone that may-hap can steady you: now, should he discover that you reject his choice, and that you entertain a passion for a person nobody knows anything about; that the fatal power of this foolish love causes you to forget your duty and disobey him; Heaven knows what a storm will then burst forth, and what fine lectures you will be treated to.

LEL. A truce, I pray, to your rhetoric.

MASC. Rather a truce to your manner of loving; it is none of the best, and you ought to endeavor . . .

LEL. Don't you know that nothing is gained by making me angry, that remonstrances are badly rewarded by me, and that a servant who counsels me acts against his own interest?

MASC. (*Aside*). He is in a passion now. (*Aloud*). All that I said was but in jest, and to try you. Do I look so very much like a censor, and is Mascarille an enemy to pleasure? You know the contrary, and that it is only too certain people can tax me with nothing but being too good-natured. Laugh at the preachings of an old graybeard of a father; go on, I tell you, and mind them not. Upon my word, I am of opinion that these old, effete and grumpy libertines come to stupefy us with their silly stories, and being virtuous, out of necessity, hope through sheer envy to deprive young people of all the pleasures of life! You know my talents; I am at your service.

LEL. Now, this is talking in a manner I like. Moreover, when I first declared my passion, it was not ill received by the lovely object who inspired it; but, just now, Leander has declared to me that he is preparing to deprive me of Celia; therefore let us make haste; ransack your brain for the speediest means to secure me possession of her; plan any tricks, stratagems, rogneries, inventions, to frustrate my rival's pretensions.

MASC. Let me think a little upon this matter. (*Aside*). What can I invent upon this urgent occasion?

LEL. Well, the stratagem?

MASC. What a hurry you are in! My brain must always move slowly. I have found what you want; you must . . . No, that's not it; but if you would go . . .

LEL. Whither?

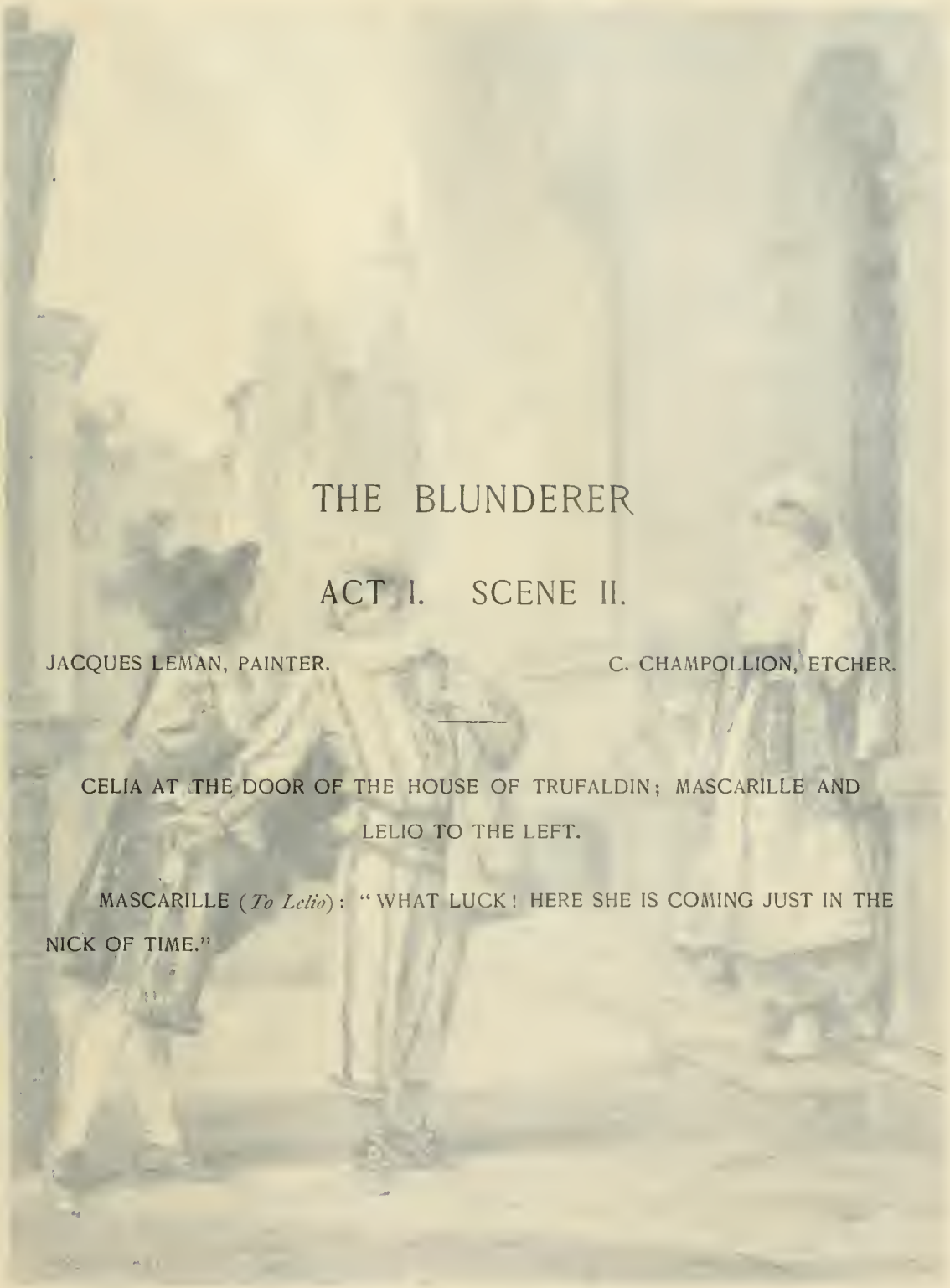
MASC. No, that's a flimsy trick. I thought that . . .

LEL. What is it?

MASC. That will not do either. But could you not . . .?

LEL. Could I not what?

MASC. No, you could not do anything. Speak to Anselmo.



THE BLUNDERER

ACT I. SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. C. CHAMPOLLION, ETCHER.

CELIA AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF TRUFALDIN; MASCARILLE AND LELIO TO THE LEFT.

MASCARILLE (*To Lelio*): "WHAT LUCK! HERE SHE IS COMING JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME."

THE BLUNDERER

ACT I. SCENE II.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. C. CHAMPOLLION, ETCHER.

CELIA AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF TRUFALDIN; MASCARILLE AND LELIO TO THE LEFT.

MASCARILLE (*To Lelio*): "WHAT LUCK! HERE SHE IS COMING JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME."

LEL. And what can I say to him?

MASC. That is true; that would be falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. Something must be done, however. Go to Trufaldin.

LEL. What to do?

MASC. I don't know.

LEL. Zounds! this is too much. You drive me mad with this idle talk.

MASC. Sir, if you could lay your hand on plenty of pistoles,[4] we should have no need now to think of and try to find out what means we must employ in compassing our wishes; we might, by purchasing this slave quickly, prevent your rival from forestalling and thwarting you. Trufaldin, who takes charge of her, is rather uneasy about these gypsies, who placed her with him. If he could get back his money, which they have made him wait for too long, I am quite sure he would be delighted to sell her; for he always lived like the veriest curmudgeon; he would allow himself to be whipped for the smallest coin of the realm. Money is the god he worships above everything, but the worst of it is that . . .

LEL. What is the worst of it?

MASC. That your father is just as covetous an old hunk, who does not allow you to handle his ducats, as you would like; that there is no way by which we could now open ever so small a purse, in order to help you. But let us endeavor to speak to Celia for a moment, to know what she thinks about this affair; this is her window.

LEL. But Trufaldin watches her closely night and day; take care.

MASC. Let us keep quiet in this corner. What luck! Here she is coming just in the nick of time.

SCENE III.—CELIA, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

LEL. Ah! madam, what obligations do I owe to Heaven for allowing me to behold those celestial charms you are blest with! Whatever sufferings your eyes may have caused me, I cannot but take delight in gazing on them in this place.

CEL. My heart, which has good reason to be astonished at your speech, does not wish my eyes to injure any one; if they have offended you in anything, I can assure you I did not intend it.

LEL. Oh! no, their glances are too pleasing to do me an injury. I count it my chief glory to cherish the wounds they give me; and . . .

MASC. You are soaring rather too high; this style is by no means what we want now; let us make better use of our time; let us know of her quickly what . . .

TRUF. (*Within*). Celia!

MASC. (*To Lelio*). Well, what do you think now?

LEL. O cruel mischance! What business has this wretched old man to interrupt us!

MASC. Go, withdraw, I'll find something to say to him.

SCENE IV.—TRUFALDIN, CELIA, MASCARILLE *and* LELIO *in a corner.*

TRUF. (*To Celia*). What are you doing out of doors? And what induces you to go out,—you, whom I have forbidden to speak to any one?

CEL. I was formerly acquainted with this respectable young man; you have no occasion to be suspicious of him.

MASC. Is this Signor Trufaldin?

CEL. Yes, it is himself.

MASC. Sir, I am wholly yours; it gives me extreme pleasure to have this opportunity of paying my most humble respects to a gentleman who is everywhere so highly spoken of.

TRUF. Your most humble servant.

MASC. Perhaps I am troublesome, but I have been acquainted with this young woman elsewhere; and as I heard about the great skill she has in predicting the future, I wished to consult her about a certain affair.

TRUF. What! Do you dabble in the black art?

CEL. No, sir; my skill lies entirely in the white.[5]

MASC. The case is this. The master whom I serve languishes for a fair lady who has captivated him. He would gladly disclose the passion which burns within him to the beauteous object whom he adores, but a dragon that guards this rare treasure, in spite of all his attempts, has hitherto prevented him. And what torments him still more and makes him miserable is that he has just discovered a formidable rival; so that I have come to consult you to know whether his love is likely to meet with any success, being well assured that from your mouth I may learn truly the secret which concerns us.

CEL. Under what planet was your master born?

MASC. Under that planet which never alters his love.

CEL. Without asking you to name the object he sighs for, the science which I possess gives me sufficient information. This young woman is high spirited, and knows how to preserve a noble pride in the midst of adversity; she is not inclined to declare too freely the secret sentiments of her heart. But I know them as well as herself, and am going with a more composed mind to unfold them all to you, in a few words.

MASC. O wonderful power of magic virtue!

CEL. If your master is really constant in his affections, and if virtue alone prompts him, let him be under no apprehension of sighing in vain; he has reason to hope the fortress he wishes to take is not averse to capitulation, but rather inclined to surrender.

MASC. That's something; but then the fortress depends upon a governor whom it is hard to gain over.

CEL. There lies the difficulty.

MASC. (*Aside, looking at Lelio*). The deuce take this troublesome fellow, who is always watching us.

CEL. I am going to teach you what you ought to do.

LEL. (*Joining them*). Mr. Trufaldin, give yourself no further uneasiness; it was purely in obedience to my orders that this trusty servant came to visit you; I dispatched him to offer you my services, and to speak to you concerning this young lady, whose liberty I am willing to purchase before long, provided we two can agree about the terms.

MASC. (*Aside*). Plague take the ass!

TRUF. Ho! ho! Which of the two am I to believe? This story contradicts the former very much.

MASC. Sir, this gentleman is a little bit wrong in the upper story; did you not know it?

TRUF. I know what I know, and begin to smell a rat. Get you in (*to Celia*), and never take such a liberty again. As for you two, arrant rogues, or I am much mistaken, if you

THE BLUNDERER

ACT I. SCENE IV.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF TRUFALDIN AND VIEW OF THE QUAY OF MESSINA.

TRUFALDIN: "AS FOR YOU TWO, ARRANT ROGUES, OR I AM MUCH MISTAKEN: IF YOU WISH TO DECEIVE ME AGAIN, LET YOUR STORIES BE A LITTLE MORE IN HARMONY."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] gives me [illegible] opportunity [illegible] respect to a [illegible] highly spoken [illegible]

[illegible] Your most humble servant.

[illegible] Perhaps I am [illegible] acquainted with this [illegible] I [illegible] to [illegible] her [illegible]

[illegible] What [illegible]

[illegible] No, sir; my skill lies [illegible]

[illegible] The case is this. The master whom [illegible] has [illegible] the [illegible] burns with [illegible] the [illegible] attention [illegible] prevented [illegible] and [illegible] rival [illegible] to know [illegible] my success [illegible] I may [illegible]

[illegible] what planet was your master born?

[illegible] that planet which never alters [illegible]

[illegible] to name the [illegible] which I possess [illegible] This young [illegible] to [illegible]

from the secret sentiments of her heart. [illegible] I know them as well as herself, and [illegible] with a [illegible] composed mind to unfold them all to you [illegible] a few words.

MASC. O wonderful power of magic virtue!

CEL. If your master is really constant in his affections, and if virtue alone prompts [illegible] let him be under no apprehension of [illegible] reason to hope the [illegible] to [illegible]

MASC. [illegible] the fortress depends upon a governor whom it is hard to [illegible]

CEL. [illegible] the difficulty.

MASC. (*Aside, looking at Celia*). The deuce take this troublesome fellow, who is always watching us.

CEL. I am going to teach you what you ought to do.

[illegible] give yourself no further [illegible] purely in obedience to [illegible] him [illegible] to you [illegible]

[illegible] like the ass!

TRUF. Hey, ho! Which of the two am I to believe? The story contradicts the former very much.

MASC. Sir, this gentleman is a little bit wrong in the upper story; did you not know it?

TRUF. I know what I know, and begin to smell a rat. Get you in (*to Celia*), and never take such a liberty again. As for you two, arrant rogues, or I am much mistaken, if you

wish to deceive me again, let your stories be a little more in harmony.

SCENE V.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

MASC. He is quite right. To speak plainly, I wish he had given us both a sound cudgelling. What was the good of showing yourself, and, like a blunderer, coming and giving the lie to all that I had been saying?

LEL. I thought I did right.

MASC. To be sure. But this action ought not to surprise me. You possess so many counterplots that your freaks no longer astonish anybody.

LEL. Good Heavens! How I am scolded for nothing! Is the harm so great that it cannot be remedied? However, if you cannot place Celia in my hands, you may at least contrive to frustrate all Leander's schemes, so that he cannot purchase this fair one before me. But lest my presence should be further mischievous, I leave you.

MASC. (*Alone*). Very well. To say the truth, money would be a sure and staunch agent in our cause; but as this mainspring is lacking, we must employ some other means.

SCENE VI.—ANSELMO, MASCARILLE.

ANS. Upon my word, this is a strange age we live in; I am ashamed of it; there was never such a fondness for money, and never so much difficulty in getting one's own. Notwithstanding all the care a person may take, debts now-a-days are like children, begot with pleasure, but brought forth with pain. It is pleasant for money to come into our purse; but when the time comes that we have to give it back, then the pangs of labor seize us. Enough of this, it is no trifle to receive at last two thousand francs which have been owing upwards of two years. What luck!

MASC. (*Aside*). Good Heavens! What fine game to shoot flying! Hist, let me see if I cannot wheedle him a little. I know with what speeches to soothe him. (*Joining him*). Anselmo, I have just seen . . .

ANS. Who, prithee?

MASC. Your Nerina.

ANS. What does the cruel fair one say about me?

MASC. Say? that she is passionately fond of you.

ANS. Is she?

MASC. She loves you so that I very much pity her.

ANS. How happy you make me!

MASC. The poor thing is nearly dying with love. "Oh, my dearest Anselmo," she cries every minute, "when shall marriage unite our two hearts? When will you vouchsafe to extinguish my flames?"

ANS. But why has she hitherto concealed this from me? Girls, in troth, are great dissemblers! Mascarille, what do you say, really? Though in years, yet I look still well enough to please the eye.

MASC. Yes, truly, that face of yours is still very passable; if it is not of the handsomest in the world, it is very agreeable.[6]

ANS. So that . . .

MASC. (*Endeavoring to take the purse*). So that she dotes on you; and regards you no longer . . .

ANS. What?

MASC. But as a husband: and fully intends . . .

ANS. And fully intends . . . ?

MASC. And fully intends, whatever may happen, to steal your purse . . .

ANS. To steal . . . ?

MASC. (*Taking the purse, and letting it fall to the ground*). To steal a kiss from your mouth.[7]

ANS. Ah! I understand you. Come hither! The next time you see her, be sure to say as many fine things of me as possible.

MASC. Let me alone.

ANS. Farewell.

MASC. May Heaven guide you!

ANS. (*Returning*). Hold! I really should have committed a strange piece of folly; and you might justly have accused me of neglect. I engage you to assist me in serving my passion. You bring good tidings, and I do not give you the smallest present to reward your zeal Here, be sure to remember . . .

MASC. O, pray don't.[8]

ANS. Permit me . . .

MASC. I won't, indeed: I do not act thus for the sake of money.

ANS. I know you do not. But, however . . .

MASC. No, Anselmo, I will not. I am a man of honor; this offends me.

ANS. Farewell then, Mascarille.

MASC. (*Aside*). How long-winded he is!

ANS. (*Coming back*). I wish you to carry a present to the fair object of my desires. I will give you some money to buy her a ring, or any other trifle, as you may think will please her most.

MASC. No, there is no need of your money; without troubling yourself, I will make her a present; a fashionable ring has been left in my hands, which you may pay for afterwards, if it fits her.

ANS. Be it so; give it her in my name; but, above all, manage matters in such a manner that she may still desire to make me her own.

SCENE VII.—LELIO, ANSELMO, MASCARILLE.

LEL. (*Taking up the purse*). Whose purse is this?[9]

ANS. O Heavens! I dropped it, and might have afterwards believed somebody had picked my pocket. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, which saves me a great deal of vexation, and restores me my money. I shall go home this minute and get rid of it.

SCENE VIII.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

MASC. Od's death! You have been very obliging, very much so.

LEL. Upon my word! if it had not been for me he would have lost his money.

MASC. Certainly, you do wonders, and show to-day a most exquisite judgment and supreme good fortune. We shall prosper greatly; go on as you have begun.

LEL. What is the matter now? What have I done?

MASC. To speak plainly as you wish me to do, and as I ought, you have acted like a fool. You know very well that your father leaves you without money; that a formidable rival follows us closely; yet for all this, when to oblige you I venture on a trick of which I

take all the shame and danger upon myself . . .

LEL. What? was this . . .?

MASC. Yes, ninny; it was to release the captive that I was getting the money, whereof your officiousness took care to deprive us.

LEL. If that is the case, I am in the wrong. But who could have imagined it?

MASC. It really required a great deal of discernment.

LEL. You should have made some signs to warn me of what was going on.

MASC. Yes, indeed; I ought to have eyes in my back. By Jove,[10] be quiet, and let us hear no more of your nonsensical excuses. Another, after all this, would perhaps abandon everything; but I have planned just now a masterstroke, which I will immediately put into execution, on condition that if . . .

LEL. No, I promise you henceforth not to interfere either in word or deed.

MASC. Go away, then! the very sight of you kindles my wrath.

LEL. Above all, don't delay, for fear that in this business . . .

MASC. Once more, I tell you, begone! I will set about it. (*Exit Lelio*). Let us manage this well; it will be a most exquisite piece of roguery, if it succeeds, as I think it must. We'll try. . . . But here comes the very man I want.

SCENE IX.—PANDOLPHUS, MASCARILLE.

PAND. Mascarille!

MASC. Sir?

PAND. To tell you the truth, I am very dissatisfied with my son.

MASC. With my master? You are not the only one who complains of him. His bad conduct, which has grown unbearable in everything, puts me each moment out of patience.

PAND. I thought, however, you and he understood one another pretty well.

MASC. I? Believe it not, sir. I am always trying to put him in mind of his duty; we are perpetually at daggers drawn. Just now we had a quarrel again about his engagement with Hippolyta, which I find he is very averse to. By a most disgraceful refusal he violates all the respect due to a father.

PAND. A quarrel?

MASC. Yes, a quarrel, and a desperate one, too.

PAND. I was very much deceived then, for I thought you supported him in all he did.

MASC. I? See what this world is come to! How is innocence always oppressed! If you knew but my integrity, you would give me the additional salary of a tutor, whereas, I am only paid as his servant. Yes, you yourself could not say more to him than I do in order to make him behave better. "For goodness' sake, sir," I say to him very often, "cease to be driven hither and thither with every wind that blows; reform; look what a worthy father Heaven has given you; what a reputation he has. Forbear to stab him thus to the heart, and live, as he does, as a man of honor."

PAND. That was well said; and what answer could he make to this?

MASC. Answer? Why only nonsense, with which he almost drives me mad. Not but that at the bottom of his heart he retains those principles of honor which he derives from you; but reason, at present, does not

sway him. If I might be allowed to speak freely, you should soon see him submissive without much trouble.

PAND. Speak out.

MASC. It is a secret which would have serious consequences for me, should it be discovered; but I am quite sure I can confide it to your prudence.

PAND. You are right.

MASC. Know then that your wishes are sacrificed to the love your son has for a certain slave.

PAND. I have been told so before; but to hear it from your mouth pleases me.

MASC. I leave it to you to judge whether I am his secret confidant . . .

PAND. I am truly glad of it.

MASC. However, do you wish to bring him back to his duty, without any public scandal? You must . . . (I am in perpetual fear lest anybody should surprise us. Should he learn what I have told you I should be a dead man). You must, as I was saying, to break off this business, secretly purchase this slave, whom he so much idolizes, and send her into another country. Anselmo is very intimate with Trufaldin; let him go and buy her for you this very morning. Then, if you put her into my hands, I know some merchants, and promise you to sell her for the money she costs you, and to send her out of the way in spite of your son. For, if you would have him disposed for matrimony, we must divert this growing passion. Moreover, even if he were resolved to wear the yoke you design for him, yet this other girl might revive his foolish fancy, and prejudice him anew against matrimony.

PAND. Very well argued. I like this advice much. Here comes Anselmo; go, I will do my utmost quickly to obtain possession of this troublesome slave, when I will put her into your hands to finish the rest.

MASC. (*Alone*). Bravo! I will go and tell my master of this. Long live all knavery, and knaves also!

SCENE X.—HIPPOLYTA, MASCARILLE.

HIPP. Ay, traitor, is it thus that you serve me? I overheard all, and have myself been a witness of your treachery. Had I not, could I have suspected this? You are an arrant rogue, and you have deceived me. You promised me, you miscreant, and I expected, that you would assist me in my passion for Leander, that your skill and your management should find means to break off my match with Lelio; that you would free me from my father's project; and yet you are doing quite the contrary. But you will find yourself mistaken. I know a sure method of breaking off the purchase you have been urging Pandolphus to make, and I will go immediately . . .

MASC. How impetuous you are! You fly into a passion in a moment; without inquiring whether you are right or wrong, you fall foul of me. I am in the wrong, and I ought to make your words true, without finishing what I began, since you abuse me so outrageously.

HIPP. By what illusion do you think to dazzle my eyes, traitor? Can you deny what I have just now heard?

MASC. No; but you must know that all this plotting was only contrived to serve you; that this cunning advice, which appeared so sincere, tends to make both old men fall into the snare; that all the pains I have taken for getting Celia into my hands, through their means,

was to secure her for Lelio, and to arrange matters so that Anselmo, in the very height of passion, and finding himself disappointed of his son-in-law, might make choice of Leander.

HIPP. What! This admirable scheme, which has angered me so much, was all for my sake, Mascarille?

MASC. Yes, for your sake; but since I find my good offices meet with so bad a return,—since I have thus to bear your caprices, and as a reward for my services, you come here with a haughty air, and call me knave, cur and cheat, I shall presently go, correct the mistake I have committed, and undo what I had undertaken to perform.

HIPP. (*Holding him*). Nay, do not be so severe upon me, and forgive these outbursts of a sudden passion.

MASC. No, no; let me go. I have it yet in my power to set aside the scheme which offends you so much. Henceforth you shall have no occasion to complain of my zeal. Yes, you shall have my master, I promise you.

HIPP. My good Mascarille, be not in such a passion. I judged you ill; I was wrong; I confess I was. (*Pulls out her purse*). But I intend to atone for my fault with this. Could you find it in your heart to abandon me thus?

MASC. No, I cannot, do what I will. But your impetuosity was very shocking. Let me tell you that nothing offends a noble mind so much as the smallest imputation upon its honor.

HIPP. It is true; I treated you to some very harsh language, but here are two louis to heal your wounds.

MASC. Oh! all this is nothing. I am very sensitive on this point; but my passion begins to cool a little already. We must bear with the failings of our friends.

HIPP. Can you, then, bring about what I so earnestly wish for? Do you believe your daring projects will be as favorable to my passion as you imagine?

MASC. Do not make yourself uneasy on that account. I have several irons in the fire, and though this stratagem should fail us, what this cannot do, another shall.

HIPP. Depend upon it, Hippolyta will at least not be ungrateful.

MASC. It is not the hope of gain that makes me act.

HIPP. Your master beckons and wishes to speak with you. I will leave you, but remember to do what you can for me.

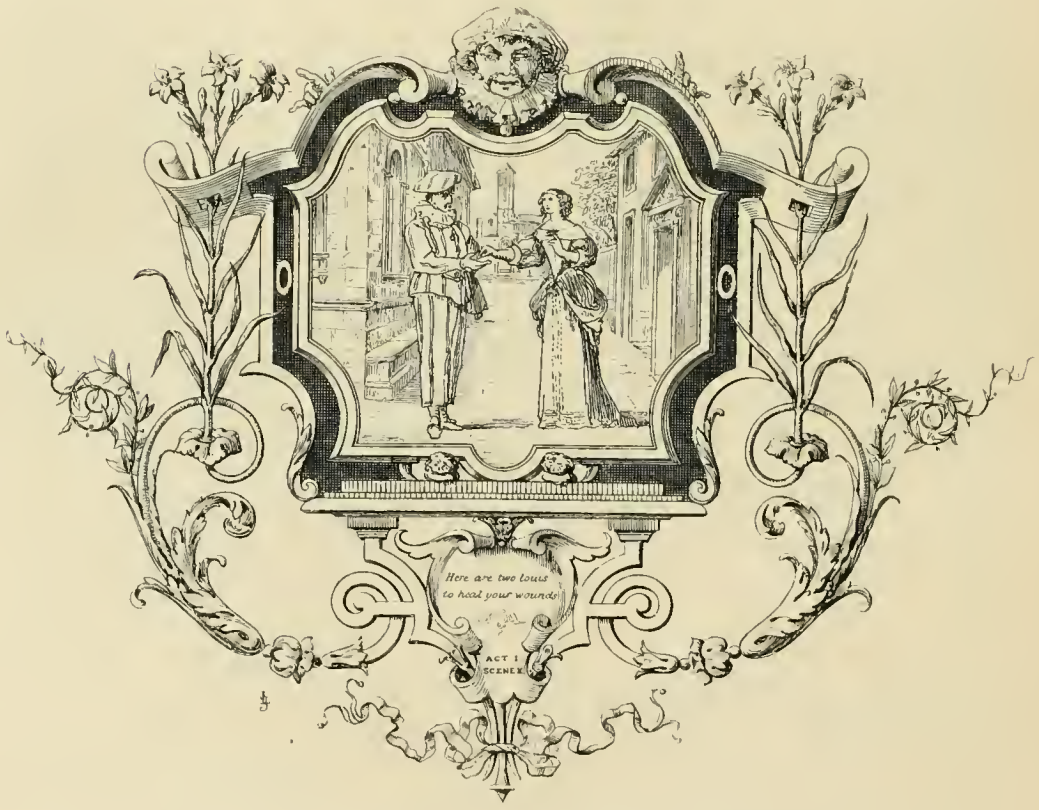
SCENE XI.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

LEL. What the deuce are you doing there? You promised to perform wonders, but I am sure your dilatory ways are unparalleled. Had not my good genius inspired me, my happiness had been already wholly overthrown. There was an end to my good fortune, my joy. I should have been a prey to eternal grief; in short, had I not gone to this place in the very nick of time, Anselmo would have got possession of the captive, and I should have been deprived of her. He was carrying her home, but I parried the thrust, warded off the blow, and so worked upon Trufaldin's fears as to make him keep the girl.

MASC. This is the third time! When we come to ten we will score. It was by my contrivance, incorrigible scatterbrains, that Anselmo undertook this desirable purchase; she

should have been placed into my own hands, but your cursed officiousness knocks everything on the head again. Do you think I shall still labor to serve your love? I would sooner a hundred times become a fat old woman, a dolt, a cabbage, a lantern, a wehrwolf, and that Satan should twist your neck!

LEL. (*Alone*). I must take him to some tavern and let him vent his passion on the bottles and glasses.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Lelio, Mascarille.

Masc. I have at length yielded to your desires. In spite of all my protestations I could hold out no longer; I am going to venture upon new dangers, to promote your interest, which I intended to abandon. So tender-hearted am I! If Dame Nature had made a girl of Mascarille, I leave you to guess what would have happened. However, after this assurance, do not deal a back stroke to the project I am about to undertake; do not make a blunder and frustrate my expectations. Then, as to Anselmo, we shall anew present your excuses to him, in order to get what we desire. But should your imprudence burst forth again hereafter, then you may bid farewell to all the trouble I take for the object of your passion.

Lel. No; I shall be careful, I tell you; never fear; you shall see . . .

Masc. Well, mind that you keep your word. I have planned a bold stratagem for your sake. Your father is very backward in satisfying all your wishes by his death. I have just killed him (in words, I mean); I have spread a report that the good man, being suddenly smitten by a fit of apoplexy, has departed this life. But first, so that I might the better pretend he was dead, I so managed that he went to his barn. I had a person ready to come and tell him that the workmen employed on his house accidentally discovered a treasure in digging the foundations. He set out in an instant, and as all his people, except us two, have gone with him into the country,

I shall kill him to-day in everybody's imagination and produce some image which I shall bury under his name. I have already told you what I wish you to do; play your part well; and as to the character I have to keep up, if you perceive that I miss one word of it, tell me plainly I am nothing but a fool.

SCENE II.—Lelio, *alone.*

It is true, he has found out a strange way to accomplish my wishes fully; but when we are very much in love with a fair lady, what would we not do to be made happy? If love is said to be an excuse for a crime, it may well serve for a slight piece of imposture, which love's ardor to-day compels me to comply with, in expectation of the happy consequences that may result from it. Bless me! How expeditious they are. I see them already talking together about it; let us prepare to act our part.

SCENE III.—Mascarille, Anselmo.

Masc. The news may well surprise you.

Ans. To die in such a manner!

Masc. He was certainly much to blame. I can never forgive him for such a freak.

Ans. Not even to take time to be ill.

Masc. No, never was a man in such a hurry to die.

Ans. And how does Lelio behave?

Masc. He raves, and has lost all command over his temper; he has beaten himself till he is black and blue in several places, and wishes to follow his father into the grave. In short, to make an end of this, the excess of his grief has made me with the utmost speed wrap the corpse in a shroud, for fear the sight, which fed his melancholy, should tempt him to commit some rash act.

Ans. No matter, you ought to have waited until evening. Besides, I should have liked to see Pandolphus once more. He who puts a shroud on a man too hastily very often commits murder; for a man is frequently thought dead when he only seems to be so.

Masc. I warrant him as dead as dead can be. But now, to return to what we were talking about, Lelio has resolved (and it will do him good) to give his father a fine funeral, and to comfort the deceased a little for his hard fate, by the pleasure of seeing that we pay him such honors after his death. My master inherits a goodly estate, but as he is only a novice in business, and does not see his way clearly in his affairs, since the greater part of his property lies in another part of the country, or what he has here consists in paper, he would beg of you, after having entreated you to excuse the too great violence which he has shown of late, to lend him for this last duty at least . . .

Ans. You have told me so already, and I will go and see him.

Masc. (*Alone*). Hitherto, at least, everything goes on swimmingly; let us endeavor to make the rest answer as well; and lest we should be wrecked in the very harbor, let us steer the ship carefully and keep a sharp look-out.

SCENE IV.—Anselmo, Lelio, Mascarille.

Ans. (*Coming out of Pandolphus' house*). Let us leave the house. I cannot, without great sorrow, see him wrapped up in this

strange manner. Alas! in so short a time! He was alive this morning.

MASC. We go sometimes over a good deal of ground in a short time.

LEL. (*Weeping*). Oh!

ANS. Dear Lelio, he was but a man after all; even Rome can grant no dispensation from death.

LEL. Oh!

ANS. Death smites men without giving warning, and always has bad designs against them.

LEL. Oh!

ANS. That merciless foe would not loosen one grip of his murderous teeth, however we may entreat him. Everybody must feel them.

LEL. Oh!

MASC. Your preaching will all be in vain; this sorrow is too deep-rooted to be plucked up.

ANS. If, notwithstanding all these arguments, you will not cast aside your grief, at least, my dear Lelio, endeavor to moderate it.

LEL. Oh!

MASC. He will not moderate it; I know his temper.

ANS. However, according to your servant's message, I have brought you the money you want, so that you might celebrate your father's funeral obsequies!

LEL. Oh! oh!

MASC. How his grief increases at these words! It will kill him to think of his misfortune.

ANS. I know you will find by the good man's books that I owe him a much larger sum, but even if I should not owe anything, you could freely command my purse. Here it is; I am entirely at your service, and will show it.

LEL. (*Going away*). Oh!

MASC. How full of grief is my master!

ANS. Mascarille, I think it right he should give me some kind of receipt under his hand.

MASC. Oh!

ANS. Nothing in this world is certain.

MASC. Oh! oh!

ANS. Get him to sign me the receipt I require.

MASC. Alas! How can he comply with your desire in the condition he now is? Give him but time to get rid of his sorrow; and, when his troubles abate a little, I shall take care immediately to get you your security. Your servant, sir, my heart is over-full of grief, and I shall go to take my fill of weeping with him. Hi! hi!

ANS. (*Alone*). This world is full of crosses; we meet them every day in different shapes, and never here below . . .

SCENE V.—PANDOLPHUS, ANSELMO.

ANS. O Heavens! how I tremble! It is Pandolphus who has returned to the earth! God grant nothing disturbed his repose! How wan his face has grown since his death! Do not come any nearer, I beseech you; I very much detest to jostle a ghost.

PAND. What can be the reason of this whimsical terror?

ANS. Keep your distance, and tell me what business brings you here. If you have taken all this trouble to bid me farewell, you do me too much honor; I could really have done very well without your compliment. If your soul is restless, and stands in need of prayers, I promise you you shall have them, but do not frighten me. Upon the word of a terrified

man, I will immediately set prayers agoing for you, to your very heart's content.

"Oh, dead worship, please to go!
Heaven, if now you disappear,
Will grant you joy down there below,
And health as well, for many a year."[11]

PAND. (*Laughing*). In spite of my indignation, I cannot help laughing.

ANS. It is strange, but you are very merry for a dead man.

PAND. Is this a joke, pray tell me; or is it downright madness to treat a living man as if he were dead?

ANS. Alas! you must be dead; I myself just now saw you.

PAND. What? Could I die without knowing it?

ANS. As soon as Mascarille told me the news I was ready to die of grief.

PAND. But, really, are you asleep or awake? Don't you know me?

ANS. You are clothed in an aerial body which imitates your own, but which may take another shape at any moment. I am mightily afraid to see you swell up to the size of a giant, and your countenance become frightfully distorted. For the love of God, do not assume any hideous form; you have scared me sufficiently for the nonce.

PAND. At any other time, Anselmo, I should have considered the simplicity which accompanies your credulity an excellent joke, and I should have carried on the pleasant conceit a little longer; but this story of my death, and the news of the supposed treasure, which I was told upon the road had not been found at all, raises in my mind a strong suspicion that Mascarille is a rogue, and an arrant rogue, who is proof against fear or remorse, and who invents extraordinary stratagems to compass his ends.

ANS. What! Am I tricked and made a fool of? Really, this would be a compliment to my good sense! Let me touch him and be satisfied. This is, indeed, the very man. What an ass I am! Pray do not spread this story about, for they will write a farce about it, and shame me forever. But, Pandolphus, help me to get the money back which I lent them to bury you.

PAND. Money, do you say? Oh! that is where the shoe pinches; that is the secret of the whole affair! So much the worse for you. For my part I shall not trouble myself about it, but will go and lay an information against this Mascarille, and if he can be caught he shall be hanged, whatever the cost may be.

ANS. (*Alone*). And I, like a ninny, believe a scoundrel, and must in one day lose both my senses and my money. Upon my word, it well becomes me to have these gray hairs and to commit an act of folly so readily, without examining into the truth of the first story I hear . . . ! But I see . . .

SCENE VI.—LELIO, ANSELMO.

LEL. Now, with this master-key, I can easily pay Trufaldin a visit.

ANS. As far as I can see, your grief has subsided.

LEL. What do you say? No; it can never leave a heart which shall ever cherish it dearly.

ANS. I came back to tell you frankly of a mistake I made in the money I gave you just now; amongst these louis-d'or, though they look very good, I carelessly put some which I think are bad. I have brought some money

with me to change them. The intolerable audacity of our coiners is growing to such a height in this state that no one can receive any money now without danger of his being imposed upon. It would be doing good service to hang them all!

LEL. I am very much obliged to you for being willing to take them back, but I saw none among them that were bad, as I thought.

ANS. Let me see the money; let me see it; I shall know them again. Is this all?

LEL. Yes.

ANS. So much the better. Are you back again? my dear money, get into my pocket. As for you, my gallant sharper, you have no longer got a penny of it. You kill people who are in good health, do ye? And what would you have done, then, with me, a poor infirm father-in-law? Upon my word, I was going to get a nice addition to my family, a most discreet son-in-law. Go, go, and hang yourself for shame and vexation.

LEL. (*Alone*). I really must admit I have been bit this time. What a surprise this is! How can he have discovered our stratagem so soon?

SCENE VII.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

MASC. What, you were out? I have been hunting for you everywhere. Well, have we succeeded at last? I will give the greatest rogue six trials to do the like. Come, give me the money that I may go and buy the slave; your rival will be very much astonished at this.

LEL. Ah! my dear boy, our luck has changed. Can you imagine how ill-fortune has served me?

MASC. What, what can it be?

LEL. Anselmo, having found out the trick, just now got back every sou he lent us, pretending some of the gold pieces were bad, and that he was going to change them.

MASC. You do but joke, I suppose?

LEL. It is but too true.

MASC. In good earnest?

LEL. In good earnest; I am very much grieved about it. It will put you into a furious passion.

MASC. Me, sir! A fool might, but not I! Anger hurts, and I am going to take care of myself, come what will. After all, whether Celia be captive or free, whether Leander purchases her or whether she remains where she is, I do not care one stiver about it.

LEL. Ah! do not show such indifference, but be a little more indulgent to my slight imprudence. Had this last misfortune not happened, you would have confessed that I did wonders, and that in this pretended decease I deceived everybody, and counterfeited grief so admirably that the most sharp-sighted would have been taken in.

MASC. Truly, you have great reason to boast.

LEL. Oh! I am to blame, and I am willing to acknowledge it; but if ever you cared for my happiness, repair this mishap, and help me.

MASC. I kiss your hands; I cannot spare the time.

LEL. Mascarille, my dear boy!

MASC. No.

LEL. Do me this favor.

MASC. No, I will not.

LEL. If you are inflexible I shall kill myself.

MASC. Do so—you may.

LEL. Can I not soften your hard heart?

MASC. No.

LEL. Do you see my sword ready drawn?

MASC. Yes.

LEL. I am going to stab myself.

MASC. Do just what you please.

LEL. Would you not regret to be the cause of my death.

MASC. No.

LEL. Farewell, Mascarille.

MASC. Good-bye, Master Lelio.

LEL. What . . . ?

MASC. Kill yourself quick! You are a long while about it.

LEL. Upon my word, you would like me to play the fool and kill myself, so that you might get hold of my clothes.

MASC. I knew all this was nothing but a sham; whatever people may swear they will do, they are not so hasty now-a-days in killing themselves.

SCENE VIII.—TRUFALDIN, LEANDER, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

(*Trufaldin taking Leander aside and whispering to him*).

LEL. What do I see? my rival and Trufaldin together! He is going to buy Celia. Oh! I tremble for fear.

MASC. There is no doubt that he will do all he can; and if he has money he can do all he will. For my part I am delighted. This is a just reward for your blunders, your impatience.

LEL. What must I do? Advise me.

MASC. I don't know.

LEL. Stay, I will go and pick a quarrel with him.

MASC. What good will that do?

LEL. What would you have me do to ward off this blow?

MASC. Well, I pardon you; I will yet cast an eye of pity on you. Leave me to watch them; I believe I shall discover what he intends to do by fairer means. (*Exit Lelio*).

TRUF. (*To Leander*). When you send by-and-by, it shall be done.

MASC. (*Aside and going out*). I must trap him and become his confidant, in order to baffle his designs the more easily.

LEAND. (*Alone*). Thanks to Heaven, my happiness is complete. I have found the way to secure it, and fear nothing more. Whatever my rival may henceforth attempt, it is no longer in his power to do me any harm.

SCENE IX.—LEANDER, MASCARILLE.

MASC. (*Speaking these words within, and then coming on the stage*). Oh! oh! Help! Murder! Help! They are killing me! Oh! oh! oh! oh! Traitor! barbarian!

LEAND. Whence comes that noise? What is the matter? What are they doing to you?

MASC. He has just given me two hundred blows with a cudgel.

LEAND. Who?

MASC. Lelio.

LEAND. And for what reason?

MASC. For a mere trifle he has turned me away and beats me most unmercifully.

LEAND. He is really much to blame.

MASC. But, I swear, if ever it lies in my power I will be revenged on him. I will let you know, Mr. Thrasher, with a vengeance, that people's bones are not to be broken for nothing! Though I am but a servant, yet I am a man of honor. After having been in

your service for four years, you shall not pay me with a switch, nor affront me in so sensible a part as my shoulders! I tell you once more, I shall find a way to be revenged! You are in love with a certain slave; you would fain induce me to get her for you, but I will manage matters so that somebody else shall carry her off; the deuce take me if I don't!

LEAND. Hear me, Mascarille, and moderate your passion. I always liked you, and often wished that a young fellow, faithful and clever like you, might one day or other take a fancy to enter my service. In a word, if you think my offer worthy of acceptance, and if you have a mind to serve me, from this moment I engage you.

MASC. With all my heart, sir, and so much the rather because good fortune in serving you offers me an opportunity of being revenged, and because in my endeavors to please you I shall at the same time punish that wretch. In a word, by my dexterity, I hope to get Celia for . . .

LEAND. My love has provided already for that. Smitten by a faultless fair one, I have just now bought her for less than her value.

MASC. What! Celia belongs to you, then?

LEAND. You should see her this minute, if I were the master of my own actions. But alas! it is my father who is so; since he is resolved, as I understand by a letter brought me, to make me marry Hippolyta. I would not have this affair come to his knowledge lest it should exasperate him. Therefore in my arrangement with Trufaldin (from whom I just now parted) I acted purposely in the name of another. When the affair was settled my ring was chosen as the token, on the sight of which Trufaldin is to deliver Celia. But I must first arrange the ways and means to conceal from the eyes of others the girl who so much charms my own, and then find some retired place where this lovely captive may be secreted.

MASC. A little way out of town lives an old relative of mine, whose house I can take the freedom to offer you; there you may safely lodge her, and not a creature know anything of the matter.

LEAND. Indeed! so I can: you have delighted me with the very thing I wanted. Here, take this, and go and get possession of the fair one. As soon as ever Trufaldin sees my ring, my girl will be immediately delivered into your hands. You can then take her to that house, when . . . But hist! here comes Hippolyta.

SCENE X.—HIPPOLYTA, LEANDER, MASCARILLE.

HIPP. I have some news for you, Leander; but will you be pleased or displeased with it?

LEAND. To judge of that, and make answer off-hand, I should know it.

HIPP. Give me your hand, then, as far as the church,[12] and I will tell it you as we go.

LEAND. (*To Mascarille*). Go, make haste, and serve me in that business without delay.

SCENE XI.—MASCARILLE, *alone*.

Yes, I will serve you up a dish of my own dressing. Was there ever in the world so lucky a fellow. How delighted Lelio will be soon! His mistress to fall into our hands by

these means! To derive his whole happiness from the man he would have expected to ruin him! To become happy by the hands of a rival! After this great exploit I desire that due preparations be made to paint me as a hero crowned with laurel, and that underneath the portrait be inscribed in letters of gold: *Vivat Mascarillus, rogum imperator.*

SCENE XII.—Trufaldin, Mascarille.

Masc. Soho, there!

Truf. What do you want?

Masc. This ring, which you know, will inform you what business brings me hither.

Truf. Yes, I recognize that ring perfectly; stay a little, I will fetch you the slave.

SCENE XIII.—Trufaldin, A Messenger, Mascarille.

Mess. (*To Trufaldin*). Do me the favor, sir, to tell me where lives a gentleman . . .

Truf. What gentleman?

Mess. I think his name is Trufaldin.

Truf. And what is your business with him, pray? I am he.

Mess. Only to deliver this letter to him.

Truf. (*Reads*). "*Providence, whose goodness watches over my life, has just brought to my ears a most welcome report, that my daughter, who was stolen from me by some robbers when she was four years old, is now a slave at your house, under the name of Celia. If ever you knew what it was to be a father, and if natural affection makes an impression on your heart, then keep in your house this child so dear to me, and treat her as if she were your own flesh and blood. I am preparing to set out myself in order to fetch her. You shall be so well rewarded for your trouble, that in everything that relates to your happiness (which I am determined to advance) you shall have reason to bless the day in which you caused mine.*

Don Pedro de Gusman,

From Madrid. Marquess of Montalcana."

Though the gypsies can be seldom believed, yet they who sold her to me told me she would soon be fetched by somebody, and that I should have no reason to complain. Yet here I was going, all through my impatience, to lose the fruits of a great expectation. (*To the Messenger*). Had you come but one moment later your journey would have been in vain; I was going, this very instant, to give the girl up into this gentleman's hands; but it is well; I shall take great care of her. (*Exit Messenger*). (*To Mascarille*). You yourself have heard what this letter says; so you may tell the person who sent you that I cannot keep my word, and that he had better come and receive his money back.

Masc. But the way you insult him . . .

Truf. Go about your business, and no more words.

Masc. (*Alone*). Oh, what a curse that this letter came now! Fate is indeed against me. What bad luck for this messenger to come from Spain when he was not wanted! May thunder and hail go with him! Never, certainly, had so happy a beginning such a sad ending in so short a time.

SCENE XIV.—Lelio, *laughing*, Mascarille.

Masc. What may be the cause of all this mirth?

LEL. Let me have my laugh out before I tell you.

MASC. Let us laugh, then, heartily; we have abundant cause so to do.

LEL. Oh! I shall no longer be the object of your expostulations: you who always reproach me shall no longer say that I am marrying all your schemes, like a busy-body as I am. I myself have played one of the cleverest tricks in the world. It is true, I am quick-tempered, and now and then rather too hasty; but yet, when I have a mind to it, I can plan as many tricks as any man alive; even you shall own that what I have done shows an amount of sharpness rarely to be met with.

MASC. Let us hear what tricks you have invented.

LEL. Just now, being terribly frightened on seeing Trufaldin along with my rival, I was casting about to find a remedy for that mischief, when, calling all my invention to my aid, I conceived, digested and perfected a stratagem, before which all yours, however vain you may be of them, ought undoubtedly to lower their colors.

MASC. But what may this be?

LEL. May it please you to have a little patience. Without much delay I invented a letter, written by an imaginary nobleman to Trufaldin, setting forth that, having fortunately heard that a certain slave, who lives in the latter's house, and is named Celia, was this grandee's daughter formerly kidnapped by thieves, it was his intention to come and fetch her; and he entreats him at least to keep her and take great care of her; for, that on her account he was setting out from Spain, and would acknowledge his civility by such handsome presents, that he should never regret being the means of making him happy.

MASC. Mighty well.

LEL. Hear me out; here is something much cleverer still. The letter I speak of was delivered to him, but can you imagine how? Only just in time, for the messenger told me, had it not been for this droll device, a fellow, who looked very foolish, was waiting to carry her off that identical moment.

MASC. And you did all this without the help of the devil?

LEL. Yes. Would you have believed me capable of such a subtle piece of wit? At least praise my skill, and the dexterity with which I have utterly disconcerted the scheme of my rival.

MASC. To praise you as you deserve, I lack eloquence, and feel unequal to the task. Yes, sufficiently to commend this lofty effort, this fine stratagem of war achieved before our eyes, this grand and rare effect of a mind which plans as many tricks as any man, which for smartness yields to none alive, my tongue wants words. I wish I had the abilities of the most refined scholars, so that I might tell you in the noblest verse, or else in learned prose, that you will always be, in spite of everything that may be done, the very same you have been all your life; that is to say, a scatter-brain, a man of distempered reason, always perplexed, wanting common sense, a man of left-handed judgment, a meddler, an ass, a blundering, hare-brained, giddy fellow,—what can I think of? A . . . a hundred times worse than anything I can say. This is only an abridgment of your panegyric.

LEL. Tell me, what puts you in such a passion with me? Have I done anything? Clear up this matter.

MASC. No, you have done nothing at all; but do not come after me.

LEL. I will follow you all over the world to find out this mystery.

MASC. Do so. Come on, then; get your legs in order, I shall give you an opportunity to exercise them.

LEL. (*Alone*). He has got away from me! O misfortune which cannot be allayed! What am I to understand by his discourse? And what harm can I possibly have done to myself?

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MASCARILLE, *alone*.[13]

Silence, my good nature, and plead no more; you are a fool, and I am determined not to do it. Yes, my anger, you are right, I confess it! To be forever doing what a meddler undoes, is showing too much patience, and I ought to give it up after the glorious attempts he has marred. But let us argue the matter a little without passion; if I should now give way to my just impatience the world will say I sank under difficulties, that my cunning was completely exhausted. What then becomes of that public esteem which extols you everywhere as a first-rate rogue, and which you have acquired upon so many occasions, because you never yet were found wanting in inventions? Honor, Mascarille, is a fine thing; do not pause in your noble labors; and whatever a master may have done to incense you, complete your work, for your own glory, and not to oblige him. But what success can you expect, if you are thus continually crossed by your evil genius? You see he compels you every moment to change your tone; you may as well hold water in a sieve as try to stop that resistless torrent, which in a moment overturns the most beautiful structures raised by your art. Well, once more, out of kindness, and whatever may happen, let us take some pains, even if they are in vain; yet, if he still persists in baffling my designs, then I shall withdraw all assistance. After all, our affairs are not going on badly, if we could but supplant our rival, and if Leander, at last weary of his pursuit, would leave us one whole day for my intended operations. Yes, I have a most ingenious plot in my head, from which I expect a glorious suc-

cess, if I had no longer that obstacle in my way. Well, let us see if he still persists in his love.

SCENE II.—LEANDER, MASCARILLE.

MASC. Sir, I have lost my labor; Trufaldin will not keep his word.

LEAND. He himself has told me the whole affair; but, what is more, I have discovered that all this pretty rigmarole about Celia being carried off by gypsies, and having a great nobleman for her father, who is setting out from Spain to come hither, is nothing but a mere stratagem, a merry trick, a made-up story, a tale raised by Lelio to prevent my buying Celia.

MASC. Here is roguery for you!

LEAND. And yet this ridiculous story has produced such an impression on Trufaldin, and he has swallowed the bait of this shallow device so greedily, that he will not allow himself to be undeceived.

MASC. So that henceforth he will watch her carefully. I do not see we can do anything more.

LEAND. If at first I thought this girl amiable, I now find her absolutely adorable, and I am in doubt whether I ought not to employ extreme measures to make her my own, thwart her ill fortune by plighting her my troth, and turn her present chains into matrimonial ones.

MASC. Would you marry her?

LEAND. I am not yet determined, but if her origin is somewhat obscure, her charms and her virtue are gentle attractions, which have incredible force to allure every heart.

MASC. Did you not mention her virtue?

LEAND. Ha! what is that you mutter? Out with it; explain what you mean by repeating that word "virtue."

MASC. Sir, your countenance changes all of a sudden; perhaps I had much better hold my tongue.

LEAND. No, no, speak out.

MASC. Well, then, out of charity I will cure you of your blindness. That girl . . .

LEAND. Proceed.

MASC. So far from being merciless, makes no difficulty in obliging some people in private; you may believe me, after all, she is not stony-hearted to any one who knows how to take her in the right mood. She looks demure, and would fain pass for a prude; but I can speak of her on sure grounds. You know I understand something of the craft, and ought to know that kind of cattle.

LEAND. What! Celia . . .?

MASC. Yes, her modesty is nothing but a mere sham, the semblance of a virtue which will never hold out, but vanishes, as any one may discover, before the shining rays[14] emitted from a purse.

LEAND. Heavens! What do you tell me? Can I believe such words?

MASC. Sir, there is no compulsion; what does it matter to me? No, pray do not believe me, follow your own inclination, take the sly girl and marry her; the whole city, in a body, will acknowledge this favor; you marry the public good in her.

LEAND. What a strange surprise!

MASC. (*Aside*). He has taken the bait. Courage, my lad; if he does but swallow it in good earnest we shall have got rid of a very awkward obstruction on our path.

LEAND. This astonishing account nearly kills me.

MASC. What! Can you . . .

LEAND. Go to the post-office and see if there is a letter for me. (*Alone, and for a while lost in thought*). Who would not have been

imposed upon? If what he says be true, then there never was any countenance more deceiving.

SCENE III.—Lelio, Leander.

Lel. What may be the cause of your looking so sad?

Leand. Who, I?

Lel. Yes, yourself.

Leand. I have, however, no occasion to be so.

Lel. I see well enough what it is; Celia is the cause of it.

Leand. My mind does not run upon such trifles.

Lel. And yet you had formed some grand scheme to get her into your hands; but you must speak thus, as your stratagem has miscarried.

Leand. Were I fool enough to be enamored of her I should laugh at all your finesse.

Lel. What finesse, pray?

Leand. Good Heavens! sir, we know all.

Lel. All what?

Leand. All your actions, from beginning to end.

Lel. This is all Greek to me; I do not understand one word of it.

Leand. Pretend, if you please, not to understand me; but believe me, do not apprehend that I shall take a property which I should be sorry to dispute with you. I adore a beauty who has not been sullied, and do not wish to love a depraved woman.

Lel. Gently, gently, Leander.

Leand. Oh! how credulous you are! I tell you once more, you may attend on her now without suspecting anybody. You may call yourself a lady-killer. It is true, her beauty is very uncommon, but, to make amends for that, the rest is common enough.

Lel. Leander, no more of this provoking language. Strive against me as much as you like in order to obtain her, but, above all things, do not traduce her so vilely. I should consider myself a great coward if I could tamely submit to hear my earthly deity slandered. I can much better bear your rivalry than listen to any speech that touches her character.

Leand. What I state here I have from very good authority.

Lel. Whoever told you so is a scoundrel and a rascal. Nobody can discover the least blemish in this young lady; I know her heart well.

Leand. But yet Mascarille is a very competent judge in such a cause; he thinks her guilty.

Lel. He?

Leand. He himself.

Lel. Does he pretend impudently to slander a most respectable young lady, thinking, perhaps, I should only laugh at it? I will lay you a wager he eats his words.

Leand. I will lay you a wager he does not.

Lel. 'Sdeath! I would break every bone in his body should he dare to assert such lies to me.

Leand. And I will crop his ears if he does not prove every syllable he has told me.

SCENE IV.—Lelio, Leander, Mascarille.

Lel. Oh! that's lucky; there he is. Come hither, cursed hang-dog!

Masc. What is the matter?

Lel. You serpent's tongue! so full of lies! dare you fasten your stings on Celia, and

slander the most consummate virtue that ever added lustre to misfortune?

MASC. (*In a whisper to Lelio*). Gently; I told him so on purpose.

LEL. No, no; none of your winking, and none of your jokes. I am blind and deaf to all you do or say. If it were my own brother he should pay dear for it; for to dare defame her whom I adore is to wound me in the most tender part. You make all these signs in vain. What was it you said to him?

MASC. Good Heavens! do not quarrel, or I shall leave you.

LEL. You shall not stir a step.

MASC. Oh!

LEL. Speak, then; confess.

MASC. (*Whispering to Lelio*). Let me alone. I tell you it is a stratagem.

LEL. Make haste; what was it you said? Clear up this dispute between us.

MASC. (*In a whisper to Lelio*). I said what I said. Pray do not put yourself in a passion.

LEL. (*Drawing his sword*). I shall make you talk in another strain.

LEAND. (*Stopping him*). Stay your hand a little; moderate your ardor.

MASC. (*Aside*). Was there ever in the world a creature so dull of understanding?

LEL. Allow me to wreak my just vengeance on him.

LEAND. It is rather too much to wish to chastise him in my presence.

LEL. What! have I no right, then, to chastise my own servant?

LEAND. What do you mean by saying "your servant?"

MASC. (*Aside.*) He is at it again! He will discover all.

LEL. Suppose I had a mind to thrash him within an inch of his life, what then? He is my own servant.

LEAND. At present he is mine.

LEL. That is an admirable joke. How comes he to be yours? Surely . . .

MASC. (*In a whisper*). Gently.

LEL. What are you whispering?

MASC. (*Aside*). Oh! the confounded blockhead. He is going to spoil everything. He understands not one of my signs.

LEL. You are dreaming, Leander. You are telling me a pretty story! Is he not my servant?

LEAND. Did you not discharge him from your service for some fault?

LEL. I do not know what this means.

LEAND. And did you not, in the violence of your passion, make his back smart most unmercifully?

LEL. No such thing. I discharge him! cudgel him! Either you make a jest of me, Leander, or he has been making a jest of you.

MASC. (*Aside*). Go on, go on, numskull; you will do your own business effectually.

LEAND. (*To Mascarille*). Then all this cudgelling is purely imaginary?

MASC. He does not know what he says; his memory . . .

LEAND. No, no; all these signs do not look well for you. I suspect some prettily contrived trick here; but for the ingenuity of the invention, go your ways; I forgive you. It is quite enough that I am undeceived, and see now why you imposed upon me. I come off cheap, because I trusted myself to your hypocritical zeal. A word to the wise is enough. Farewell, Lelio, farewell; your most obedient servant.

SCENE V.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

MASC. Take courage, my boy, may fortune ever attend us! Let us draw and bravely

take the field; let us act *Olibrius, the slayer of the innocents.*[15]

LEL. He accused you of slandering . . .

MASC. And you could not let the artifice pass, nor let him remain in his error, which did good service, and which pretty nearly extinguished his passion. No, honest soul, he cannot bear dissimulation. I cunningly get a footing at his rival's, who, like a dolt, was going to place his mistress in my hands; but he, Lelio, prevents me getting hold of her by a fictitious letter; I try to abate the passion of his rival, my hero presently comes and undeceives him. In vain I make signs to him, and show him it was all a contrivance of mine; it signifies nothing; he continues to the end, and never rests satisfied till he has discovered all. Grand and sublime effect of a mind which is not inferior to any man living! It is an exquisite piece, and worthy, in troth, to be made a present of to the king's private museum.

LEL. I am not surprised that I do not come up to your expectations; if I am not acquainted with the designs you are setting on foot, I shall be for ever making mistakes.

MASC. So much the worse.

LEL. At least, if you would be justly angry with me, give me a little insight into your plan; but if I am kept ignorant of every contrivance, I must always be caught napping.[16]

MASC. I believe you would make a very good fencing-master, because you are so skilful at making feints, and at parrying of a thrust.[17]

LEL. Since the thing is done, let us think no more about it. My rival, however, will not have it in his power to cross me, and provided you will but exert your skill, in which I trust . . .

MASC. Let us drop this discourse, and talk of something else; I am not so easily pacified, not I; I am in too great a passion for that. In the first place, you must do me a service, and then we shall see whether I ought to undertake the management of your amours.

LEL. If it only depends on that, I will do it! Tell me, have you need of my blood, of my sword?

MASC. How crack-brained he is! You are just like those swashbucklers who are always more ready to draw their sword than to produce a tester, if it were necessary to give it.

LEL. What can I do, then, for you?

MASC. You must, without delay, endeavor to appease your father's anger.

LEL. We have become reconciled already.

MASC. Yes, but I am not; I killed him this morning for your sake; the very idea of it shocks him. Those sorts of jokes are severely felt by such old fellows as he, which, much against their will, make them reflect sadly on the near approach of death. The good sire, notwithstanding his age, is very fond of life, and cannot bear jesting upon that subject; he is alarmed at the prognostication, and so very angry that I hear he has lodged a complaint against me. I am afraid that if I am once housed at the expense of the king, I may like it so well after the first quarter of an hour, that I shall find it very difficult afterwards to get away. There have been several warrants out against me this good while; for virtue is always envied and persecuted in this abominable age. Therefore go and make my peace with your father.

LEL. Yes, I shall soften his anger, but you must promise me then . . .

MASC. We shall see what there is to be done. (*Exit Lelio*). Now, let us take a little breath after so many fatigues; let us stop for a while the current of our intrigues,

and not move about hither and thither as if we were hobgoblins. Leander cannot hurt us now, and Celia cannot be removed, through the contrivance of . . .

SCENE VI.—Ergaste, Mascarille.

Erg. I was looking for you everywhere to render you a service. I have a secret of importance to disclose.

Masc. What may that be?

Erg. Can no one overhear us?

Masc. Not a soul.

Erg. We are as intimate as two people can be; I am acquainted with all your projects, and the love of your master. Mind what you are about by and by; Leander has formed a plot to carry off Celia; I have been told he has arranged everything and designs to get into Trufaldin's house in disguise, having heard that at this time of the year some ladies of the neighborhood often visit him in the evening in masks.

Masc. Ay, well! He has not yet reached the height of his happiness; I may perhaps be beforehand with him; and as to this thrust, I know how to give him a counter-thrust, by which he may run himself through. He is not aware with what gifts I am endowed. Farewell, we shall take a cup together next time we meet.

SCENE VII.—Mascarille, *alone*.

We must, we must reap all possible benefit from this amorous scheme, and by a dexterous and uncommon counterplot endeavor to make the success our own, without any danger. If I put on a mask and be beforehand with Leander, he will certainly not laugh at us; if we take the prize ere he comes up, he will have paid for us the expenses of the expedition; for, as his project has already become known, suspicion will fall upon him; and we, being safe from all pursuit, need not fear the consequences of that dangerous enterprise. Thus we shall not show ourselves, but use a cat's paw to take the chestnuts out of the fire. Now, then, let us go and disguise ourselves with some good fellows; we must not delay if we wish to be beforehand with our gentry. I love to strike while the iron is hot, and can, without much difficulty, provide in one moment men and dresses. Depend upon it, I do not let my skill lie dormant. If Heaven has endowed me with the gift of knavery, I am not one of those degenerate minds who hide the talents they have received.

SCENE VIII.—Lelio, Ergaste.

Lel. He intends to carry her off during a masquerade!

Erg. There is nothing more certain; one of his band informed me of his design, upon which I instantly ran to Mascarille and told him the whole affair; he said he would spoil their sport by some counter-scheme which he planned in an instant; so meeting with you by chance, I thought I ought to let you know the whole.

Lel. I am very much obliged to you for this piece of news; go, I shall not forget this faithful service. (*Exit Ergaste*).

SCENE IX.—Lelio, *alone*.

My rascal will certainly play them some trick or other; but I, too, have a mind to assist him in his project. It shall never be said that, in a business which so nearly concerns

me, I stirred no more than a post; this is the time; they will be surprised at the sight of me. Why did I not take my blunderbuss with me? But let anybody attack me who likes, I have two good pistols and a trusty sword. Soho! within there; a word with you.

SCENE X.—TRUFALDIN *at his window*, LELIO.

TRUF. What is the matter? Who comes to pay me a visit?

LEL. Keep your door carefully shut to-night.

TRUF. Why?

LEL. There are certain people coming masked to give you a sorry kind of serenade; they intend to carry off Celia.

TRUF. Good Heavens!

LEL. No doubt they will soon be here. Keep where you are, you may see everything from your window. Hey! Did I not tell you so? Do you not see them already? Hist! I will affront them before your face. We shall see some fine fun, if they do not give way.[18]

SCENE XI.—LELIO, TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE *and his company masked.*

TRUF. Oh, the funny blades, who think to surprise me.

LEL. Maskers, whither so fast? Will you let me into the secret? Trufaldin, pray open the door to these gentry, that they may challenge us for a throw with the dice.[19] (*To Mascarille, disguised as a woman*). Good Heavens! What a pretty creature! What a darling she looks! How now! What are you mumbling? Without offence, may I remove your mask and see your face?

TRUF. Hence! ye wicked rogues; begone ye ragamuffins! And you, sir, good night, and many thanks.

SCENE XII.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

LEL. (*After having taken the mask from Mascarille's face*). Mascarille, is it you?

MASC. No, not at all; it is somebody else.

LEL. Alas! How astonished I am! How adverse is our fate! Could I possibly have guessed this, as you did not secretly inform me that you were going to disguise yourself? Wretch that I am, thoughtlessly to play you such a trick, while you wore this mask. I am in an awful passion with myself, and have a good mind to give myself a sound beating.

MASC. Farewell, most refined wit, unparalleled inventive genius.

LEL. Alas! If your anger deprives me of your assistance, what saint shall I invoke?

MASC. Beelzebub.

LEL. Ah! If your heart is not made of stone or iron, do once more at least forgive my imprudence. If it is necessary to be pardoned that I should kneel before you, behold . . .

MASC. Fiddlesticks! Come, my boys, let us away; I hear some other people coming closely behind us.

SCENE XIII.—LEANDER *and his company masked;* TRUFALDIN *at the window.*

LEAND. Softly, let us do nothing but in the gentlest manner.

TRUF. (*At the window*). How is this? What! mummers besieging my door all night. Gentlemen, do not catch a cold gratuitously; every one who is catching it here must have plenty of time to lose. It is rather a little too late to take Celia along with you; she begs you will excuse her to-night; the girl is in bed and cannot speak to you; I am very sorry; but to repay you for all the trouble you have taken for her sake, she begs you will be pleased to accept this pot of perfume.

LEAND. Faugh! That does not smell nicely. My clothes are all spoiled; we are discovered; let us be gone this way.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LELIO, *disguised as an Armenian;* MASCARILLE.

MASC. You are dressed in a most comical fashion.

LEL. I had abandoned all hope, but you have revived it again by this contrivance.

MASC. My anger is always too soon over; it is vain to swear and curse; I can never keep to my oaths.

LEL. Be assured that if ever it lies in my power you shall be satisfied with the proofs of my gratitude, and though I had but one piece of bread . . .

MASC. Enough. Study well this new project; for if you commit now any blunder you cannot lay the blame upon ignorance of the plot; you ought to know your part in the play perfectly by heart.

LEL. But how did Trufaldin receive you?

MASC. I cozened the good fellow with a pretended zeal for his interests. I went with alacrity to tell him that, unless he took very great care, some people would come and surprise him; that from different quarters they had designs upon her of whose origin a letter had given a false account; that they would have liked to draw me in for a share in the business, but that I kept well out of it; and that, being full of zeal for what so nearly concerned him, I came to give him timely notice that he might take his precautions. Then, moralizing, I discoursed solemnly about the many rogueries one sees every day here below; that, as for me, being tired with the world and its infamies, I wished to work out my soul's salvation, retire from all its noise, and live with some worthy, honest man, with whom I could spend the rest of my days in

peace; that, if he had no objection, I should desire nothing more than to pass the remainder of my life with him; that I had taken such a liking to him, that, without asking for any wages to serve him, I was ready to place in his hands, knowing it to be safe there, some property my father had left me, as well as my savings, which I was fully determined to leave to him alone, if it pleased Heaven to take me hence. That was the right way to gain his affection. You and your beloved should decide what means to use to attain your wishes. I was anxious to arrange a secret interview between you two; he himself has contrived to show me a most excellent method, by which you may fairly and openly stay in her house. Happening to talk to me about a son he had lost, and whom he dreamt last night had come to life again, he told me the following story, upon which, just now, I founded my stratagem.

LEL. Enough; I know it all; you have told it me twice already.[20]

MASC. Yes, yes; but even if I should tell it thrice, it may happen still, that with all your conceit, you might break down in some minor detail.

LEL. I long to be at it already.

MASC. Pray, not quite so fast, for fear we might stumble. Your skull is rather thick, therefore you should be perfectly well instructed in your part. Some time ago Trufaldin left Naples; his name was then Zanobio Ruberti. Being suspected in his native town of having participated in a certain rebellion, raised by some political faction (though really he is not a man to disturb any state), he was obliged to quit it stealthily by night, leaving behind him his daughter, who was very young, and his wife. Some time afterwards he received the news that they were both dead, and in this perplexity, wishing to take with him to some other town not only his property, but also the only one who was left of all his family, his young son, a schoolboy, called Horatio, he wrote to Bologna, where a certain tutor, named Alberto, had taken the boy when very young, to finish there his education; but though for two whole years he appointed several times to meet them, they never made their appearance. Believing them to be dead, after so long a time, he came to this city, where he took the name he now bears, without for twelve years ever having discovered any traces of this Alberto, or of his son Horatio. This is the substance of the story, which I have repeated so that you may better remember the groundwork of the plot. Now, you are to personate an Armenian merchant, who has seen them both safe and sound in Turkey. If I have invented this scheme, in preference to any other, of bringing them to life again according to his dream, it is because it is very common in adventures for people to be taken at sea by some Turkish pirate and afterwards restored to their families in the very nick of time, when thought lost for fifteen or twenty years. For my part, I have heard a hundred of that kind of stories. Without giving ourselves the trouble of inventing something fresh, let us make use of this one; what does it matter? You must say you heard the story of their being made slaves from their own mouths, and also that you lent them money to pay their ransom; but that as urgent business obliged you to set out before them, Horatio asked you to go and visit his father here, whose adventures he was acquainted with, and with whom you were to stay a few days till their

arrival. I have given you a long lesson now.

LEL. These repetitions are superfluous. From the very beginning I understood it all.

MASC. I shall go in and prepare the way.

LEL. Listen, Mascarille; there is only one thing that troubles me; suppose he should ask me to describe his son's countenance?

MASC. There is no difficulty in answering that! You know he was very little when he saw him last. Besides, it is very likely that increase of years and slavery have completely changed him.

LEL. That is true. But, pray, if he should remember my face, what must I do then?

MASC. Have you no memory at all? I told you just now that he has merely seen you for a minute; that therefore you could only have produced a very transient impression on his mind; besides, your beard and dress disguise you completely.

LEL. Very well. But, now I think of it, what part of Turkey . . . ?

MASC. It is all the same, I tell you, Turkey or Barbary.

LEL. But what is the name of the town I saw them in?

MASC. Tunis. I think he will keep me till night. He tells me it is useless to repeat that name so often, and I have already mentioned it a dozen times.

LEL. Go, go in and prepare matters; I want nothing more.

MASC. Be cautious, at least, and act wisely. Let us have none of your inventions here.

LEL. Let me alone! Trust to me, I say, once more.

MASC. Observe, Horatio, a schoolboy in Bologna; Trufaldin, his true name Zanobio Ruberti, a citizen of Naples; the tutor was called Alberto . . .

LEL. You make me blush by preaching so much to me; do you think I am a fool?

MASC. No, not completely, but something very like it.

SCENE II.—LELIO, *alone.*

When I do not stand in need of him he cringes; but now, because he very well knows of how much use he is to me, his familiarity indulges in such remarks as he just now made. I shall bask in the sunshine of those beautiful eyes, which hold me in so sweet a captivity, and, without hindrance, depict in the most glaring colors the tortures I feel. I shall then know my fate. . . . But here they are.

SCENE III.—TRUFALDIN, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

TRUF. Thanks, righteous Heaven! for this favorable turn of my fortune!

MASC. You are the man to see visions and dream dreams, since you prove how untrue is the saying that dreams are falsehoods.[21]

TRUF. How can I thank you? what returns can I make you, sir? You, whom I ought to style the messenger sent from Heaven to announce my happiness!

LEL. These compliments are superfluous; I can dispense with them.

TRUF. (*To Mascarille*). I have seen somebody like this Armenian, but I do not know where.

MASC. That is what I was saying, but one sees surprising likenesses sometimes.

TRUF. You have seen that son of mine, in whom all my hopes are centred?

LEL. Yes, Signor Trufaldin, and he was as well as well can be.

TRUF. He related to you his life and spoke much about me, did he not?

LEL. More than ten thousand times.

MASC. (*Aside to Lelio*). Not quite so much, I should say.

LEL. He described you just as I see you; your face, your gait.

TRUF. Is that possible? He has not seen me since he was seven years old. And even his tutor, after so long a time, would scarcely know my face again.

MASC. One's own flesh and blood never forget the image of one's relations; this likeness is imprinted so deeply that my father . . .

TRUF. Hold your tongue. Where was it you left him?

LEL. In Turkey, at Turin.

TRUF. Turin! but I thought that town was in Piedmont.

MASC. (*Aside*). Oh, the dunce! (*To Trufaldin*). You do not understand him; he means Tunis; it was in reality there he left your son; but the Armenians always have a certain vicious pronunciation, which seems very harsh to us; the reason of it is because in all their words they change *nis* into *rin;* and so, instead of saying *Tunis*, they pronounce *Turin*.

TRUF. I ought to know this in order to understand him. Did he tell you in what way you could meet with his father?

MASC. (*Aside*). What answer will he give?[22] (*To Trufaldin, after pretending to fence*). I was just practising some passes; I have handled the foils in many a fencing school.

TRUF. (*To Mascarille*). That is not the thing I wish to know now. (*To Lelio*). What other name did he say I went by?

MASC. Ah, Signor Zanobio Ruberti. How glad you ought to be for what Heaven sends you!

LEL. That is your real name; the other is assumed.

TRUF. But where did he tell you he first saw the light?

MASC. Naples seems a very nice place, but you must feel a decided aversion to it.

TRUF. Can you not let us go on with our conversation without interrupting us?

LEL. Naples is the place where he first drew his breath.

TRUF. Whither did I send him in his infancy, and under whose care?

MASC. That poor Albert behaved very well for having accompanied your son from Bologna, whom you committed to his care.

TRUF. Pshaw!

MASC. (*Aside*). We are undone if this conversation lasts long.

TRUF. I should very much like to know their adventures; aboard what ship did my adverse fate . . . ?

MASC. I do not know what is the matter with me, I do nothing but yawn. But, Signor Trufaldin, perhaps this stranger may want some refreshment; besides, it grows late.

LEL. No refreshment for me.

MASC. Oh, sir, you are more hungry than you imagine.

TRUF. Please to walk in then.

LEL. After you, sir.[23]

MASC. (*To Trufaldin*). Sir, in Armenia the masters of the house use no ceremony. (*To Lelio, after Trufaldin has gone in*). Poor fellow, have you not a word to say for yourself?

LEL. He surprised me at first; but never fear, I have rallied my spirits, and am going to rattle away boldly . . .

MASC. Here comes our rival, who knows nothing of our plot. (*They go into Trufaldin's house*).

SCENE IV.—ANSELMO, LEANDER.

ANS. Stay, Leander, and allow me to tell you something which concerns your peace and reputation. I do not speak to you as the father of Hippolyta, as a man interested for my own family, but as your father, anxious for your welfare, without wishing to flatter you or to disguise anything; in short, openly and honestly, as I would wish a child of mine to be treated upon the like occasion. Do you know how everybody regards this amour of yours, which in one night has burst forth? How your yesterday's undertaking is everywhere talked of and ridiculed? What people think of the whim which, they say, has made you select for a wife a gypsy outcast, a strolling wench, whose noble occupation was only begging? I really blushed for you, even more than I did for myself, who am also compromised by this public scandal. Yes, I am compromised, I say, I, whose daughter, being engaged to you, cannot bear to see her slighted, without taking offence at it. For shame, Leander; arise from your humiliation; consider well your infatuation; if none of us are wise at all times, yet the shortest errors are always the best. When a man receives no dowry with his wife, but beauty only, repentance follows soon after wedlock; and the handsomest woman in the world can hardly defend herself against a lukewarmness caused by possession. I repeat it: those fervent raptures, those youthful ardors and ecstacies, may make us pass a few agreeable nights, but this bliss is not at all lasting, and as our passions grow cool, very unpleasant days follow those pleasant nights; hence proceed cares, anxieties, miseries, sons disinherited through their fathers' wrath.

LEAND. All that I now hear from you is no more than what my own reason has already suggested to me. I know how much I am obliged to you for the great honor you are inclined to pay me, and of which I am unworthy. In spite of the passion which sways me, I have ever retained a just sense of your daughter's merit and virtue: therefore I will endeavor . . .

ANS. Somebody is opening this door; let us retire to a distance, lest some contagion spreads from it which may attack you suddenly.

SCENE V.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

MASC. We shall soon see our roguery miscarry if you persist in such palpable blunders.

LEL. Must I always hear your reprimands? What can you complain of? Have I not done admirably since . . . ?

MASC. Only middling; for example, you called the Turks heretics, and you affirmed, on your corporal oath, that they worshipped the sun and moon as their gods. Let that pass. What vexes me most is that, when you are with Celia, you strangely forget yourself; your love is like porridge, which by too fierce a fire swells, mounts up to the brim, and runs over everywhere.

LEL. Could any one be more reserved? As yet I have hardly spoken to her.

MASC. You are right! but it is not enough to be silent; you had not been a moment at table till your gestures roused more suspicion than other people would have excited in a whole twelvemonth.

LEL. How so?

MASC. How so? Everybody might have seen it. At table, where Trufaldin made her sit down, you never kept your eyes off her, blushed, looked quite silly, cast sheep's eyes at her, without ever minding what you were helped to; you were never thirsty but when she drank, and took the glass eagerly from her hands; and without rinsing it, or throwing a drop of it away, you drank what she left in it, and seemed to choose in preference that side of the glass which her lips had touched; upon every piece which her slender hand had touched, or which she had bit, you laid your paw as quickly as a cat does upon a mouse, and you swallowed it as glibly as if you were a regular glutton. Then, besides all this, you made an intolerable noise, shuffling with your feet under the table, for which Trufaldin, who received two lusty kicks, twice punished a couple of innocent dogs, who would have growled at you if they dared; and yet, in spite of all this, you say you behaved finely! For my part I sat upon thorns all the time; notwithstanding the cold, I feel even now in a perspiration. I hung over you just as a bowler does over his bowl after he has thrown it, and thought to restrain your actions by contorting my body ever so many times.

LEL. Lack-a-day! how easy it is for you to condemn things of which you do not feel the enchanting cause. In order to humor you for once I have, nevertheless, a good mind to put a restraint upon that love which sways me. Henceforth . . .

SCENE VI.—TRUFALDIN, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

MASC. We were speaking about your son's adventures.

TRUF. (*To Lelio*). You did quite right. Will you do me the favor of letting me have one word in private with him?

LEL. I should be very rude if I did not. (*Lelio goes into Trufaldin's house*).

SCENE VII.—TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE.

TRUF. Hark ye! do you know what I have just been doing?

MASC. No, but if you think it proper I shall certainly not remain long in ignorance.

TRUF. I have just now cut off from a large and sturdy oak, of about two hundred years old, an admirable branch, selected on purpose, of tolerable thickness, of which immediately, upon the spot, I made a cudgel, about . . . yes, of this size (*showing his arm*); not so thick at one end as at the other, but fitter, I imagine, than thirty switches to belabor the shoulders withal; for it is well poised, green, knotty and heavy.

MASC. But, pray, for whom is all this preparation?

TRUF. For yourself, first of all; then, secondly, for that fellow, who wishes to palm one person upon me, and trick me out of another; for this Armenian, this merchant in

disguise, introduced by a lying and pretended story.

MASC. What! you do not believe . . . ?

TRUF. Do not try to find an excuse; he himself, fortunately, discovered his own stratagem, by telling Celia, whilst he squeezed her hand at the same time, that it was for her sake alone he came disguised in this manner. He did not perceive Jeannette, my little god-daughter, who overheard every word he said. Though your name was not mentioned, I do not doubt but you are a cursed accomplice in all this.

MASC. Indeed, you wrong me. If you are really deceived, believe me I was the first imposed upon with his story.

TRUF. Would you convince me you speak the truth? Assist me in giving him a sound drubbing, and in driving him away; let us give it the rascal well, and then I will acquit you of all participation in this piece of rascality.

MASC. Ay, ay, with all my soul. I will dust his jacket for him so soundly that you shall see I had no hand in this matter. (*Aside*). Ah! you shall have a good licking, Mister Armenian, who always spoil everything.

SCENE VIII.—LELIO, TRUFALDIN, MASCARILLE.

TRUF. (*Knocks at his door, and then addresses Lelio*). A word with you, if you please. So, Mr. Cheat, you have the assurance to fool a respectable man, and make game of him?

MASC. To pretend to have seen his son abroad, in order to get the more easily into his house!

TRUF. (*Beating Lelio*). Go away, go away immediately.

LEL. (*To Mascarille, who beats him likewise*). Oh, you scoundrel!

MASC. It is thus that rogues . . .

LEL. Villain!

MASC. Are served here. Keep that for my sake!

LEL. What? Is a gentleman . . .

MASC. (*Beating him and driving him off*). March off! begone, I tell you! or I shall break all the bones in your body.

TRUF. I am delighted with this; come in. I am satisfied. (*Mascarille follows Trufaldin into his house*).

LEL. (*Returning*). This to me! To be thus affronted by a servant! Could I have thought the wretch would have dared thus to ill-treat his master?

MASC. (*From Trufaldin's window*). May I take the liberty to ask how your shoulders are?

LEL. What! Have you the impudence still to address me?

MASC. Now see what it is not to have perceived Jeannette, and to have always a blabbing tongue in your head! However, this time I am not angry with you; I have done cursing and swearing at you; though you behaved very imprudently, yet my hand has made your shoulders pay for your fault.

LEL. Ha! I shall be revenged on you for your treacherous behavior.

MASC. You yourself were the cause of all this mischief.

LEL. I?

MASC. If you had had a grain of sense when you were talking to your idol you would have perceived Jeannette at your heels, whose sharp ears overheard the whole affair.

LEL. Could anybody possibly catch one word I spoke to Celia?

MASC. And what else was the cause why you were suddenly turned out of doors? Yes, you are shut out by your own tittle-tattle. I do not know whether you play often at piquet, but you at least throw your cards away in an admirable manner.

LEL. Oh! I am the most unhappy of all men. But why did you drive me away also?

MASC. I never did better than in acting thus. By these means, at least, I prevent all suspicion of my being the inventor or an accomplice of this stratagem.

LEL. But you should have laid it on more gently.

MASC. I was no such fool! Trufaldin watched me most narrowly; besides, I must tell you, under the pretence of being of use to you, I was not at all displeased to vent my spleen. However, the thing is done, and if you will give me your word of honor, never, directly or indirectly, to be revenged on me for the blows on the back I so heartily gave you, I promise you, by the help of my present station, to satisfy your wishes within these two nights.

LEL. Though you have treated me very harshly, yet what would not such a promise prevail upon me to do?

MASC. You promise, then?

LEL. Yes, I do.

MASC. But that is not all; promise never to meddle in anything I take in hand.

LEL. I do.

MASC. If you break your word may you get the cold shivers!

LEL. Then keep it with me, and do not forget my uneasiness.

MASC. Go and change your dress, and rub something on your back.

LEL. (*Alone*). Will ill-luck always follow me, and heap upon me one misfortune after another?

MASC. (*Coming out of Trufaldin's house*). What! Not gone yet? Hence immediately; but, above all, be sure you don't trouble your head about anything. Be satisfied that I am on your side; do not make the least attempt to assist me; remain quiet.

LEL. (*Going*). Yes, to be sure, I will remain quiet.

MASC. (*Alone*). Now let me see what course I am to steer.

SCENE IX.—ERGASTE, MASCARILLE.

ERG. Mascarille, I come to tell you a piece of news, which will give a cruel blow to your projects. At the very moment I am talking to you, a young gypsy, who nevertheless is no black, and looks like a gentleman, has arrived with a very wan-looking old woman, and is to call upon Trufaldin to purchase the slave you wished to redeem. He seems to be very anxious to get possession of her.

MASC. Doubtless it is the lover Celia spoke about. Were ever fortunes so tangled as ours? No sooner have we got rid of one trouble than we fall into another. In vain do we hear that Leander intends to abandon his pursuit, and to give us no further trouble; that the unexpected arrival of his father has turned the scales in favor of Hippolyta; that the old gentleman has employed his parental authority to make a thorough change, and that the marriage contract is going to be signed this very day; as soon as one rival withdraws, another and a more dangerous one starts up to destroy what little hope there

was left. However, by a wonderful stratagem, I believe I shall be able to delay their departure and gain what time I want to put the finishing stroke to this famous affair. A great robbery has lately been committed, by whom, nobody knows. These gypsies have not generally the reputation of being very honest; upon this slight suspicion I will cleverly get the fellow imprisoned for a few days. I know some officers of justice, open to a bribe, who will not hesitate on such an occasion; greedy and expecting some present, there is nothing they will not attempt with their eyes shut; be the accused ever so innocent, the purse is always criminal, and must pay for the offence.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MASCARILLE, ERGASTE.

MASC. Ah, blockhead! numskull! idiot! Will you never leave off persecuting me?

ERG. The constable took great care everything was going on smoothly; the fellow would have been in jail had not your master come up that very moment and, like a madman, spoiled your plot. "I cannot suffer," says he in a loud voice, "that a respectable man should be dragged to prison in this disgraceful manner; I will be responsible for him, from his very looks, and will be his bail." And as they refused to let him go, he immediately and so vigorously attacked the officers, who are a kind of people much afraid of their carcasses, that even at this very moment they are running, and every man thinks he has got a Lelio at his heels.

MASC. The fool does not know that this gypsy is in the house already to carry off his treasure.

ERG. Good-bye; business obliges me to leave you.

SCENE II.—MASCARILLE, *alone*.

Yes, this last marvelous accident quite stuns me. One would think, and I have no doubt of it, that this bungling devil which possesses Lelio takes delight in defying me,

and leads him into every place where his presence can do mischief. Yet I shall go on, and, notwithstanding all these buffets of fortune, try who will carry the day. Celia has no aversion to him, and looks upon her departure with great regret. I must endeavor to improve this opportunity. But here they come; let me consider how I shall execute my plan. Yonder furnished house is at my disposal, and I can do what I like with it; if fortune but favors us, all will go well; nobody lives there but myself, and I keep the key. Good Heavens! what a great many adventures have befallen us in so short a time, and what numerous disguises a rogue is obliged to put on.

SCENE III.—Celia, Andrès.

And. You know it, Celia, I have left nothing undone to prove the depth of my passion. When I was but very young, my courage in the wars gained me some consideration among the Venetians, and one time or other, and without having too great an opinion of myself, I might, had I continued in their service, have risen to some employment of distinction; but, for your sake, I abandoned everything; the sudden change you produced in my heart, was quickly followed by your lover joining the gypsies. Neither a great many adventures nor your indifference have been able to make me abandon my pursuit. Since that time, being by an accident separated from you much longer than I could have foreseen, I spared neither time nor pains to meet with you again. At last I discovered the old gypsy-woman, and heard from her that for a certain sum of money, which was then of great consequence to the gypsies, and prevented the dissolution of the whole band, you were left in pledge in this neighborhood. Full of impatience, I flew hither immediately to break these mercenary chains, and to receive from you whatever commands you might be pleased to give. But, when I thought to see joy sparkle in your eyes, I find you pensive and melancholy; if quietness has charms for you, I have sufficient means at Venice, of the spoils taken in war, for us both to live there; but if I must still follow you as before, I will do so, and my heart shall have no other ambition than to serve you in whatever manner you please.

Cel. You openly display your affection for me. I should be ungrateful not to be sensible of it. Besides, just now my countenance does not bear the impress of the feelings of my heart; my looks show that I have a violent headache. If I have the least influence over you, you will delay our voyage for at least three or four days, until my indisposition has passed away.

And. I shall stay as long as you like; I only wish to please you; let us look for a house where you may be comfortable. Ho! here is a bill up just at the right time.

SCENE IV.—Celia, Andrès, Mascarille *disguised as a Swiss.*

And. Monsieur Swiss, are you the master of the house?

Masc. I am at your service.[24]

AND. Can we lodge here?

MASC. Yes, I let furnished lodgings to strangers, but only to respectable people.

AND. I suppose your house has a very good reputation?

MASC. I see by your face you are a stranger in this town.

AND. I am.

MASC. Are you the husband of this lady?

AND. Sir?

MASC. Is she your wife or your sister?

AND. Neither.

MASC. Upon my word, she is very pretty! Do you come on business, or have you a lawsuit going on before the court? A lawsuit is a very bad thing; it costs so much money; a solicitor is a thief, and a barrister a rogue.

AND. I do not come for either of these.

MASC. You have brought this young lady, then, to walk about and to see the town?

AND. What is that to you? (*To Celia*). I shall be with you again in one moment; I am going to fetch the old woman presently, and tell them not to send the traveling-carriage which was ready.

MASC. Is the lady not quite well?

AND. She has a headache.

MASC. I have some good wine and cheese within; walk in; go into my small house. (*Celia, Andrès and Mascarille go into the house*).

SCENE V.—LELIO, *alone.*

However impatient and excited I may feel, yet I have pledged my word to do nothing but wait quietly, to let another work for me, and to see, without daring to stir, in what manner Heaven will change my destiny.

SCENE VI.—ANDRÈS, LELIO.

LEL. (*Addressing Andrès, who is coming out of the house*). Do you want to see anybody in this house?

AND. I have just taken some furnished apartments there.

LEL. The house belongs to my father, and my servant sleeps there every night to take care of it.

AND. I know nothing of that; the bill, at least, shows it is to be let; read it.

LEL. Truly this surprises me, I confess. Who the deuce can have put that bill up, and why . . . ? Ho, faith, I guess, pretty near, what it means; this cannot possibly proceed but from the quarter I surmise.

AND. May I ask what this affair may be?

LEL. I would keep it carefully from anybody else, but it can be of no consequence to you, and you will not mention it to any one. Without doubt, that bill can be nothing else but an invention of the servant I spoke of; nothing but some cunning plot he has hatched to place into my hands a certain gypsy-girl, with whom I am smitten, and of whom I wish to obtain possession. I have already attempted this several times, but until now in vain.

AND. What is her name?

LEL. Celia.

AND. What do you say? Had you but

mentioned this no doubt I should have saved you all the trouble this project costs you.

LEL. How so? Do you know her?

AND. It is I who just now bought her from her master.

LEL. You surprise me!

AND. As the state of her health did not allow her to leave this town, I just took these apartments for her; and I am very glad that on this occasion you have acquainted me with your intentions.

LEL. What! shall I obtain the happiness I hope for by your means? Could you . . . ?

AND. (*Knocks at the door*). You shall be satisfied immediately.

LEL. What can I say to you? And what thanks . . . ?

And. No, give me none; I will have none.

SCENE VII.—LELIO, ANDRÈS, MASCARILLE.

MASC. (*Aside*). Hello! Is this not my mad-cap master? He will make another blunder.

LEL. Who would have known him in this grotesque dress? Come hither, Mascarille; you are welcome.

MASC. I am a man of honor; I am not Mascarille;[25] I never debauched any married or unmarried woman.

LEL. What funny gibberish! It is really very good.

MASC. Go about your business, and do not laugh at me.

LEL. You take off your dress; recognize your master.

MASC. Upon my word! By all the saints, I never knew you!

LEL. Everything is settled; disguise yourself no longer.

MASC. If you do not go away I will give you a slap in the face.

LEL. Your Swiss jargon is needless, I tell you, for we are agreed, and his generosity lays me under an obligation. I have all I can wish for; you have no reason to be under any further apprehension.

MASC. If you are agreed, by great good luck, I will no longer play the Swiss, and become myself again.

AND. This valet of yours serves you with much zeal; stay a little; I will return presently.

SCENE VIII.—LELIO, MASCARILLE.

LEL. Well, what do you say now?

MASC. That I am delighted to see our labors crowned with success.

LEL. You were hesitating to doff your disguise, and could hardly believe me.

MASC. As I know you I was rather afraid, and still find the adventure very astonishing.

LEL. But confess, however, that I have done great things—at least I have now made amends for all my blunders—mine will be the honor of having finished the work.

MASC. Be it so; you have been much more lucky than wise.

SCENE IX.—CELIA, ANDRÈS, LELIO, MASCARILLE.

AND. Is not this the lady you were speaking of to me?

LEL. Heavens! what happiness can be equal to mine?

And. It is true; I am indebted to you for the kindness you have shown me; I should be much to blame if I did not acknowledge it; but this kindness would be too dearly bought were I to repay it at the expense of my heart. Judge, by the rapture her beauty causes me, whether I ought to discharge my debt to you at such a price. You are generous, and would not have me act thus. Farewell. Let us return whence we came, and stay there for a few days. (*He leads Celia away*).

SCENE X.—Lelio, Mascarille.

Masc. I am laughing, and yet I have little inclination to it. You two are quite of the same mind; he gives Celia to you. Hem! . . . You understand me, sir?

Lel. This is too much. I am determined no longer to ask you to assist me; it is useless; I am a puppy, a wretch, a detestable blockhead, not worthy of any one taking any trouble for me, incapable of doing anything. Abandon all endeavors to aid an unfortunate wretch, who will not allow himself to be made happy; after so many misfortunes, after all my imprudent actions, death alone should aid me.

SCENE XI.—Mascarille, *alone*.

That is the true way of putting the finishing stroke to his fate; he wants nothing now but to die to crown all his follies. But in vain his indignation, for all the faults he has committed urges him to renounce my aid and my support. I intend, happen what will, to serve him in spite of himself, and vanquish the very devil that possesses him. The greater the obstacle, the greater the glory; and the difficulties which beset us are but a kind of tire-women who deck and adorn virtue.

SCENE XII.—Celia, Mascarille.

Celia. (*To Mascarille, who has been whispering to her*). Whatever you may say, and whatever they intend doing, I have no great expectation from this delay. What we have seen hitherto may indeed convince us that they are not as yet likely to agree. I have already told you that a heart like mine will not for the sake of one do an injustice to another, and that I find myself strongly attached to both, though by different ties. If Lelio has love and its power on his side, Andrès has gratitude pleading for him, which will not permit even my most secret thoughts ever to harbor anything against his interests. Yes; if he has no longer a place in my heart, if the gift of my hand must not crown his love, I ought at least to reward that which he has done for me by not choosing another, in contempt of his flame, and suppress my own inclinations in the same manner as I do his. You have heard the difficulties which duty throws in my way, and you can judge now whether your expectations will be realized.

Masc. To speak the truth, they are very formidable obstacles in our way, and I have not the knack of working miracles; but I will do my utmost, move Heaven and earth, leave no stone unturned to try and discover some

happy expedient. I shall soon let you know what can be done.

SCENE XIII.—Hippolyta, Celia.

Hipp. Ever since you came among us the ladies of this neighborhood may well complain of the havoc caused by your eyes, since you deprive them of the greatest part of their conquests, and make all their lovers faithless. There is not a heart which can escape the darts with which you pierce them as soon as they see you; many thousands load themselves with your chains, and seem to enrich you daily at our expense. However, as regards myself, I should make no complaints of the irresistible sway of your exquisite charms, had they left me one of all my lovers to console me for the loss of the others; but it is inhuman in you, that without mercy you deprive me of all; I cannot forbear complaining to you.

Cel. You rally in a charming manner, but I beseech you to spare me a little. Those eyes, those very eyes of yours, know their own power too well ever to dread anything that I am able to do; they are too conscious of their own charms, and will never entertain similar feelings of fear.

Hipp. Yet I advance nothing in what I have said which has not already entered the mind of every one, and without mentioning anything else, it is well known that Celia has made a deep impression on Leander and on Lelio.

Cel. I believe you will easily console yourself about their loss, since they have become so infatuated; nor can you regret a lover who could make so ill a choice.

Hipp. On the contrary, I am of quite a different opinion, and discover such great merits in your beauty, and see in it so many reasons sufficient to excuse the inconstancy of those who allow themselves to be attracted by it, that I cannot blame Leander for having changed his love and broken his plighted troth. In a short time, and without either hatred or anger, I shall see him again brought under my sway, when his father shall have exercised his authority.

SCENE XIV.—Celia, Hippolyta, Mascarille.

Masc. Great news! great news! a wonderful event which I am now going to tell you!

Cel. What means this?

Masc. Listen. This is, without any compliments . . .

Cel. What?

Masc. The last scene of a true and genuine comedy. The old gypsy-woman was, but this very moment . . .

Cel. Well?

Masc. Crossing the market-place, thinking about nothing at all, when another old woman, very haggard-looking, after having closely stared at her for some time, hoarsely broke out in a torrent of abusive language, and thus gave the signal for a furious combat, in which, instead of swords, muskets, daggers, or arrows, nothing was seen but four withered paws, brandished in the air, with which these

two combatants endeavored to tear off the little flesh old age had left on their bones. Not a word was heard but drab, wretch, trull. Their caps, to begin with, were flying about, and left a couple of bald pates exposed to view, which rendered the battle ridiculously horrible. At the noise and hubbub Andrès and Trufaldin, as well as many others, ran to see what was the matter, and had much ado to part them, so excited were they by passion. Meanwhile each of them, when the storm was abated, endeavored to hide her head with shame. Everybody wished to know the cause of this ridiculous fray. She who first began it having, notwithstanding the warmth of her passion, looked for some time at Trufaldin, said in a loud voice: "It is you, unless my sight misgives me, who, I was informed, lived privately in this town; most happy meeting! Yes, Signor Zanobio Ruberti, fortune made me find you out at the very moment I was giving myself so much trouble for your sake. When you left your family at Naples, your daughter, as you know, remained under my care. I brought her up from her youth. When she was only four years old she showed already in a thousand different ways what charms and beauty she would have. That woman you see there—that infamous hag—who had become rather intimate with us, robbed me of that treasure. Your good lady, alas! felt so much grief at this misfortune, that, as I have reason to believe it shortened her days; so that, fearing your severe reproaches because your daughter had been stolen from me, I sent you word that both were dead; but now, as I have found out the thief, she must tell us what has become of your child." At the name of Zanobio Ruberti, which she repeated several times throughout the story, Andrès, after changing color often, addressed to the surprised Trufaldin these words: "What! has Heaven most happily brought me to him whom I have hitherto sought in vain? Can I possibly have beheld my father, the author of my being, without knowing him? Yes, father, I am Horatio, your son; my tutor, Albert, having died, I felt anew certain uneasiness in my mind, left Bologna, and abandoning my studies, wandered about for six years in different places, according as my curiosity led me. However, after the expiration of that time, a secret impulse drove me to revisit my kindred and my native country; but in Naples, alas! I could no longer find you, and could only hear vague reports concerning you; so that, having in vain tried to meet with you, I ceased to roam about idly, and stopped for awhile in Venice. From that time to this I have lived without receiving any other information about my family, except knowing its name." You may judge whether Trufaldin was not more than ordinarily moved all this while; in one word (to tell you shortly that which you will have an opportunity of learning afterwards more at your leisure, from the confession of the old gypsy-woman), Trufaldin owns you (*to Celia*) now for his daughter; Andrès is your brother; and as he can no longer think of marrying his sister, and as he acknowledges he is under some obligation to my master, Lelio, he has obtained for him your hand. Pandolphus, being present at this discovery, gives his full consent to the marriage; and to complete the happiness of the family proposes that the newly-found Horatio should marry his daughter. See how many incidents are produced at one and the same time!

CEL. Such tidings perfectly amaze me.

MASC. The whole company follow me, ex-

cept the two female champions, who are adjusting their toilet after the fray. Leander and your father are also coming. I shall go and inform my master of this, and let him know that when we thought obstacles were increasing, Heaven almost wrought a miracle in his favor. (*Exit Mascàrille*).

HIPP. This fortunate event fills me with as much joy as if it were my own case. But here they come.

SCENE XV.—TRUFALDIN, ANSELMO, ANDRÈS, CELIA, HIPPOLYTA, LEANDER.

TRUF. My child!

CEL. Father!

TRUF. Do you already know how Heaven has blest us?

CEL. I have just now heard this wonderful event.

HIPP. (*To Leander*). You need not find excuses for your past infidelity. The cause of it, which I have before my eyes, is a sufficient excuse.

LEAND. I crave nothing but a generous pardon. I call Heaven to witness that, though I return to my duty suddenly, my father's authority has influenced me less than my own inclination.

AND. (*To Celia*). Who could ever have supposed that so chaste a love would one day be condemned by nature? However, honor swayed it always so much, that with a little alteration it may still continue.

CEL. As for me, I blamed myself, and thought I was wrong, because I felt nothing but a very sincere esteem for you. I could not tell what powerful obstacle stopped me in a path so agreeable and so dangerous, and diverted my heart from acknowledging a love which my senses endeavored to communicate to my soul.

TRUF. (*To Celia*). But what would you say of me if, as soon as I have found you, I should be thinking of parting with you? I promised your hand to this gentleman's son.

CEL. I know no will but yours.

SCENE XVI.—TRUFALDIN, ANSELMO, PANDOLPHUS, CELIA, HIPPOLYTA, LELIO, LEANDER, ANDRÈS, MASCARILLE.

MASC. Now, let us see whether this devil of yours will have the power to destroy so solid a foundation as this; and whether your inventive powers will again strive against this great good luck that befalls you. Through a most unexpected favorable turn of fortune your desires are crowned with success, and Celia is yours.

LEL. Am I to believe that the omnipotence of Heaven . . . ?

TRUF. Yes, son-in-law, it is really so.

PAND. The matter is settled.

AND. (*To Lelio*). By this I repay the obligation you lay me under.

LEL. (*To Mascarille*). I must embrace you ever so many times in this great joy . . .

MASC. Oh! oh! gently, I beseech you; he has almost choked me. I am very much afraid for Celia if you embrace her so forcibly. One can do very well without such proofs of affection.

TRUF. (*To Lelio*). You know the happiness

with which Heaven has blessed me; but since the same day has caused us all to rejoice, let us not part until it is ended, and let Leander's father also be sent for quickly.

MASC. You are all provided for. Is there not some girl who might suit poor Mascarille? As I see, every Jack has his Gill, I also want to be married.

ANS. I have a wife for you.

MASC. Let us go, then; and may propitious Heaven give us children whose fathers we really are.

NOTES

[1] Molière, Racine and Corneille always call the dramatis personæ *acteurs*, and not *personages*.

[2] *Mascarille* is a name invented by Molière, and a diminutive of the Spanish *mascara*, a mask. Some commentators of Molière think that the author, who acted this part, may sometimes have played it in a mask, but this is now generally contradicted. He seems, however, to have performed it habitually, for after his death there was taken an inventory of all his dresses, and amongst these, according to M. Eudore Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, p. 278, was: "a . . . dress for *l'Etourdi*, consisting in doublet, knee-breeches, and cloak of satin." Before his time the usual name of the intriguing man-servant was *Philipin*.

[3] In French, *tu, toi*, thee, thou, denote either social superiority or familiarity. The same phraseology was also employed in many English comedies of that time, but sounds so stiff at present that the translator has everywhere used "you."

[4] The pistole is a Spanish gold coin worth about four dollars; formerly the French pistole was worth in France ten *livres*—about ten francs—they were struck in Franche-Comté.

[5] The white art (*magie blanche*) only dealt with beneficent spirits, and wished to do good to mankind; the black art (*magie noire*) invoked evil spirits.

[6] The original has a play on words which cannot be translated, as, *ce visage est encore fort mettable. . . . s'il n'est pas des plus beaux, il est des agreables;* which two last words, according to pronunciation, can also mean disagreeable. This has been often imitated in French. After the Legion of Honor was instituted in France in 1804, some of the wits of the time asked the Imperialsts: *etes-vous des honores?*

[7] There is here again, in the original, a play on the words *bourse*, purse, and *bouche*, mouth, which cannot be rendered in English.

[8] Compare in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* Antolycus' answer to Camillo (Act iv, Scene 3), who gives him money, "I am a poor fellow, sir, . . . I cannot with conscience take it."

[9] During the whole of the preceding scene Mascarille has quietly kicked the purse away, so as to be out of sight of Anselmo, intending to pick it up when the latter has gone.

[10] The play is supposed to be in Sicily; hence pagan oaths are not out of place. Even at the present time Italians say, *per Jove! per Bacco!*

[11] This seems to be an imitation of a spell, charm or incantation to lay the supposed ghost, which Anselmo says kneeling and hardly able to speak for terror.

[12] Generally it was thought preferable, during Molière's lifetime, to use the word *temple* for "church," instead of *église*.

[13] Compare Launcelot Gobbo's speech about his conscience in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* (ii. 2).

[14] This is an allusion to the rays of the sun, placed above the crown, and stamped on all golden crown-pieces, struck in France from Louis XI. (November 2, 1475) until the end of the reign of Louis XIII. These crowns were called *écus au soleil*. Louis XIV. took much later for his device the sun shining in full, with the motto, *Nec pluribus impar*.

[15] Olibrius was, according to ancient legends, a Roman governor of Gaul, in the time of the Emperor Decius, very cruel and a great boaster.

[16] The original is, *je suis pris sans vert*, "I am taken without green," because in the month of May, in some parts of France, there is a game which binds him or her who is taken without a green leaf about them to pay a forfeit.

[17] In the original we find *prendre les contretemps*, and *rompre les mesures*. In a little and very curious book, "The Scots Fencing Master, or Compleat Smal-Sword Man," printed in Edinburgh 1687, and written by Sir William Hope, of Kirkliston, the *contre-temps* is said to be: "When a man thrusts without having a good opportunity, or when he thrusts at the same time his adversarie thrusts, and that each of them at that time receive a thrust." *Breaking of measure* is, according to the same booklet, done thus: "When you perceive your adversary thrusting at you, and you are not very certain of the *parade*, then *break his measure*, or make his thrust short of

you, by either stepping a foot or half a foot back, with the *single stepp*, for if you judge your adversary's *distance or measure* well, half a foot will *break his measure* as well as ten ells."

[18] This is one of the passages of Molière about which commentators do not agree; the original is, *nous allons voir beau jeu, si la corde ne rompt.* Some maintain that *corde* refers to the tight rope of a rope dancer; others that *corde* means the string of a bow, as in the phrase *avoir deux cordes a son arc*, to have two strings (resources) to one's bow. Mons. Eugène Despois, in his carefully edited edition of Molière (i., 187), defends the latter reading, and I agree with him.

[19] The original has *jouer un momon.* Guy Miege, in his "Dictionary of Barbarous French," London, 1679, has "*Mommon*, a mummer, also a company of mummers; also a visard, or mask; also a let by a mummer at dice."

[20] Though Lelio says to Mascarille, "Enough, I know it all," he has not been listening to the speech of his servant, but, in the meanwhile, is arranging his dress, and smoothing his ruffles, and making it clear to the spectator that he knows nothing, and that he will be a bad performer of the part assigned to him. This explains the blunders he makes afterwards in the second and fifth scenes of the same act.

[21] In French there is a play on words between *songes*, dreams, and *mensonges*, falsehoods, which cannot be rendered into English.

[22] Trufaldin having found out that Mascarille makes signs to his master, the servant pretends to fence.

[23] It shows that Lelio knows not what he is about when he does the honors of the house to the master of the house himself, and forgets that as a stranger he ought to go in first.

[24] In the original, Mascarille speaks a kind of gibberish, which is only amusing when the play is acted; but it can serve no purpose to translate "*moi, pour serfir a fous*," "*Oui, moi pour d'estrancher chappon champre garni, mais che non point locher te gent te mechant vi*," etc., by "me be at your serfice," "yes, me have de very goot shambers, ready furnish for stranger, but me no loge de people scandaluse," etc. A provincial pronunciation, an Irish brogue, or a Scotch tongue, are no equivalent for this mock Swiss German-French.

[25] Mascarille answers in his gibberish, "*Moi non point Masquerille*," an allusion to *maquerelle*, a female pander; hence his further remarks.

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THE LOVE-TIFF

THE LOVE-TIFF

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

TITLE OF THE PLAY ON TABLET SUPPORTED BY TWO CUPIDS, WHO TURN FROM EACH OTHER AND POUT.

THE LOVE-TIFF

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TITLE OF THE PLAY ON TABLET SUPPORTED BY TWO CUPIDS, WHO TURN
FROM EACH OTHER AND POUT.

THE
LOVE TIFF
M DC. LVI.

TITLE OF 1663

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL. P. ARENTS, SC.

IN UPPER PART, A SMALL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BEZIERS, WITH THE *Pont de l'Orb* AND THE GREAT CHURCH OF SAINT-NAZAIRE. IN THE UPPER PANELS, SUPPORTED BY CUPIDS, TO THE RIGHT, THE ARMS OF PARIS, AND TO THE LEFT, THE ARMS OF BEZIERS. BELOW THE CUPIDS IS THE BELL WITH WHICH ALBERT FRIGHTENED AWAY METAPHRASTUS. FARTHER DOWN ON THE LEFT, ERASTE IS LEADING BACK LUCILE, WHO HAS JUST SAID TO HIM, "LEAD ME HOME," ACT IV. SCENE III. OPPOSITE IS GROS-RENE SAYING TO MARINETTE, "HERE, BREAK THIS STRAW," ACT IV. SCENE IV. AT THE BOTTOM ARE TWO YOUNG TERMINI, ONE OF WHOM IS READY TO PLAY THE FLUTE WHEN THE OTHER TAKES HIS AWAY FROM HIS LIPS. BELOW ALL, AT EACH SIDE, ARE CUPIDS, WHO RECONCILE AND EMBRACE EACH OTHER.

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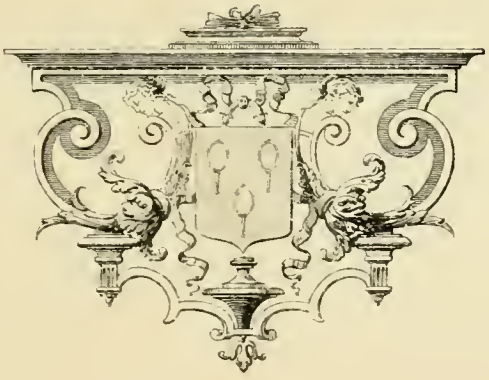
DEPIT AMOUREUX

COMEDIE

REPRESENTEE SUR LE THEATRE DU PALAIS ROYAL

DE

J.B.P. MOLIERE



A PARIS

CHEZ CLAUDE BARBIN AU PALAIS

SUR LE DEGRE DEVANT LA SAINTE CHAPELLE

AU SIGNE DE LA CROIX

M.DC.LXIII.

AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le dernier jour de May 1660, signé Le Juge, *il est permis au Sieur* Moliere *de faire imprimer une Pièce de Théâtre, intitulée* Le Dépit Amoureux, *pendant l'espace de cinq années, à commancer du jour que le dit livre sera achevé d'imprimer, et deffences sont faites à tous autres de l'imprimer, à peine de ce qui est porté par les dites Lettres.*

Et ledit Sieur Moliere a cédé et transporté son droict de Privilège à Claude Barbin et Gabriel Quinet, Marchands Libraires à Paris, pour en jouir le temps porté par iceluy.

Achevé d'imprimer, le vingt-quatre Novembre 1662.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté . . .
Le vingt-sept Octobre 1662.

Signé : Dubray, Sindic.

Les exemplaires ont esté fournis.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The Love-tiff (*Le Dépit-amoureux*) is composed of two pieces joined together. The first and longest is a comparatively modern imitation of a very coarse and indecent Italian comedy, *L'Interesse*, by Signor Nicolo Secchi; its intrigue depends chiefly on the substitution of a female for a male child, a change which forms the groundwork of many plays and novels, and of which Shakespeare has also made use. The second and best part of the *Love-tiff* belongs to Molière alone, and is composed chiefly of the whole of the first act, the first six verses of the third scene, and the whole of the fourth scene of the second act; these, with a few alterations and a few lines added, form the comedy which the *Théâtre Française* plays at the present time. It was first represented at Béziers toward the end of 1656, when the States General of Languedoc were assembled in that town, and met with great success; a success which continued when it was played in Paris at the *Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon* in 1658. Why, in some of the former English translations of Molière, the servant Gros-René is called "Gros-Renard," we are unable to understand, for both names are thoroughly French. Mr. Ozell, in his translation, gives him the unmistakably English, but not very euphonious, name of "Punch-gutted Ben, *alias* Renier," whilst Foote calls him "Hugh." The incidents of the *Love-tiff* are arranged artistically, though in the Spanish taste; the plot is too complicated, and the ending very unnatural. But the characters are well delineated, and fathers, lovers, mistresses and servants all move about amidst a complication of errors from which there is no visible disentangling. The conversation between Valère and Ascanio in man's clothes, the mutual begging pardon of Albert and Polydore, the natural astonishment of Lucile, accused in the presence of her father, and the stratagem of Eraste to get the truth from his servants, are all described in a masterly manner, whilst the tiff between Eraste and Lucile, which gives the title to the piece, as well as their reconciliation, are considered among the best scenes of this play.

Nearly all the actors in France who play either the *valets* or the *soubrettes* have attempted the parts of Gros-René and Marinette, and even the great tragedienne, Mlle. Rachel, ventured, on the 1st of July, 1844, to act Marinette, but not with much success.

Dryden has imitated, in the fourth act of *An Evening's Love*, a small part of the scene between Marinette and Eraste, the quarreling scene between Lucile, Eraste, Marinette and Gros-René, as well as, in the third act of the same play, the scene between Albert and Metaphrastus. Vanbrugh has very closely followed Molière's play in the *Mistake*, but has laid the scene in Spain. This is the principal difference I can perceive. He has paraphrased the French with a spirit and ease which a mere translation can hardly ever acquire. The epilogue to his play, written by M. Motteux, a Frenchman whom the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes brought into England, is filthy in the extreme. Mr. J. King has curtailed Vanbrugh's play into an interlude in one act, called *Lovers' Quarrels; or, Like Master Like Man.*

Another imitator of Molière was Edward Ravenscroft, of whom Baker says, in his *Biographia Dramatica*, that he was "a writer or compiler of plays who lived in the reigns of Charles II. and his two successors." He was descended from the family of the Ravenscrofts in Flintshire, a family, as he himself in a dedication asserts, so ancient that when William the Conqueror came into England, one of his nobles married into it. He was some time a member of the Middle Temple; but, looking on the dry study of the law as greatly beneath the attention of a man of genius, he quitted it. He was an arrant plagiary. Dryden attacked one of his plays, *The Citizen Turned Gentleman*, an imitation of Molière's *Bourgeois-gentilhomme*, in the Prologue to *The Assignation*. Ravenscroft wrote "*The Wrangling Lovers; or, the Invisible Mistress.* Acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1677. London, Printed for William Crook, at the sign of the *Green Dragon*, without *Temple-Bar*, 1677." Though the plot was partly taken from a Spanish novel, the author has been inspired by Molière's *Dépit-amoureux*. The scene is in Toledo: Eraste is called Don Diego de Stuniga; Valère, Don Gusman de Haro, "a well-bred cavaliere;" Lucile is Octavia de Pimentell, and Ascanio is Elvira; Gros-René's name is Sanco, "valet to Gusman, a simple, pleasant fellow," and Mascarille is Ordgano, "a cunning knave;" Marinette is called Beatrice and Frosine, Isabella. The English play is rather too long. Don Gusman courts Elvira veiled, whilst in the French play Ascanio, her counterpart, is believed to be a young man. There is also a brother of Donna Elvira, Don Ruis de Moncade, who is a rival of Don Diego, whilst in *le Dépit amoureux* Valère is not the brother but the husband of Ascanio and the rival of Eraste (Don Diego) as well. The arrangement of the English comedy differs greatly from the French. Though the plot in both plays is nearly identical, yet the words and scenes in *The Wrangling Lovers* are totally different, and not so amusing. Mascarille and Gros-René are but faintly attempted; Marinette and Frosine only sketched in outline; and in the fifth act the ladies appear to have nothing else to do but to pop in and out of closets. The scenes of the French play between Albert and Metaphrastus (ii, 7); the very comical scene between Albert and Polydore (iii, 4), and the reconciliation scene between Lucile and Eraste (iv, 3) are also not rendered in the English comedy. There are very few scenes which can be compared with those of *le Dépit-amoureux.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ERASTE, In love with Lucile.

ALBERT, Father to Lucile.

GROS-RENE, Servant to Eraste.

VALERE, Son to Polydore.

POLYDORE, Father to Valere.

MASCARILLE, Servant to Valere.

METAPHRASTUS, A pedant.

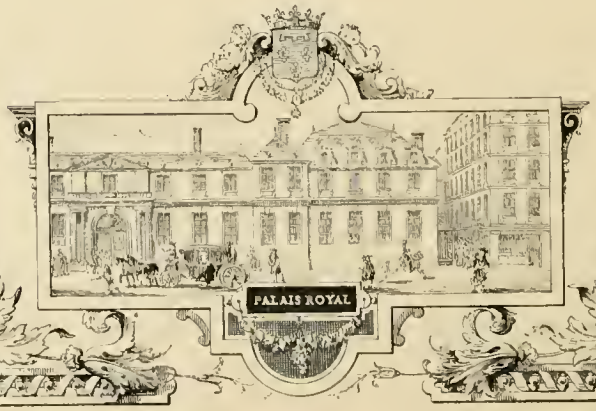
LA RAPIERE, A bully.

LUCILE, Daughter to Albert.

ASCANIO, Albert's daughter, in man's clothes.

FROSINE, Confidante to Ascanio.

MARINETTE, Maid to Lucile.



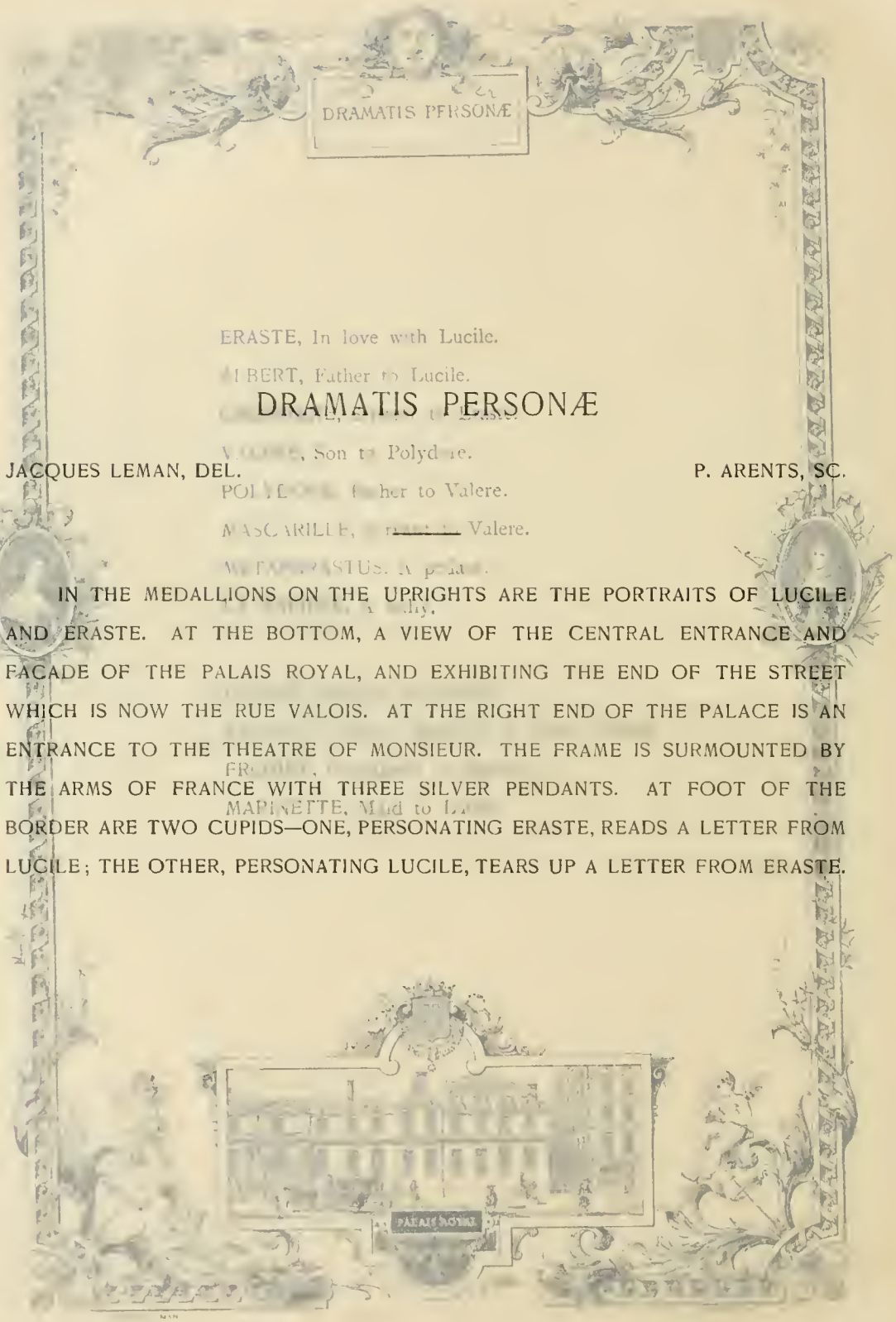
JACQUES LEMAN

ARENTS SC

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL. P. ARENTS, SC.

IN THE MEDALLIONS ON THE UPRIGHTS ARE THE PORTRAITS OF LUCILE AND ERASTE. AT THE BOTTOM, A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL ENTRANCE AND FACADE OF THE PALAIS ROYAL, AND EXHIBITING THE END OF THE STREET WHICH ISNOW THE RUE VALOIS. AT THE RIGHT END OF THE PALACE IS AN ENTRANCE TO THE THEATRE OF MONSIEUR. THE FRAME IS SURMOUNTED BY THE ARMS OF FRANCE WITH THREE SILVER PENDANTS. AT FOOT OF THE BORDER ARE TWO CUPIDS—ONE, PERSONATING ERASTE, READS A LETTER FROM LUCILE; THE OTHER, PERSONATING LUCILE, TEARS UP A LETTER FROM ERASTE.



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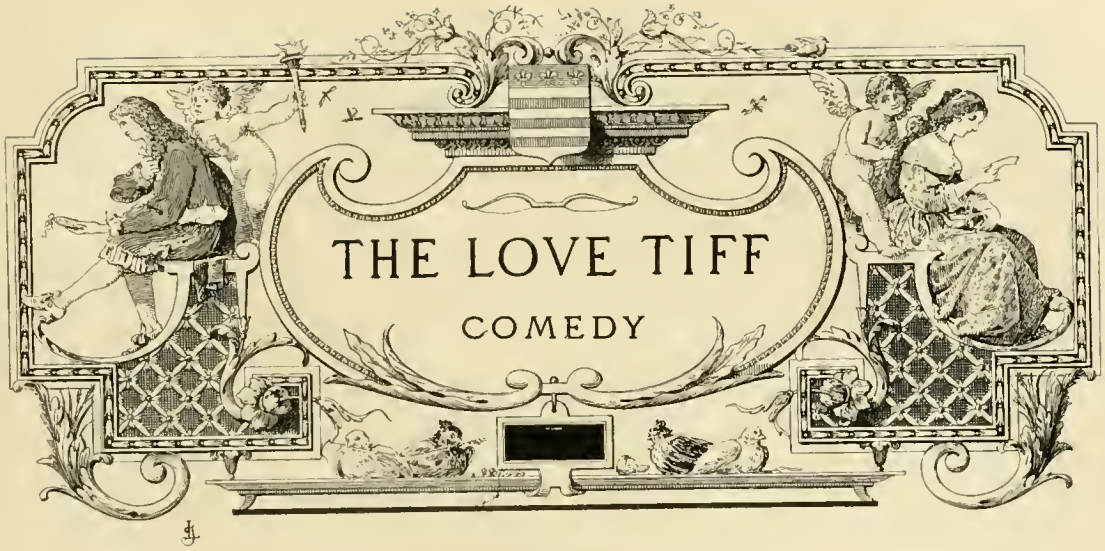

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ERASTE, GROS-RENÉ.

ERAS. Shall I declare it to you? A certain secret anxiety never leaves my mind quite at rest. Yes, whatever remarks you make about my love, to tell you the truth, I am afraid of being deceived; or that you may be bribed in order to favor a rival; or, at least, that you may be imposed upon as well as myself.

GR.-RE. As for me, if you suspect me of any knavish trick, I will say, and I trust I give no offence to your honor's love, that you wound my honesty very unjustly, and that you show but small skill in physiognomy. People of my bulk are not accused, thank Heaven! of being either rogues or plotters. I scarcely need protest against the honor paid to us, but am straightforward in everything.[1] As for my being deceived, that may be; there is a better foundation for that idea; nevertheless, I do not believe it can be easily done. I may be a fool, but I do not see yet why you vex yourself thus. Lucile, to my thinking, shows sufficient love for you; she sees you and talks to you at all times; and Valère, after all, who is the cause of your fear, seems only to be allowed to approach her because she is compelled so to act.

ERAS. A lover is often buoyed up by false hope. He who is best received is not always the most beloved. The affection a woman displays is often but a veil to cover her passion for another. Valère has lately shown too much tranquillity for a slighted lover; and the joy or indifference he displays at those favors, which you suppose bestowed upon me, embitters continually their greatest charms, causes this grief, which you cannot understand, holds my happiness in suspense, and makes it difficult for me to trust completely anything Lucile says to me. I should feel delighted if I saw Valère animated by a little more jealousy; his anxiety and impatience would then reassure my heart. Do you as yourself think it possible for any one to see a rival caressed and be as satisfied as he is; if you do not believe it, tell me, I conjure

you, if I have not a cause to be perplexed?

GR.-RE. Perhaps he has changed his inclination upon finding that he sighed in vain.

ERAS. When love has been frequently repelled it frees itself, and wishes to flee from the object it was charmed with; nor does it break its chain so quietly as to be able to continue at peace. When once we have been fond of anyone who influenced our destiny we are never afterwards indifferent in her presence; if our dislike does not increase when we behold her our love is upon the point of returning again. Believe me, however much a passion may be extinguished, a little jealousy still dwells in our breast; no one can see, without feeling some pang, the heart he has lost possessed by another.

GR.-RE. For my part, I do not understand so much philosophy. I candidly believe what my eyes see, and am not such a mortal enemy to myself as to become melancholy without any cause. Why should I try to split hairs, and labor hard to find out reasons to be miserable? Shall I alarm myself about castles in the air? Let Lent come before we keep it! I think grief an uncomfortable thing; and, for my part, I never foster it without good and just cause. I might frequently find a hundred opportunities to become sad, but I do not want to see them. I run the same risk in love as you do; I share in your bad or good luck. The mistress cannot deceive you, but the maid will do the same by me; yet I carefully avoid thinking about it. I like to believe people when they say "I love you." In order to be happy, I do not try to find out whether Mascarille tears the hair out of his head or not. Let Marinette allow herself to be kissed and caressed by Gros-René[2] as much as he likes, and let my charming rival laugh at it like a fool, I will laugh too as much as I like, and follow his example; we shall then see who will laugh the heartiest.

ERAS. That is like your talk.

GR.-RE. But here she comes.

SCENE II.—MARINETTE, ERASTE, GROS-RENÉ.

GR.-RE. Hist! Marinette.

MAR. Hallo! what are you doing there?

GR.-RE. Faith! do you ask? We were just talking about you.

MAR. Are you there, too, sir? Upon my word you have made me trot about like a flunkey for this hour past.

ERAS. How so?

MAR. I have walked ten miles to look for you, and give you my word that . . .

ERAS. What?

MAR. That you were neither at church, in the fashionable walk, at home, nor in the market-place.

GR.-RE. You may swear to that.

ERAS. But pray, tell me who sent you?

MAR. One, in good truth, who bears you no great ill-will; in a word, my mistress.

ERAS. Ah! dear Marinette, do your words really express what she feels? Do not hide some ominous secret from me. I should not dislike you for this. For Heaven's sake tell me if your charming mistress does not merely pretend to love me?

MAR. Ha! ha! ha! What has put that funny notion into your head? Does she not sufficiently show her inclination? What further security does your love demand? What does it require?

GR.-RE. Unless Valère hangs himself, or some such trifle, he will not be reassured.

MAR. How so?

GR.-RE. He is so very jealous.

MAR. Of Valère? Ha! a pretty fancy indeed! It could only be hatched in your brain. I thought you a man of sense, and until now had a good opinion of your intellect; but I see I was very much deceived. Have you also got a touch of this distemper in your head?

GR.-RE. I jealous? Heaven forbid! and keep me from being so silly as to go and make myself lean with any such grief. Your heart guarantees your fidelity; besides, I have too good an opinion of myself to believe that any other could please you after me. Where the deuce could you find any one equal to me?

MAR. You really are right; that is as it should be. A jealous man should never show his suspicions! All that he gains by it is to do himself harm, and in this manner furthers the designs of his rival. Your distrust often is the cause that a mistress pays attention to a man, before whose merits your own have paled. I know a certain person who, were it not for the preposterous jealousy of a rival, had never been so happy as he now is. But, in any case, to show suspicion in love is acting a foolish part, and after all is to make one's self miserable for nothing. This, sir (*to Eraste*), I mean as a hint to you.

ERAS. Very well, let us talk no more about it. What have you to say to me?

MAR. You deserve to be kept in suspense. In order to punish you, I ought to keep from you the great secret which has made me hunt for you so long. Here, read this letter, and doubt no more. Read it aloud, nobody listens.

ERAS. (*Reads.*) "*You told me that your love was capable of doing anything. It may be crowned this very day, if you can but get my father's consent. Acquaint him with the power you have over my heart; I give you leave so to do; if his reply be favorable, I can answer for it that I shall obey.*" Ah! how happy am I! I ought to look upon you, the bearer of this letter, as a divine creature.

GR.-RE. I told you so. Though you do not believe it, I am seldom deceived in the things I ponder on.

ERAS. (*Reading the letter again.*) "*Acquaint him with the power you have over my heart; I give you leave so to do; if his reply be favorable, I can answer for it that I shall obey.*"

MAR. If I should tell her you are weak-minded enough to be jealous, she would immediately disown such a letter as this.

ERAS. I beseech you, conceal from her a momentary fear, for which I thought I had some slight foundation; or, if you do tell it her, say to her at the same time that I am ready to atone for my fit of madness with my life, and would die at her feet, if I have been capable of displeasing her.

MAR. Let us not talk of dying; this is no time for it.

ERAS. However, you have laid me under a great obligation; I intend shortly to acknowledge in a handsome manner the trouble so gentle and so lovely a messenger has taken.

MAR. That reminds me. Do you know where I looked for you just now?

ERAS. Well?

MAR. Quite near the market-place; you know where that is.

ERAS. Where did you say?

MAR. There . . . in that shop where last month you generously and freely promised me a ring.

ERAS. Um! I understand you.

GR.-RE. What a cunning jade!

ERAS. It is true; I have delayed too long to make good my promise to you, but . . .

MAR. What I said, sir, was not because I wished you to make haste.

GR.-RE. Oh, no!

ERAS. (*Giving her his ring.*) Perhaps this ring may please you; accept it instead of the one I owe.

MAR. You are only jesting, sir; I should be ashamed to take it.

GR.-RE. Poor shame-faced creature! Take it without more ado; only fools refuse what is offered them.

MAR. I will only accept it so that I may have something to remember you by.

ERAS. When may I return thanks to that lovely angel?

MAR. Endeavor to gain over her father.

ERAS. But if he rejects me, should I . . . ?

MAR. We will think about that when he does so! We will do our utmost for you; one way or another she must be yours; do your best, and we will do ours.

ERAS. Farewell! we shall know our fate today. (*Eraste reads the letter again to himself.*)

MAR. (*To Gros-René.*) Well, what shall we say of our love? You do not speak to me of it.

GR.-RE. If such people as we wish to be married, the thing is soon done. I will have you. Will you have me?

MAR. Gladly.

GR.-RE. Shake hands, that is enough.

MAR. Farewell, Gros-René, my heart's delight.

GR.-RE. Farewell, my star.

MAR. Farewell, fair firebrand of my flame.

GR.-RE. Farewell, dear comet, rainbow of my soul. (*Exit Marinette.*) Heaven be praised, our affairs go on swimmingly. Albert is not a man to refuse you anything.

ERAS. Valère is coming here.

GR.-RE. I pity the poor wretch, knowing what I do know.

SCENE III.—ERASTE, VALÈRE, GROS-RENÉ.

ERAS. Well, Valère?

VAL. Well, Eraste?

ERAS. How does your love prosper?

VAL. And how does yours?

ERAS. It grows stronger every day.

VAL. So does mine.

ERAS. For Lucile?

VAL. For her.

ERAS. Certainly, I must own, you are a pattern of uncommon constancy.

VAL. And your perseverance will be a rare example to posterity.

ERAS. As for me, I am not very fond of that austere kind of love which is satisfied with looks only; nor do I possess feelings lofty enough to endure ill-treatment with constancy. In one word, when I really love, I wish to be beloved again.

VAL. It is very natural, and I am of the same opinion. I would never do homage to the most perfect object by whom I could be smitten if she did not return my passion.

ERAS. However, Lucile . . .

VAL. Lucile does willingly everything my passion can desire.

ERAS. You are easily satisfied then.

VAL. No so easily as you may think.

ERAS. I, however, may, without vanity, believe that I am in her favor.

VAL. And I know that I have a very good share of it.

ERAS. Do not deceive yourself; believe me.

VAL. Believe me; do not be too credulous, and take too much for granted.

ERAS. If I might show you a certain proof that her heart . . . but no, it would too much distress you.

VAL. If I might discover a secret to you . . . but it might grieve you, and so I will be discreet.

ERAS. You really urge me too far, and, though much against my will, I see I must lower your presumption. Read that.

VAL. (*After having read the letter.*) These are tender words.

ERAS. You know the handwriting?

VAL. Yes; it is Lucile's.

ERAS. Well! where is now your boasted certainty . . . ?

VAL. (*Smiling and going away.*) Farewell, Eraste.

GR.-RE. He is mad, surely. What reason has he to laugh?

ERAS. He certainly surprises me, and between ourselves I cannot imagine what the deuce of a mystery is hidden under this.

GR.-RE. Here comes his servant, I think.

ERAS. Yes, it is he; let us play the hypocrite, to set him talking about his master's love.

SCENE IV.—ERASTE, MASCARILLE, GROS-RENÉ.

MASC. (*Aside.*) No, I do not know a more wretched situation than to have a young master very much in love.

GR.-RE. Good morning.

MASC. Good morning.

GR.-RE. Where is Mascarille going just now? What is he doing? Is he coming back? Is he going away? Or does he intend to stay where he is?

MASC. No, I am not coming back, because I have not yet been where I am going; nor am I going, for I am stopped; nor do I design to stay, for this very moment I intend to be gone.

ERAS. You are very abrupt, Mascarille; gently.

MASC. Ha! Your servant, sir.

ERAS. You are in great haste to run away from us: what! do I frighten you?

MASC. You are too courteous to do that.

ERAS. Shake hands; all jealousy is now at an end between us; we will be friends; I have relinquished my love; henceforth you can have your own way to further your happiness.

MASC. Would to Heaven it were true!

ERAS. Gros-René knows that I have already another flame elsewhere.

GR.-RE. Certainly; and I also give up Marinette to you.

MASC. Do not let us touch on that point; our rivalry is not likely to go to such a length. But is it certain, sir, that you are no longer in love, or do you jest?

ERAS. I have been informed that your master is but too fortunate in his amours; I should be a fool to pretend any longer to gain the same favors which that lady grants to him alone.

MASC. Certainly, you please me with this news. Though I was rather afraid of you, with regard to our plans, yet you do wisely to slip your neck out of the collar. You have done well to leave a house where you were only caressed for form's sake; I, knowing all that was going on, have many times pitied you, because you were allured by expectations which could never be realized. It is a sin and a shame to deceive a gentleman! But how the deuce, after all, did you find out the trick? For when they plighted their faith to each other there were no witnesses but night, myself, and two others; and the tying of the knot, which satisfies the passion of our lovers, is thought to have been kept a secret till now.

ERAS. Ha! What do you say?

MASC. I say that I am amazed, sir, and

cannot guess who told you that under this mask, which deceives you and everybody else, a secret marriage unites their matchless love.

ERAS. You lie!

MASC. Sir, with all my heart.

ERAS. You are a rascal.

MASC. I acknowledge I am.

ERAS. And this impudence deserves a sound beating on the spot.

MASC. I am completely in your power.

ERAS. Ha! Gros-René.

GR.-RE. Sir?

ERAS. I contradict a story, which I much fear is but too true. (*To Mascarille.*) You wanted to run away.

MASC. Not in the least.

ERAS. What! Lucile is married to . . .

MASC. No, sir; I was only joking.

ERAS. Hey! you were joking, you wretch?

MASC. No, I was not joking.

ERAS. Is it true, then?

MASC. No, I do not say that.

ERAS. What do you say, then?

MASC. Alas! I say nothing, for fear of saying something wrong.

ERAS. Tell me positively whether you have spoken the truth or deceived me.

MASC. Whatever you please. I do not come here to contradict you.

ERAS. (*Drawing his sword.*) Will you tell me? Here is something that will loosen your tongue without more ado.

MASC. It will again be saying some foolish speech or other. I pray you, if you have no objection, let me quickly have a few stripes, and then allow me to scamper off.

ERAS. You shall suffer death, unless you tell me the whole truth without disguise.

MASC. Alas! I will tell it, then; but perhaps, sir, I shall make you angry.

ERAS. Speak: but take great care what you are doing; nothing shall save you from my just anger if you utter but one single falsehood in your narration.

MASC. I agree to it; break my legs, arms, do worse to me still, kill me, if I have deceived you in the smallest degree in anything I have said.

ERAS. It is true, then, that they are married?

MASC. With regard to this, I can now clearly see that my tongue tripped; but, for all that, the business happened just as I told you. It was after five visits paid at night, and whilst you were made use of as a screen to conceal their proceedings, that they were united the day before yesterday. Lucile ever since tries still more to hide the great love she bears my master, and desires he will only consider whatever he may see, and whatever favors she may show you, as the results of her deep-laid scheme, in order to prevent the discovery of their secrets. If, notwithstanding my protestations, you doubt the truth of what I have told you, Gros-René may come some night along with me, and I will show him, as I stand and watch, that we shall be admitted into her house after dark.

ERAS. Out of my sight, villain!

MASC. I shall be delighted to go; that is just what I want. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—ERASTE, GROS-RENÉ.

ERAS. Well?

GR.-RE. Well! Sir, we are both taken in if this fellow speaks the truth.

ERAS. Alas! The odious rascal has spoken the truth too well. All that he has said is very likely to have happened; Valère's behavior, at the sight of this letter, denotes that there is a collusion between them, and that it is a screen to hide Lucile's love for him.

SCENE VI.—ERASTE, MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ.

MAR. I come to tell you that this evening my mistress permits you to see her in the garden.

ERAS. How dare you address me, you hypocritical traitress? Get out of my sight, and tell your mistress not to trouble me any more about her letters; that is the regard, wretch, I have for them. (*He tears the letter and goes out.*)

MAR. Tell me, Gros-René, what ails him?

GR.-RE. Dare you again address me, iniquitous female, deceitful crocodile, whose base heart is worse than a satrap or a Lestrigon?[3] Go, go, carry your answer to your lovely mistress, and tell her short and sweet, that in spite of all her cunning, neither my master nor I are any longer fools, and that henceforth she and you may go to the devil together. (*Exit.*)

MAR. My poor Marinette, are you quite awake? What demon are they possessed by? What? Is it thus they receive our favors? How shocked my mistress will be when she hears this!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Ascanio, Frosine.

Fros. Thank Heaven! I am a girl who can keep a secret, Ascanio.

Asc. But is this place private enough for such a conversation? Let us take care that nobody surprises us, or that we be not overheard from some corner or other.

Fros. We should be much less safe within the house; here we can easily see anybody coming, and may speak in perfect safety.

Asc. Alas! how painful it is for me to begin my tale!

Fros. Sure, this must be an important secret, then?

Asc. Too much so, since I even entrust it to you with reluctance; even you should not know it, if I could keep it concealed any longer.

Fros. Fie! you insult me when you hesitate to trust in me, whom you have ever found so reserved in everything that concerns you—me, who was brought up with you, and have kept secret things of so great an importance to you; me, who know . . .

Asc. Yes, you are already acquainted with the secret reason which conceals from the eyes of the world my sex and family. You know that I was brought into this house, where I have passed my infancy, in order to preserve an inheritance which, on the death of young Ascanio (whom I personate), should have fallen to others; that is why I dare to

unbosom myself to you with perfect confidence. But before we begin this conversation, Frosine, clear up a doubt which continually besets me. Can it be possible that Albert should know nothing of the secret which thus disguises my sex and makes him my father?

FROS. To tell you the truth, what you now wish to know has also greatly puzzled me. I have never been able to get at the bottom of this intrigue, nor could my mother give me any further insight. When Albert's son died, who was so much beloved, and to whom a very rich uncle bequeathed a great deal of property, even before his birth, his mother kept his death secret, fearing that her husband, who was absent at the time, would have gone distracted, had he seen that great inheritance, from which his family would have reaped such advantage, pass into the hands of another. She, I say, in order to conceal this misfortune, formed the plan of putting you into the place of her lost son; you were taken from our family, where you were brought up. Your mother gave her consent to this deceit; you took the son's place, and every one was bribed to keep the secret. Albert has never known it through us, and as his wife kept it for more than twelve years, and died suddenly, her unexpected death prevented her from disclosing it. I perceive, however, that he keeps up an acquaintance with your real mother, and that, in private, he assists her; perhaps all this is not done without a reason. On the other hand, he commits a blunder by urging you to marry some young lady! Perhaps he knows that you took the place of his son, without knowing that you are a girl. But this digression might gradually carry us too far; let us return to that secret which I am impatient to hear.

ASC. Know, then, that Cupid cannot be deceived, that I have not been able to disguise my sex from love's eyes, and that his subtle shafts have reached the heart of a weak woman beneath the dress I wear. In four words, I am in love!

FROS. You in love!

ASC. Gently, Frosine; do not be quite so astonished; it is not time yet; this love-sick heart has something else to tell you that will surprise you.

FROS. What is it?

ASC. I am in love with Valère.

FROS. Ha! I really am surprised. What! you love a man whose family your deceit has deprived of a rich inheritance, and who, if he had the least suspicion of your sex, would immediately regain everything. This is a still greater subject of astonishment.

ASC. I have a more wonderful surprise for you yet in store—I am his wife.

FROS. Oh, Heavens! his wife!

ASC. Yes, his wife.

FROS. Ha! this is worse than all, and nearly drives me mad.

ASC. And yet this is not all.

FROS. Not all!

ASC. I am his wife, I say, and he does not think so, nor has he the least idea of what I really am.

GROS. Go on, I give it up, and will not say anything more, so much every word amazes me. I cannot comprehend anything of these riddles.

ASC. I shall explain if you will but hear me. Valère, who admired my sister, seemed to me a lover worthy of being listened to; I could not bear to see his addresses slighted without feeling a certain interest in him. I wished that Lucile should take pleasure in his conversation; I blamed her severity, and

blamed it so effectually that I myself, without being able to help it, became affected with that passion which she could not entertain. He was talking to her, and persuaded me; I suffered myself to be overcome by the very sighs he breathed; and the love, rejected by the object of his flame, entered, like a conqueror, into my heart, which was wounded by an arrow not aimed at it, and paid another's debt with heavy interest. At last, my dear, the love I felt for him forced me to declare myself, but under a borrowed name. One night I spoke to him, disguising my voice as if it were Lucile's, and this too amiable lover thought she returned his love; I managed the conversation so well that he never found out the deception. Under that disguise which pleased so much his deluded imagination I told him that I was enamored of him, but that, finding my father opposed to my wishes, I ought at least to pretend to obey him; that therefore it behooved us to keep our love secret, with which the night alone should be acquainted; that all private conversation should be avoided during the day, for fear of betraying everything; that he should behold me with the same indifference as he did before we had come to an understanding; and that on his part, as well as mine, no communication should take place either by gesture, word or writing. In short, without dwelling any longer upon all the pains I have taken to bring this deception to a safe termination, I went on with my bold project as far as it was possible to go, and secured the husband I mentioned to you.

FROS. Upon my word, you possess great talents. Would anyone think so on seeing her passionless countenance? However, you have been pretty hasty, and though I grant that the affair has succeeded until now, what do you think will be the end of it, for it cannot be long concealed?

ASC. When love is strong it overcomes all obstacles until it is satisfied; provided it reaches the wished-for goal, it looks upon everything else as a mere trifle. I have told you all to-day, so that your advice . . . But here comes my husband.

SCENE II.—VALÈRE, ASCANIO, FROSINE.

VAL. If you are conversing, and if my presence is any interruption, I shall withdraw.

ASC. No; you may well interrupt it, since we were talking about you.

VAL. About me?

ASC. About yourself.

VAL. How so?

ASC. I was saying, that if I had been a woman, Valère would have been able to please me but too well, and that if I had been beloved by him I should not have delayed long to make him happy.

VAL. This declaration does not cost you much, as there is such an *if* in the way; but you would be finely caught if some miraculous event should put to the proof the truth of so obliging a declaration.

ASC. Not in the least; I tell you that if I reigned in your heart I would very willingly crown your passion.

VAL. And what, if you might contribute to my happiness, by assisting me to further my love?

ASC. I should then certainly disappoint you.

VAL. This admission is not very polite.

ASC. What, Valère? Supposing I were a

woman and loved you tenderly, would you be so cruel as to make me promise to aid you in your love for another lady? I could not perform such a painful task.

VAL. But you are not a woman.

ASC. What I said to you I said in the character of a woman, and you ought to take it so.

VAL. Thus I ought not to imagine you like me, Ascanio, unless Heaven works a miracle in you. Therefore, as you are not a woman, I bid farewell to your affection; you do not care in the least for me.

ASC. My feelings are far more nice than people imagine, and the smallest misgiving shocks me when love is in the case. But I am sincere; I will not promise to aid you, Valère, unless you assure me that you entertain precisely the same sentiments for me; that you feel the same warmth of friendship for me as I feel for you; and that if I were a woman you would love no one better than me.

VAL. I never before heard of such a jealous scruple, but, though quite unexpected, this affection obliges me to make some return for it; I here promise you all you require of me.

ASC. But, sincerely?

VAL. Yes, sincerely.

ASC. If this be true, I promise you that henceforth your interests shall be mine.

VAL. I have a secret of the utmost consequence to reveal to you by and by, and then I shall remind you of your words.

ASC. And I have likewise a secret to discover to you, wherein your affection for me may show itself.

VAL. Indeed! what can that be?

ASC. I have a love affair which I dare not reveal, and you have influence enough over the object of my passion to promote my happiness.

VAL. Explain yourself, Ascanio, and be assured beforehand that if your happiness lies in my power it is certain.

ASC. You promise more than you imagine.

VAL. No, no; tell me the name of the person whom I have to influence.

ASC. It is not yet time, but it is a person who is nearly related to you.

VAL. Your words amaze me; would to Heaven my sister . . .

ASC. This is not the proper time to explain myself, I tell you.

VAL. Why so?

ASC. For a certain reason. You shall know my secret when I know yours.

VAL. I must have another person's permission before I can discover it to you.

ASC. Obtain it, then; and when we shall have explained ourselves we shall see which of us two will best keep his word.

VAL. Farewell; I accept your offer.

ASC. And I will be bound by it, Valère. (*Exit Valère.*)

FROS. He thinks you will help him as a brother.

SCENE III.—LUCILE, ASCANIO, MARINETTE, FROSINE.

LUC. (*Saying the first words to Marinette.*) I have done it; it is thus I can revenge myself; if this step torments him it will be a great consolation to me . . . Brother, you perceive a change in me; I am resolved to love Valère, after so much ill-usage; he shall become the object of my affection.

Asc. What do you say, sister? How do you change so suddenly? This inconstancy seems to me very strange.

Luc. Your change of disposition has more cause to surprise me. You formerly used always to plead in favor of Valère; for his sake you have accused me of caprice, blind cruelty, pride and injustice; and now, when I wish to love him, my intention displeases you, and I find you speaking against his interest.

Asc. I abandon his interest, sister, out of regard to yours. I know he is under the sway of another fair one; it will be a discredit to your charms if you call him back and he does not come.

Luc. If that is all I shall take care not to suffer a defeat; I know what I am to believe of his passion; he has shown it very clearly, at least so I think; you may safely discover my sentiments to him: or if you refuse to do it, I myself shall let him know that his passion has touched me. What! you stand thunderstruck, brother, at those words!

Asc. Oh, sister, if I have any influence over you, if you will listen to a brother's entreaties, abandon such a design; do not take away Valère from the love of a young creature in whom I feel great interest, and for whom, upon my word, you ought to feel some sympathy. The poor unfortunate woman loves him to distraction; to me alone she has disclosed her passion; I perceived in her heart such a tender affection that it might soften even the most relentless being. Yes, you yourself will pity her condition when she shall become aware with what stroke you threaten to crush her love; so sure am I of the excess of her grief that I am certain, sister, she will die if you rob her of the man she adores. Eraste is a match that ought to satisfy you, and the mutual affection that you have for one another . . .

Luc. Brother, it is sufficient! I do not know in whom you take such an interest; but let us not continue this conversation, I beg of you; leave me a little to my own thoughts.

Asc. Cruel sister, you will drive me to despair if you carry your design into execution.

SCENE IV.—Lucile, Marinette.

Mar. Your resolution, madam, is very sudden.

Luc. A heart considers nothing when it is once affronted, but flies to its revenge, and eagerly lays hold of whatever it thinks can minister to its resentment. The wretch! To treat me with such extreme insolence!

Mar. You see I have not yet recovered the effects; though I were to brood over it to all eternity, I cannot understand it, and all my labor is in vain. For never did a lover express more delight on receiving good news; so pleased was he with your kind note that he called me nothing less than a divine creature; and yet when I brought him the other message there was never a poor girl treated so scurvily. I cannot imagine what could happen in so short a time to occasion so great a change.

Luc. Do not trouble yourself about what may have happened, since nothing shall secure him against my hatred. What! do you think there is any secret reason for this affront but his own baseness? Does the unfortunate letter

I sent him, and for which I now blame myself, present the smallest excuse for his madness?

MAR. Indeed, I must say you are right; this quarrel is downright treachery; we have both been duped, and yet, madam, we listen to these faithless rascals who promise everything; who, in order to hook us, feign so much tenderness; we let our severity melt before their fine speeches, and yield to their wishes, because we are too weak! A shame on our folly, and a plague take the men!

LUC. Well, well! let him boast and laugh at us; he shall not long have cause to triumph; I will let him see that in a well-balanced mind hatred follows close on slighted favors.

MAR. At least, in such a case, it is a great happiness to know that we are not in their power. Notwithstanding all that was said, Marinette was right the other night to interfere when some people were in a very merry mood. Another, in hopes of matrimony, would have listened to the temptation, but *nescio vos*, quoth I.[4]

LUC. How foolishly you talk; how ill you choose your time to joke! My heart is full of grief. If ever fate wills it that this false lover —but I am in the wrong to conceive at present any such expectation; for Heaven has been too well pleased to afflict me to put it in my power to be revenged on him—but if ever a propitious fate, I say, should cause Eraste to come back to me, and lay down his life as a sacrifice at my feet, as well as declare his sorrow for what he has done to-day, I forbid you, above all things, to speak to me in his favor. On the contrary, I would have you show your zeal by setting fully before me the greatness of his crime; if my heart should be tempted ever to degrade itself so far, let your affection then show itself; spare me not, but support my anger as is fit.

MAR. Oh! do not fear! leave that to me; I am at least as angry as you; I would rather remain a maid all my life than that my fat rascal should give me any inclination for him again. If he comes . . .

SCENE V.—MARINETTE, LUCILE, ALBERT.

ALB. Go in, Lucile, and tell the tutor to come to me; I wish to have a little talk with him; and as he is the master of Ascanio, find out what is the cause that the latter has been of late so gloomy.

SCENE VI.—ALBERT, *alone*.

Into what an abyss of cares and perplexities does one unjust action precipitate us. For a long time I have suffered a great deal because I was too avaricious, and passed off a stranger for my dead son. When I consider the mischief which followed I sincerely wish I had never thought of it. Sometimes I dread to behold my family in poverty and covered with shame when the deception will be found out; at other times I fear a hundred accidents that may happen to this son whom it concerns me so much to preserve. If any business calls me abroad, I am afraid of hearing, on my return, some such melancholy tidings as these: "You know, I suppose? Have they not told you? Your son has a fever; or

he has broken his leg or his arm." In short, every moment, no matter what I do, all kinds of apprehensions are continually entering into my head. Ha!

SCENE VII.—ALBERT, METAPHRASTUS.

MET. *Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.*[5]

ALB. Master, I want to . . .

MET. Master is derived from *magis ter;* it is as though you say "thrice greater."

ALB. May I die if I knew that; but, never mind, be it so. Master, then . . .

MET. Proceed.

ALB. So I would, but do not proceed to interrupt me thus. Once more, then, master, for the third time, my son causes me some uneasiness. You know that I love him, and that I always brought him up carefully.

MET. It is true: *filio non potest præferri nisi filius.*[6]

ALB. Master, I do not think this jargon at all necessary in common conversation. I believe you are a great Latin scholar and an eminent doctor, for I rely on those who have told me so; but in a conversation which I should like to have with you, do not display all your learning—do not play the pedant, and utter ever so many words, as if you were holding forth in a pulpit. My father, though he was a very clever man, never taught me anything but my prayers; and though I have said them daily for fifty years, they are still High-Dutch to me. Therefore, do not employ your prodigious knowledge, but adapt your language to my weak understanding.

MET. Be it so.

ALB. My son seems to be afraid of matrimony; whenever I propose a match to him he seems indifferent, and draws back.

MET. Perhaps he is of the temper of Mark Tully's brother, whom he writes about to Atticus. This is what the Greeks call *athanaton* . . .[7]

ALB. For Heaven's sake! you ceaseless teacher, I pray you have done with the Greeks, the Albanians, the Sclavonians, and all the other nations you have mentioned; they have nothing to do with my son.

MET. Well, then, your son . . .?

ALB. I do not know whether a secret love does not burn within him. Something disturbs him, or I am much deceived; for I saw him yesterday, when he did not see me, in a corner of the wood, where no person ever goes.

MET. In a recess of a grove, you mean, a remote spot, in Latin *secessus.* Virgil says, *est in secessu locus* . . .[8]

ALB. How could Virgil say that, since I am certain that there was not a soul in that quiet spot except us two?

MET. I quote Virgil as a famous author, who employed a more correct expression than the word you used, and not as a witness of what you saw yesterday.

ALB. I tell you I do not need a more correct expression, an author, or a witness, and that my own testimony is sufficient.

MET. However, you ought to choose words which are used by the best authors; *tu vivendo bonos, scribendo sequare peritos,*[9] as the saying is.

ALB. Man or devil, will you hear me without disputing?

MET. That is Quintilian's rule.

ALB. Hang the chatterbox!

MET. He has a very learned sentence upon a similar subject, which, I am sure, you will be very glad to hear.

ALB. I will be the devil to carry you off, you wretch. Oh! I am very much tempted to apply something to those chops.

MET. Sir, what is the reason that you fly in such a passion? What do you wish me to do?

ALB. I have told you twenty times; I wish you to listen to me when I speak.

MET. Oh! undoubtedly, you shall be satisfied if that is all. I am silent.

ALB. You act wisely.

MET. I am ready to hear what you have to say.

ALB. So much the better.

MET. May I be struck dead if I say another word!

ALB. Heaven grant you that favor.

MET. You shall not accuse me henceforth of talkativeness.

ALB. Be it so.

MET. Speak whenever you please.

ALB. I am going to do so.

MET. And do not be afraid of my interrupting you.

ALB. That is enough.

MET. My word is my bond.

ALB. I believe so.

MET. I have promised to say nothing.

ALB. That is sufficient.

MET. From this moment I am dumb.

ALB. Very well.

MET. Speak; go on; I will give you a hearing at least; you shall not complain that I cannot keep silent; I will not so much as open my mouth.

ALB. (*Aside.*) The wretch!

MET. But pray, do not be prolix. I have listened already a long time, and it is reasonable that I should speak in my turn.

ALB. Detestable torturer!

MET. Hey! good lack! would you have me listen to you forever? Let us share the talk, at least, or I shall be gone.

ALB. My patience is really . . .

MET. What, will you proceed? You have not done yet? By Jove, I am stunned.

ALB. I have not spoken . . .

MET. Again! good Heavens! what exuberant speechifying! Can nothing be done to stop it?

ALB. I am mad with rage.

MET. You are talking again! What a peculiar way of tormenting people! Let me say a few words, I entreat you; a fool who says nothing cannot be distinguished from a wise man who holds his tongue.

ALB. Zounds! I will make you hold yours. (*Exit.*)

SCÈNE VIII.—METAPHRASTUS, *alone.*

Hence comes very properly that saying of a philosopher, "Speak, that I may know thee." Therefore, if the liberty of speaking is taken from me, I, for my part, would as soon be divested of my humanity, and exchange my being for that of a brute. I shall have a headache for a week. Oh! how I detest these eternal talkers! But if learned men are not listened to, if their mouths are forever to be stopped, then the order of events must be changed; the hens in a little time will devour the fox; young children teach old men; little lambs take a delight in pur-

suing the wolf; fools make laws; women go to battle; judges be tried by criminals; and masters whipped by pupils; a sick man prescribe for a healthy one; a timerous hare . . .

SCENE IX.—ALBERT, METAPHRASTUS.

(*Albert rings a bell in the ears of Metaphrastus, and drives him off.*)

MET. Mercy on me! Help! help!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MASCARILLE, *alone.*

Heaven sometimes favors a bold design; we must get out of a bad business as well as we can. As for me, after having imprudently talked too much, the quickest remedy I could employ was to go on in the same way, and immediately to tell to our old master the whole intrigue. His son is a giddy-brained mortal, who worries me; but if the other tells what I have discovered to him, then I had better take care, for I shall get a beating. However, before his fury can be kindled, some lucky thing may happen to us, and the two old men may arrange the business between themselves. That is what I am going to attempt; without losing a moment I must, by my master's order, go and see Albert. (*Knocks at Albert's door.*)

SCENE II.—ALBERT, MASCARILLE.

ALB. Who knocks?

MASC. A friend.

ALB. What brings you hither, Mascarille?

MASC. I come, sir, to wish you good-morning.

ALB. Hah! you really take a great deal of pains. Good-morning, then, with all my heart. (*He goes in.*)

MASC. The answer is short and sweet. What a blunt old fellow he is. (*Knocks.*)

ALB. What, do you knock again?

MASC. You have not heard me, sir.

ALB. Did you not wish me good-morning?

MASC. I did.

ALB. Well, then, good-morning, I say. (*Is going; Mascarille stops him.*)

MASC. But I likewise come to pay Mr. Polydore's compliments to you.

ALB. Oh! that is another thing. Has your master ordered you to give his compliments to me?

MASC. Yes.

ALB. I am obliged to him; you may go; tell him I wish him all kinds of happiness. (*Exit.*)

MASC. This man is an enemy to all ceremony. (*Knocks.*) I have not finished, sir, giving you his whole message; he has a favor to request of you.

ALB. Well, whenever he pleases, I am at his service.

MASC. (*Stopping him.*) Stay, and allow me to finish in two words. He desires to have a few minutes' conversation with you about an important affair, and he will come hither.

ALB. Hey! what affair can that be which makes him wish to have some conversation with me?

MASC. A great secret, I tell you, which he has but just discovered, and which, no doubt, greatly concerns you both. And now I have delivered my message.

SCENE III.—ALBERT, *alone.*

ALB. Righteous Heaven! how I tremble! Polydore and I have had little acquaintance together; my designs will all be overthrown; this secret is, no doubt, that of which I dread the discovery. They have bribed somebody to betray me; so there is a stain upon my honor which can never be wiped off. My imposture is found out. Oh! how difficult it is to keep the truth concealed for any length of time! How much better would it have been for me and my reputation had I followed the dictates of a well-founded apprehension! Many times and oft have I been tempted to give up to Polydore the wealth I withhold from him, in order to prevent the outcry that will be raised against me when everything shall be known, and so get the whole business quietly settled. But, alas! it is now too late; the opportunity is gone; and this wealth, which wrongfully came into my family, will be lost to them, and sweep away the greatest part of my own property with it.

SCENE IV.—ALBERT, POLYDORE.

POL. (*Not seeing Albert.*) To be married in this fashion, and no one knowing anything about it! I hope it may all end well! I do not know what to think of it. I much fear the great wealth and just anger of the father. But I see him alone.

ALB. Oh, Heavens! yonder comes Polydore.

POL. I tremble to accost him.

ALB. Fear keeps me back.

POL. How shall I begin?

ALB. What shall I say?

POL. He is in a great passion.

ALB. He changes color.

POL. I see, Signor Albert, by your looks, that you know already what brings me hither.

ALB. Alas! yes.

POL. The news, indeed, may well surprise you, and I could scarcely believe what I was told just now.

ALB. I ought to blush with shame and confusion.

POL. I think such an action deserves great blame, and do not pretend to excuse the guilty.

ALB. Heaven is merciful to miserable sinners.

POL. You should bear this in mind.

ALB. A man ought to behave as a Christian.

POL. That is quite right.

ALB. Have mercy; for Heaven's sake, have mercy, Signor Polydore.

POL. It is for me to implore it of you.

ALB. Grant me mercy; I ask it on my bended knees.

POL. I ought to be in that attitude rather than you.[10]

ALB. Pity my misfortune.

POL. After such an outrage I am the postulant.

ALB. Your goodness is heart-rending.

POL. You abash me with so much humility.

ALB. Once more, pardon.

POL. Alas! I crave it of you.

ALB. I am extremely sorry for this business.

POL. And I feel it greatly.

ALB. I venture to entreat you not to make it public.

POL. Alas, Signor Albert, I desire the very same.

ALB. Let us preserve my honor.

POL. With all my heart.

ALB. As for money, you shall determine how much you require.

POL. I desire no more than you are willing to give; you shall be the master in all these things; I shall be but too happy if you are so.

ALB. Ha! what a God-like man! how very kind he is!

POL. How very kind you are yourself, and that after such a misfortune.

ALB. May you be prosperous in all things!

POL. May Heaven preserve you!

ALB. Let us embrace like brothers.

POL. With all my heart! I am overjoyed that everything has ended so happily.

ALB. I thank Heaven for it.

POL. I do not wish to deceive you; I was afraid you would resent that Lucile has committed a fault with my son; and as you are powerful, have wealth and friends . . .

ALB. Hey! what do you say of faults and Lucile?

POL. Enough; let us not enter into a useless conversation. I own my son is greatly to blame; nay, if that will satisfy you, I will admit that he alone is at fault; that your daughter was too virtuous, and would never have taken a step so derogatory to honor, had she not been prevailed upon by a wicked seducer; that the wretch has betrayed her innocent modesty, and thus frustrated all your expectations. But since the thing is done, and my prayers have been granted, since we are both at peace and amity, let it be buried in oblivion, and repair the offence by the ceremony of a happy alliance.

ALB. (*Aside.*) Oh, Heavens! what a mistake I have been under! What do I hear! I get from one difficulty into another as great. I do not know what to answer amidst these different emotions; if I say one word, I am afraid of betraying myself.

POL. What are you thinking of, Signor Albert?

ALB. Of nothing. Let us put off our conversation for awhile, I pray you. I have become suddenly very unwell, and am obliged to leave you.

SCENE V.—POLYDORE, *alone.*

I can look into his soul and discover what disturbs him; though he listened to reason at first, yet his anger is not quite appeased. Now and then the remembrance of the offence flashes upon him; he endeavors to hide his

emotion by leaving me alone. I feel for him, and his grief touches me. It will require some time before he regains his composure, for if sorrow is suppressed too much, it easily becomes worse. O! here comes my foolish boy, the cause of all this confusion.

SCENE VI.—POLYDORE, VALÈRE.

POL. So, my fine fellow, shall your nice goings-on disturb your poor old father every moment? You perform something new every day, and we never hear of anything else.

VAL. What am I doing every day that is so very criminal? And how have I deserved so greatly a father's wrath?

POL. I am a strange man, and very peculiar to accuse so good and discreet a son. He lives like a saint, and is at prayers and in the house from morning to evening. It is a great untruth to say that he perverts the order of nature, and turns day into night! It is a horrible falsehood to state that upon several occasions he has shown no consideration for father or kindred; that very lately he married secretly the daughter of Albert, regardless of the great consequences that were sure to follow; they mistake him for some other! The poor innocent creature does not even know what I mean! Oh, you villain! whom Heaven has sent me as a punishment for my sins, will you always do as you like, and shall I never see you act discreetly as long as I live? (*Exit.*)

VAL. (*Alone, musing.*) Whence comes this blow? I am perplexed, and can find none to think of but Mascarille; he will never confess it to me; I must be cunning, and curb my well-founded anger a little.

SCENE VII.—VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

VAL. Mascarille, my father whom I just saw knows our whole secret.

MASC. Does he know it?

VAL. Yes.

MASC. How the deuce could he know it?

VAL. I do not know whom to suspect; but the result has been so successful, that I have all the reason in the world to be delighted. He has not said one cross word about it; he excuses my fault, and approves of my love. I would fain know who could have made him so tractable. I cannot express to you the satisfaction it gives me.

MASC. And what would you say, sir, if it was I who had procured you this piece of good luck?

VAL. Indeed! you want to deceive me.

MASC. It is I, I tell you, who told it to your father, and produced this happy result for you.

VAL. Really, without jesting?

MASC. The devil take me if I jest, and if it is not as I tell you.

VAL. (*Drawing his sword.*) And may he take me if I do not this very moment reward you for it.

MASC. Ha, sir! what now? Don't surprise me.

VAL. Is this the fidelity you promised me? If I had not deceived you, you would never have owned the trick which I rightly suspected you played me. You rascal! your tongue, too ready to wag, has provoked my father's wrath against me, and utterly ruined me. You shall die without saying another word.

MASC. Gently; my soul is not in a fit condition to die. I entreat you, be kind enough to await the result of this affair. I had very good reasons for revealing a marriage which you yourself could hardly conceal. It was a

master-piece of policy; you will not find your rage justified by the issue. Why should you get angry if, through me, you get all you desire, and are freed from the constraint you at present lie under?

VAL. And what if all this talk is nothing but moonshine?

MASC. Why, then, it will be time enough to kill me; but my schemes may perchance succeed. Heaven will assist his own servants; you will be satisfied in the end, and thank me for my extraordinary management.

VAL. Well, we shall see. But Lucile . . .

MASC. Hold, here comes her father.

SCENE VIII.—ALBERT, VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

ALB. (*Not seeing Valère.*) The more I recover from the confusion into which I fell at first, the more I am astonished at the strange things Polydore told me, and which my fear made me interpret in so different a manner to what he intended. Lucile maintains that it is all nonsense, and spoke to me in such a manner as leaves no room for suspicion . . . Ha! sir, it is you whose unheard-of impudence sports with my honor, and invents this base story?

MASC. Pray, Signor Albert, use milder terms, and do not be so angry with your son-in-law.

ALB. How! son-in-law, rascal? You look as if you were the main-spring of this intrigue and the originator of it.

MASC. Really, I see no reason for you to fly in such a passion.

ALB. Pray, do you think it right to take away the character of my daughter, and bring such a scandal upon a whole family?

MASC. He is ready to do all you wish.

ALB. I only want him to tell the truth. If he had any inclination for Lucile, he should have courted her in an honorable and open way; he should have acted as he ought, and asked her father's leave; and not have had recourse to this cowardly contrivance, which offends modesty so much.

MASC. What! Lucile is not secretly engaged to my master?

ALB. No, rascal, nor ever will be.

MASC. Not quite so fast! If the thing is already done, will you give your consent to ratify that secret engagement?

ALB. And if it is certain that it is not so, will you have your bones broken?

VAL. It is easy, sir, to prove to you that he speaks the truth.

ALB. Good! there is the other! Like master, like man. O! what impudent liars!

MASC. Upon the word of a man of honor, it is as I say.

VAL. Why should we deceive you?

ALB. (*Aside.*) They are two sharpers that know how to play into each other's hands.

MASC. But let us come to the proof, and without quarreling. Send for Lucile, and let her speak for herself.

ALB. And what if she should prove you a liar?

MASC. She will not contradict us, sir; of that I am certain. Promise to give your consent to their engagement, and I will suffer the severest punishment if, with her own mouth, she does not confess to you that she is engaged to Valère, and shares his passion.

ALB. We shall see this presently. (*He knocks at his door.*)

MASC. (*To Valère.*) Courage, sir, all will end well.

ALB. Ho! Lucile, one word with you.

VAL. (*To Mascarille.*) I fear . . .

MASC. Fear nothing.

SCENE IX.—VALÈRE, ALBERT, LUCILE, MASCARILLE.

MASC. Signor Albert, at least be silent. At length, madam, everything conspires to make your happiness complete. Your father, who is informed of your love, leaves you your husband and gives his permission to your union, provided that, banishing all frivolous fears, a few words from your own mouth corroborate what we have told him.

LUC. What nonsense does this impudent scoundrel tell me?

MASC. That is all right. I am already honored with a fine title.

LUC. Pray, sir, who has invented this nice story which has been spread about to-day?

VAL. Pardon me, charming creature. My servant has been babbling; our marriage is discovered, without my consent.

LUC. Our marriage?

VAL. Everything is known, adorable Lucile; it is vain to dissemble.

LUC. What! the ardor of my passion has made you my husband?

VAL. It is a happiness which causes a great many heart-burnings. But I impute the successful result of my courtship less to your great passion for me than to your kindness of heart. I know you have cause to be offended, that it was the secret which you would fain have concealed. I myself have put a restraint on my ardor, so that I might not violate your express commands; but . . .

MASC. Yes, it was I who told it. What great harm is done?

LUC. Was there ever a falsehood like this? Dare you mention this in my presence, and hope to obtain my hand by this fine contrivance? What a wretched lover you are—you, whose gallant passion would wound my honor because it could not gain my heart; who wish to frighten my father by a foolish story, so that you might obtain my hand as a reward for having vilified me. Though everything were favorable to your love—my father, fate, and my own inclination—yet my well-founded resentment would struggle against my own inclination, fate, and my father, and even lose life, rather than be united to one who thought to obtain my hand in this manner. Begone! If my sex could with decency be provoked to any outburst of rage, I would let you know what it was to treat me thus.

VAL. (*To Mascarille.*) It is all over with us; her anger cannot be appeased.

MASC. Let me speak to her. Prithee, madam, what is the good of all these excuses? What are you thinking of? And what strange whim makes you thus oppose your own happiness? If your father were a harsh parent, the case would be different, but he listens to reason; and he himself has assured me that if you would but confess the truth his affection would grant you everything. I believe you are a little ashamed frankly to acknowledge that you have yielded to love; but if you have lost a trifling amount of freedom, everything will be set to rights again by a good marriage. Your great love for Valère may be blamed a little, but the mischief is not so great as if you had murdered a man. We all know that flesh is frail, and that a maid is

neither stock nor stone. You were not the first, that is certain; and you will not be the last, I dare say.

Luc. What! can you listen to this shameless talk, and make no reply to these indignities?

Alb. What would you have me say? This affair puts me quite beside myself.

Masc. Upon my word, madam, you ought to have confessed all before now.

Luc. What ought I to have confessed?

Masc. What? Why, what has passed between my master and you. A fine joke, indeed!

Luc. Why, what has passed between your master and me, impudent wretch?

Masc. You ought, I think, to know that better than I; you passed that night too agreeably to make us believe you could forget it so soon.

Luc. Father, we have too long borne with the insolence of an impudent lackey. (*Gives him a box on the ear.*)

SCENE X.—Albert, Valère, Mascarille.

Masc. I think she gave me a box on the ear.

Alb. Begone! rascal, villain! Her father approves the way in which she has made her hand felt upon your cheek.

Masc. May be so; yet may the devil take me if I said anything but what was true!

Alb. And may I lose an ear if you carry on this impudence any further!

Masc. Shall I send for two witnesses to testify to the truth of my statements?

Alb. Shall I send for two of my servants to give you a sound thrashing?

Masc. Their testimony will corroborate mine.

Alb. Their arms may make up for my want of strength.

Masc. I tell you, Lucile behaves thus because she is ashamed.

Alb. I tell you, you shall be answerable for all this.

Masc. Do you know Ormin, that stout and clever notary?

Alb. Do you know Grimpant, the city executioner?

Masc. And Simon, the tailor, who used formerly to work for all the people of fashion?

Alb. And the gibbet set up in the middle of the market-place?

Masc. You shall see they will confirm the truth of this marriage.

Alb. You shall see they will make an end of you.

Masc. They were the witnesses chosen by them.

Alb. They shall shortly revenge me on you.

Masc. I myself saw them at the altar.

Alb. And I myself shall see you with a halter.

Masc. By the same token, your daughter had a black veil on.

Alb. By the same token, your face foretells your doom.

Masc. What an obstinate old man.

Alb. What a cursed rascal! You may thank my advanced years, which prevent me from punishing your insulting remarks upon the spot; but I promise you, you shall be paid with full interest.

SCENE XI.—Valère, Mascarille.

Val. Well, where is now that fine result you were to produce . . .?

Masc. I understand what you mean. Every-

thing goes against me; I see cudgels and gibbets preparing for me on every side. Therefore, so that I may be at rest amidst this chaos, I shall go and throw myself headlong from a rock, if, in my present despair, I can find one high enough to please me. Farewell, sir.

VAL. No, no; in vain you wish to fly. If you die, I expect it to be in my presence.

MASC. I cannot die if anybody is looking on; it would only delay my end.

VAL. Follow me, traitor; follow me. My maddened love will soon show whether this is a jesting matter or not.

MASC. (*Alone.*) Unhappy Mascarille, to what misfortunes are you condemned to-day for another's sin!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Ascanio, Frosine.

Fros. What has happened is very annoying.

Asc. My dear Frosine, fate has irrevocably decreed my ruin. Now the affair has gone so far, it will never stop there, but will go on; Lucile and Valère, surprised at such a strange mystery, will, one day, try to find their way amidst this darkness, and thus all my plans will miscarry. For, whether Albert is acquainted with the deception, or whether he himself is deceived, as well as the rest of the world, if it ever happens that my family is discovered, and all the wealth he has wrongfully acquired passes into the hands of others, judge if he will then endure my presence; for, not having any interest more in the matter, he will abandon me, and his affection for me will be at an end. Whatever, then, my lover may think of my deception, will he acknowledge as his wife a girl without either fortune or family?

Fros. I think you reason rightly; but these reflections should have come sooner. What has prevented you from seeing all this before? There was no need to be a witch to foresee, as soon as you fell in love with Valère, all that your genius never found out until to-day. It is the natural consequence of what you have done; as soon as I was made acquainted with it I never imagined it would end otherwise.

Asc. But what must I do? There never was such a misfortune as mine. Put yourself in my place, and give me advice.

FROS. If I put myself in your place you will have to give me advice upon this ill-success; for I am you, and you are I. Counsel me, Frosine, in the condition I am in. Where can we find a remedy? Tell me, I beg of you.

ASC. Alas! do not make fun of me. You show but little sympathy with my bitter grief, if you laugh in the midst of my distress.

FROS. Really, Ascanio, I pity your distress, and would do my utmost to help you. But what can I do, after all? I see very little likelihood of arranging this affair so as to satisfy your love.

ASC. If no assistance can be had, I must die.

FROS. Die! Come, come; it is always time enough for that. Death is a remedy ever at hand; we ought to make use of it as late as possible.

ASC. No, no, Frosine. If you and your invaluable counsels do not guide me amidst all these breakers I shall abandon myself wholly to despair.

FROS. Do you know what I am thinking about? I must go and see the . . .[11] But here comes Eraste; he may interrupt us. We will talk this matter over as we go along. Come, let us retire.

SCENE II.—ERASTE, GROS-RENÉ.

ERAS. You have failed again?

GR.-RE. Never was an ambassador less listened to. No sooner had I told her that you desired to have a moment's conversation with her, than, drawing herself up, she answered haughtily, "Go, go, I value your master just as much as I do you; tell him he may go about his business;" and after this fine speech she turned her head away from me and walked off. Marinette, too, imitating her mistress, said, with a disdainful sneer, "Begone, you low fellow,"[12] and then left me; so that your fortune and mine are very much alike.

ERAS. What an ungrateful creature, to receive with so much haughtiness the quick return of a heart justly incensed. Is the first outburst of a passion, which with so much reason thought itself deceived, unworthy of excuse? Could I, when burning with love, remain insensible, in that fatal moment, to the happiness of a rival? Would any other not have acted in the same way as I did, or been less amazed at so much boldness? Was I not quick in abandoning my well-founded suspicions? I did not wait till she swore they were false. When no one can tell as yet what to think of it, my heart, full of impatience, restores Lucile to her former place, and seeks to find excuses for her. Will not all these proofs satisfy her of the ardor of my respectful passion? Instead of calming my mind, and providing me with arms against a rival who wishes to alarm me, this ungrateful woman abandons me to all the tortures of jealousy, and refuses to receive my messages and notes or to grant me an interview. Alas! that love is certainly very lukewarm which can be extinguished by so trifling an offence; that scornful rigor, which is displayed so readily, sufficiently shows to me the depth of her affection. What value ought I to set now upon all the caprices with which she fanned my love? No! I do not pretend to be any longer the slave of one who has so little love for me; since she does not mind whether she keeps me or not, I will do the same.

GR.-RE. And so will I. Let us both be

THE LOVE-TIFF

ACT IV. SCENE III.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF ALBERT. ERASTE AND GROS-RENE; LUCILE AND MARINETTE.

ERASTE: "YOU ASSURE ME BY THIS LETTER THAT YOU ACCEPT MY LOVE; IT IS A FALSEHOOD WHICH I PUNISH THUS." (*Tears the letter.*)

will
success.
Counsel me.
Where
tell me, I beg of

Asc.
you not make fun of me. You
sympathy with my bitter grief,
though in the midst of my distress.

Fred. Really, Ascanio, I pity your distress,
and would do anything without to help you. But
what can I do, poor fellow? I see very little
likelihood of bringing this affair so as to
satisfy your love.

Asc.
do.

Fred. Don't
time enough for that
could be found, we ought to make use of it
la
Asc.

Do
you?
mean?
Do you yes Frederick
talk this matter over as we
Come, let us retire. (Tears the letter.)

SCENE II.—Eraste, Gros-René.

Ere. You have failed again?

Gr.-Re. This
ambassador less lis-
tened to. No sooner had I told her that you
wished to have a moment's conversation with
her, than, thanking me, she answered just

ACT IV.

SCENE III.

Fred. Hedouin, painter.

Eraste and Gros-René; Lucile
and Marinette.

Exterior of the house of Albert.

Eraste: "You assure me by this letter that you accept my love;
it is a falsehood which I punish thus." (Tears the letter.)

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made as I do you; tell him he may go
about his business;" and after this fine speech
she turned her head away from me and walked
off. Marinette too, imitating her mistress,
said, with a disdainful sneer, "Begone, you
low fellow," and left me; so that your
fortune and mine are very much alike.

Erast. What an ungrateful creature, to re-
ceive with so much haughtiness the quick
return of a heart justly incensed. Is the first
outburst of a passion, which with so much
reason thought itself deceived, unworthy of
excuse? Could I, when burning with love,
remain insensible, in that fatal moment, to
the coldness of a rival? Would any other
not have acted in the same way as I did, or
been less amazed at so much boldness? Was
I abandoning my well founded
claims? I did not wait till she swore they
were false. When no one can tell as yet what
may happen, full of impatience, re-

Fred. Hedouin, painter.

F. L. Kirkpatrick, etcher.

Exterior of the house of Albert. Eraste and Gros-René; Lucile
and Marinette.

Eraste: "You assure me by this letter that you accept my love;
it is a falsehood which I punish thus." (Tears the letter.)

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outburst of a passion, which with so much
reason thought itself deceived, unworthy of
excuse? Could I, when burning with love,
remain insensible, in that fatal moment, to
the coldness of a rival? Would any other
not have acted in the same way as I did, or
been less amazed at so much boldness? Was
I abandoning my well founded claims? I did not wait till she swore they
were false. When no one can tell as yet what
may happen, full of impatience, re-

angry, and put our love on the list of our old sins; we must teach a lesson to that wayward sex, and make them feel that we possess some courage. He that will bear their contempt shall have enough of it. If we had sense enough not to make ourselves too cheap, women would not talk so big. Oh! how insolent they are through our weakness! May I be hanged if we should not see them fall upon our neck more often than we wished, if it was not for those servilities with which most men, now-a-days, continually spoil them.

ERAS. As for me, nothing vexes me so much as contempt; and to punish her's by one as great I am resolved to cherish a new passion.

GR.-RE. So will I, and never trouble my head about women again. I renounce them all, and believe honestly you could not do better than to act like me. For, master, people say that woman is an animal hard to be known, and naturally very prone to evil; and as an animal is always an animal, and will never be anything but an animal, though it lived for a hundred thousand years, so, without contradiction, a woman is always a woman, and will never be anything but a woman as long as the world endures.[13] Wherefore, as a certain Greek author says: a woman's head is like a quicksand; for, pray, mark well this argument, which is most weighty: As the head is the chief of the body, and as the body without a chief is worse than a beast, unless the chief has a good understanding with the body, and unless everything be as well regulated as if it were measured with a pair of compasses, we see certain confusions arrive; the animal part then endeavors to get the better of the rational, and we see one pull to the right, another to the left; one wants something soft, another something hard; in short, everything goes topsy-turvy. This is to show that here below, as it has been explained to me, a woman's head is like a weather-cock on the top of a house, which veers about at the slightest breeze; that is why cousin Aristotle often compares her to the sea; hence people say that nothing in the world is so stable as the waves.[14] Now, by comparison—for comparison makes us comprehend an argument distinctly, and we learned men love a comparison better than a similitude—by comparison, then, if you please, master, as we see that the sea, when a storm rises, begins to rage, the wind roars and destroys, billows dash against billows with a great hullabaloo, and the ship, in spite of the mariner, goes sometimes down to the cellar and sometimes up into the garret; so, when a woman gets whims and crotchets into her head, we see a tempest in the form of a violent storm, which will break out by certain . . . words, and then a . . . certain wind, which by . . . certain waves in . . . a certain manner, like a sand-bank . . . when . . . In short, woman is worse than the devil.[15]

ERAS. You have argued that very well.

GR.-RE. Pretty well, thanks to Heaven; but I see them coming this way, sir—stand firm.

ERAS. Never fear.

GR.-RE. I am very much afraid that her eyes will ensnare you again.

SCENE III.—ERASTE, LUCILE, MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ.

MAR. He is not gone yet, but do not yield.

LUC. Do not imagine I am so weak.

MAR. He comes toward us.

ERAS. No, no, madam, do not think that I have come to speak to you again of my passion; it is all over; I am resolved to cure myself. I know how little share I have in your heart. A resentment kept up so long for a slight offence shows me your indifference but too plainly, and I must tell you that contempt, above all things, wounds a lofty mind. I confess I saw in you charms which I never found in any other; the delight I took in my chains would have made me prefer them to sceptres, had they been offered to me. Yes, my love for you was certainly very great; my life was centred in you; I will even own that, though I am insulted, I shall still perhaps have difficulty enough to free myself. Maybe, notwithstanding the cure I am attempting, my heart may for a long time smart with this wound. Freed from a yoke which I was happy to bend under, I shall take a resolution never to love again. But no matter, since your hatred repulses a heart which love brings back to you, this is the last time you shall ever be troubled by the man you so much despise.

LUC. You might have made the favor complete, sir, and spared me also this last trouble.

ERAS. Very well, madam, very well; you shall be satisfied. I here break off all acquaintance with you, and break it off forever, since you wish it; may I lose my life if ever again I desire to converse with you!

LUC. So much the better; you will oblige me.

ERAS. No, no, do not be afraid that I shall break my word! For, though my heart may be weak enough not to be able to efface your image, be assured you shall never have the pleasure of seeing me return.

LUC. You may save yourself the trouble.

ERAS. I would pierce my breast a hundred times should I ever be so mean as to see you again, after this unworthy treatment.

LUC. Be it so; let us talk no more about it.

ERAS. Yes, yes; let us talk no more about it; and to make an end here of all unnecessary speeches, and to give you a convincing proof, ungrateful woman, that I forever throw off your chain, I will keep nothing which may remind me of what I must forget. Here is your portrait; it presents to the eye many wonderful and dazzling charms, but underneath them lurk as many monstrous faults; it is a delusion which I restore to you.

GR.-RE. You are right.

LUC. And I, not to be behind-hand with you in the idea of returning everything, restore to you this diamond which you obliged me to accept.

MAR. Very well.

ERAS. Here is likewise a bracelet of yours.[16]

LUC. And this agate seal is yours.

ERAS. (*Reads.*) "You love me with the most ardent passion, Eraste, and wish to know if I feel the same. If I do not love Eraste as much, at least I am pleased that Eraste should thus love me.—LUCILE." You assure me by this letter that you accept my love; it is a falsehood which I punish thus. (*Tears the letter.*)

LUC. (*Reading.*) "I do not know what may be the fate of my ardent love, nor how long I shall suffer; but this I know, beauteous charmer, that I shall always love you.—ERASTE." This is an assurance of everlasting love; both the hand and the letter told a lie. (*Tears the letter.*)

GR.-RE. Go on.

ERAS. (*Showing another letter.*) This is another of your letters; it shall share the same fate.

THE LOVE-TIFF

ACT IV. SCENE III.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. C. CHAMPOLLION, ETCHER.

THE QUARREL OF THE LOVERS. ERASTE AND GROS-RENE ON THE LEFT; LUCILE AND MARINETTE ON THE RIGHT. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF LUCILE'S FATHER.

ERASTE (*To Lucile*): "THIS IS ANOTHER OF YOUR LETTERS: IT SHALL SHARE THE SAME FATE."

[illegible] to [illegible] to you [illegible] my passion [illegible] over; I am resolved to cure [illegible] how [illegible] I have in [illegible] A resistance [illegible] up so long [illegible] your indifference [illegible], and I must tell you that contempt, [illegible] all things, wounds a lofty mind. I confess I saw in you charms which I never found in any other; the delight I took in my chains would have made me prefer them to [illegible], had they been offered to me. Yes, [illegible] for you was certainly very great [illegible] was centred in you; I will [illegible] though I am insulted, I shall still [illegible] have [illegible] enough to free myself. Maybe, [illegible] the cure I am [illegible] for a long time smart with this [illegible] I [illegible] yoke which I was happy to [illegible] shall take a resolution never to [illegible] your [illegible] to you [illegible] complete, sir, and [illegible] trouble.

[illegible] I here break off all acquaintance with you, and break it off forever, since you wish it; may I lose my life if ever again I desire to converse with you!

[illegible] the better; you will oblige [illegible].

[illegible] No, no, do not be afraid that I shall [illegible] my word! For, though my heart may [illegible] to be able to efface your [illegible] you shall never have the [illegible] return.

[illegible] yourself the trouble.

[illegible] breast a hundred times should I ever be so mean as to see you again, after this unworthy treatment.

Luc. Be it so; let us talk no more about it.

Eras. Yes, yes, let us talk no more about it; and to make an end [illegible] all unnecessary speeches and to give you [illegible] proof, ingratitude woman, that I forever [illegible] off your chain, I will keep nothing which may remind me of what I must forget. Here is your portrait; it presents to the eye many wonderful and dazzling charms, but underneath them lurk as many monstrous faults; it is a delight which I restore to you.

Gr.-Re. You are right.

Luc. And I, not to be behind-hand with you [illegible] of returning everything, restore to you this diamond which you obliged me to accept.

Mar. Very well.

Eras. Here is [illegible] bracelet of yours.[16]

Luc. And [illegible]

[illegible] (*Reads*) [illegible]

[illegible] "I do not know what may be the fate of my ardent love, nor how long I shall suffer; but this I know, beauteous charmer, that I shall always love you.—Eraste." This is an assurance of everlasting love; both the hand and the letter told a lie. (*Tears the letter.*)

Gr.-Re. Go on.

Eras. (*Showing another letter.*) This is another of your letters; it shall share the same fate.

Jacques Leman del. Champollion sc.

MAR. (*To Lucile.*) Be firm.

LUC. (*Tearing another letter.*) I should be sorry to keep back one of them.

GR.-RE. (*To Eraste.*) Do not let her have the last word.

MAR. (*To Lucile.*) Hold out bravely to the end.

LUC. Well, there are the rest.

ERAS. Thank Heaven, that is all! May I be struck dead if I do not keep my word!

LUC. May it confound me if mine be vain.

ERAS. Farewell, then.

LUC. Farewell, then.

MAR. (*To Lucile.*) Nothing could be better.

GR.-RE. (*To Eraste.*) You triumph.

MAR. (*To Lucile.*) Come, let us leave him.

GR.-RE. (*To Eraste.*) You had best retire after this courageous effort.

MAR. (*To Lucile.*) What are you waiting for?

GR.-RE. (*To Eraste.*) What more do you want?

ERAS. Ah, Lucile, Lucile! you will be sorry to lose a heart like mine, and I know it.

LUC. Eraste, Eraste, I may easily find a heart like yours.

ERAS. No, no, search everywhere; you will never find one so passionately fond of you, I assure you. I do not say this to move you to pity; I should be in the wrong now to wish it; the most respectful passion could not bind you. You wanted to break with me; I must think of you no more. But whatever anyone may pretend, nobody will ever love you so tenderly as I have done.

LUC. When a woman is really beloved she is treated differently, and is not condemned so rashly.

ERAS. Those who love are apt to be jealous on the slightest cause of suspicion, but they can never wish to lose the object of their adoration, and that you have done.

LUC. Pure jealousy is more respectful.

ERAS. An offence caused by love is looked upon with more indulgence.

LUC. No, Eraste, your flame never burnt very bright.

ERAS. No, Lucile, you never loved me.

LUC. Oh! that does not trouble you much, I suppose; perhaps it would have been much better for me if . . . But no more of this idle talk; I do not say what I think on the subject.

ERAS. Why?

LUC. Because, as we are to break, it would be out of place, it seems to me.

ERAS. Do we break, then?

LUC. Yes, to be sure; have we not done so already?

ERAS. And you can do this calmly?

LUC. Yes; so can you.

ERAS. I?

LUC. Undoubtedly. It is weakness to let people see that we are hurt by losing them.

ERAS. But, hard-hearted woman, it is you who would have it so.

LUC. I? not at all; it was you who took that resolution.

ERAS. I? I thought it would please you.

LUC. Me? not at all; you did it for your own satisfaction.

ERAS. But what if my heart should wish to resume its former chain? If, though very sad, it should sue for pardon . . .?[17]

LUC. No, no; do no such thing; my weakness is too great. I am afraid I might too quickly grant your request.

ERAS. Oh! you cannot grant it, nor I ask for it, too soon after what I have just heard. Consent to love me still, madam; so pure a flame ought to burn forever, for your own sake. I ask for it, pray grant me this kind pardon.

LUC. Lead me home.

SCENE IV.—MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ.

MAR. Oh! cowardly creature.

GR.-RE. Oh! weak courage.

MAR. I blush with indignation.

GR.-Re. I am swelling with rage; do not imagine I will yield thus.

MAR. And do not think to find such a dupe in me.

GR.-RE. Come on, come on; you shall soon see what my wrath is capable of doing.

MAR. I am not the person you take me for; you have not my silly mistress to deal with. It is enough to look at that fine phiz to be smitten with the man himself! Should I fall in love with your beastly face? Should I hunt after you? Upon my word, girls like us are not for the like of you.

GR.-RE. Ay! and you address me in such a fashion? Here, here, without any further compliments, there is your bow of tawdry lace, and your narrow ribbon; it shall not have the honor of being on my ear any more.

MAR. And to show you how I despise you, here, take back your half hundred of Paris pins, which you gave me yesterday with so much bragging.

GR.-RE. Take back your knife, too; a thing most rich and rare; it cost you about twopence when you made me a present of it.

MAR. Take back your scissors with the pinchbeck chain.

GR.-RE. I forgot the piece of cheese you gave me the day before yesterday—here it is; I wish I could bring back the broth you made me eat, so that I might have nothing belonging to you.

MAR. I have none of your letters about me now, but I shall burn every one of them.

GR.-RE. And do you know what I shall do with yours?

MAR. Take care you never come begging to me again to forgive you.

GR.-RE. (*Picking up a bit of straw.*) To cut off every way of being reconciled, we must break this straw between us; when a straw is broken, it settles an affair between people of honor.[18] Cast none of your sheep's eyes at me;[19] I will be angry.

MAR. Do not look at me thus; I am too much provoked.

GR.-RE. Here, break this straw; this is the way of never recanting again; break. What do you laugh at, you jade?

MAR. Yes, you make me laugh.

GR.-RE. The deuce take your laughing! all my anger is already softened. What do you say? shall we break or not?

MAR. Just as you please.

GR.-RE. Just as you please.

MAR. Nay, it shall be as you please.

GR.-RE. Do you wish me never to love you?

MAR. I? As you like.

GR.-RE. As you yourself like; only say the word.

MAR. I shall say nothing.

GR.-RE. Nor I.

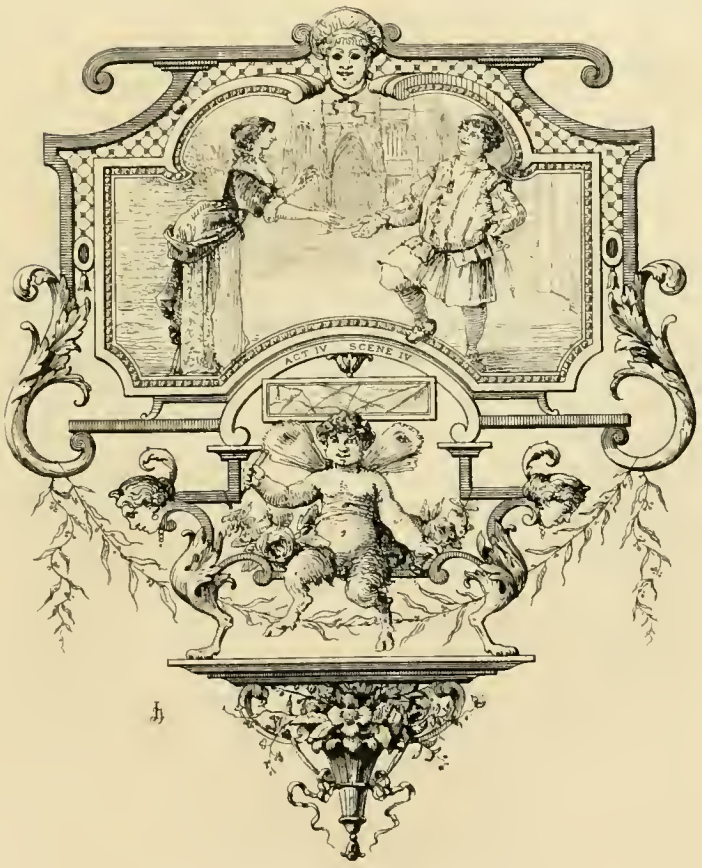
MAR. Nor I.

GR.-RE. Faith! we had better forswear all this nonsense; shake hands, I pardon you.

MAR. And I forgive you.

GR.-RE. Bless me! how you bewitch me with your charms.

MAR. What a fool is Marinette when her Gros-René is by.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—MASCARILLE, *alone.*

"As soon as darkness has invaded the town I will enter Lucile's room; go, therefore, and get ready immediately the dark-lantern and whatever arms are necessary." When my master said these words, it sounded in my ears as if he had said, "Go quickly and get a halter to hang yourself." But come on, master of mine, for I was so astonished when first I heard your order that I had no time to answer you; but I shall talk with you now, and confound you; therefore defend yourself well, and let us argue without making a noise. You say you wish to go and visit Lucile to-night? "Yes, Mascarille." And what do you propose to do? "What a lover does who wishes to be convinced." What a man does who has very little brains, who risks his carcass when there is no occasion for it. "But do you know what is my motive? Lucile is angry." Well, so much the worse for her. "But my love prompts me to go and appease her." But love is a fool, and does not know what he says: will this same love defend us against an enraged rival, father, or brother? "Do you think any of them intend to harm us?" Yes, really, I do think so; and especially this rival. "Mascarille, in any case, what I trust to is that we shall go well armed, and if anybody interrupts us we shall draw." Yes, but that is precisely what your servant does not wish to do. I draw! Good Heavens! am I a Roland, master, or a Ferragus?[20] You hardly know me. When I, who love myself so dearly, consider that two inches of cold steel in this body would be quite sufficient to send a poor mortal to his last home, I am particularly disgusted. "But you will be

armed from head to foot." So much the worse. I shall be less nimble to get into the thicket; besides, there is no armor so well made but some villainous point will pierce its joints. "Oh! you will then be considered a coward." Never mind; provided I can but always move my jaws. At table you may set me down for as good as four persons, if you like; but when fighting is going on you must not count me for anything. Moreover, if the other world possesses charms for you, the air of this world agrees very well with me. I do not thirst after death and wounds; if you have a mind to play the fool, you may do it all by yourself, I assure you.

SCENE II.—Valère, Mascarille.

Val. I never felt a day pass more slowly; the sun seems to have forgotten himself; he has yet such a course to run before he reaches his bed, that I believe he will never accomplish it; his slow motion drives me mad.

Masc. What an eagerness to go in the dark, to grope about for some ugly adventure! You see that Lucile is obstinate in her repulses . . .

Val. A truce to these idle remonstrances. Though I were sure to meet a hundred deaths lying in ambush, yet I feel her wrath so greatly that I shall either appease it or end my fate. I am resolved on that.

Masc. I approve of your design; but it is unfortunate, sir, that we must get in secretly.

Val. Very well.

Masc. And I am afraid I shall only be in the way.

Val. How so?

Masc. I have a cough which nearly kills me, and the noise it makes may betray you. Every moment . . . (*He coughs.*) You see what a punishment it is.

Val. You will get better; take some liquorice.

Masc. I do not think, sir, it will get better. I should be delighted to go with you, but I should be very sorry if any misfortune should befall my dear master through me.

SCENE III.—Valère, La Rapière, Mascarille.

La Ra. Sir, I have just now heard from good authority that Eraste is greatly enraged against you, and that Albert talks also of breaking all the bones in Mascarille's body, on his daughter's account.

Masc. I? I have nothing to do with all this confusion. What have I done to have all the bones in my body broken? Am I the guardian of the virginity of all the girls in the town, that I am to be thus threatened? Have I any influence with temptation? Can I help it, I, poor fellow, if I have a mind to try it?

Val. Oh! they are not so dangerous as they pretend to be. However courageous love may have made Eraste, he will not have so easy a bargain with us.

La Ra. If you should have any need for it, my arm is entirely at your service. You know me to be at all times staunch.[21]

Val. I am much obliged to you, M. de la Rapière.

La Ra. I have likewise two friends I can procure, who will draw against all comers, and upon whom you may safely rely.

Masc. Accept their services, sir.

VAL. You are too kind.

LA RA. Little Giles might also have assisted us, if a sad accident had not taken him from us. Oh, sir, it is a great pity! He was such a handy fellow, too! You know the trick justice played him; he died like a hero; when the executioner broke him on the wheel he made his exit without uttering a word.

VAL. M. de la Rapière, such a man ought to be lamented, but as for your escort, I thank you, I want them not.

LA RA. Be it so; but do not forget that you are sought after, and may have some scurvy trick played upon you.

VAL. And I, to show you how much I fear him, will offer him the satisfaction he desires, if he seeks me; I will immediately go all over the town, only accompanied by Mascarille.

SCENE IV.—VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

MASC. What, sir? Will you tempt Heaven? Do not be so presumptuous! Lack-a-day! you see how they threaten us. How on every side . . .

VAL. What are you looking at yonder?

MASC. I smell a cudgel that way. In short, if you will take my prudent advice, do not let us be so obstinate as to remain in the street; let us go and shut ourselves up.

VAL. Shut ourselves up, rascal? How dare you propose to me such a base action? Come along, and follow me, without any more words.

MASC. Why, sir, my dear master, life is so sweet! One can die but once, and it is for such a long time.

VAL. I shall half kill you if I hear anything more. Here comes Ascanio; let us leave him; we must find out what side he will choose. However, come along with me into the house, to take whatever arms we may want.

MASC. I have no great itching for fighting. A curse on love and those darned girls, who will be tasting it and then look as if butter would not melt in their mouth.

SCENE V.—ASCANIO, FROSINE.

ASC. Is it really true, Frosine; do I not dream? Pray tell me all that has happened from first to last.

FROS. You shall know all the particulars in good time; be patient; such adventures are generally told over and over again, and that every moment. You must know, then, that after this will, which was on condition of a male heir being born, Albert's wife, who was *enciente*, gave birth to you. Albert, who had stealthily and long beforehand laid his plan, changed you for the son of Inez, the flower-woman, and gave you to my mother to nurse, saying it was her own child. Some ten months after, death took away this little innocent whilst Albert was absent; his wife, being afraid of her husband, and inspired by maternal love, invented a new stratagem. She secretly took her own daughter back; you received the name of the boy who had taken your place, whilst the death of that pretended son was kept a secret from Albert, who was told that his daughter had died. Now the mystery of your birth is cleared up, which your supposed mother had hitherto concealed. She gives certain reasons for acting in this manner, and may have others to give, for her interests were not the same

as yours. In short, this visit,[22] from which I expected so little, has proved more serviceable to your love than could have been imagined. This Inez has given up all claim to you. As it became necessary to reveal this secret on account of your marriage, we two informed your father of it; a letter of his deceased wife has confirmed all. Pursuing our reasoning yet further, and being rather fortunate, as well as skilful, we have so cunningly interwoven the interests of Albert and of Polydore, so gradually unfolded all this mystery to the latter, that we might not make things appear too terrible to him in the beginning, and in a word, to tell you all, so prudently led his mind step by step to a reconciliation, that Polydore is now as anxious as your father to legitimize that connection which is to make you happy.

Asc. Ah! Frosine, what happiness you prepare for me . . . What do I not owe to your fortunate zeal?

Fros. Moreover, the good man is inclined to be merry, and has forbidden us to mention anything of this affair to his son.

SCENE VI.—Polydore, Ascanio, Frosine.

Pol. Come hither, daughter, since I may give you this name now, for I know the secret which this disguise conceals. You have shown so much resolution, ingenuity, and archness in your stratagem, that I forgive you; I think my son will esteem himself happy when he knows that you are the object of his love. You are worth to him more than all the treasures in this world, and I will tell him so. But here he comes; let us divert ourselves with this event. Go and tell all the people to come hither immediately.

Asc. To obey you, sir, shall be the first compliment I pay you.

SCENE VII.—Mascarille, Polydore, Valère.

Masc. Misfortunes are often revealed by Heaven: I dreamt last night of pearls unstrung and broken eggs,[23] sir. This dream depresses my spirits.

Val. Cowardly rascal.

Pol. Valère, an encounter awaits you, wherein all your valor will be necessary: you are to cope with a powerful adversary.

Masc. Will nobody stir to prevent people from cutting each other's throats? As for me, I do not care about it; but if any fatal accident should deprive you of your son, do not lay the blame on me.

Pol. No, no; in this case I myself urge him to do what he ought.

Masc. What an unnatural father!

Val. This sentiment, sir, shows you to be a man of honor; I respect you the more for it. I know I have offended you. I am to blame for having done all this without a father's consent; but however angry you may be with me, Nature always will prevail. You do what is truly honorable in not believing that I am to be terrified by the threats of Eraste.

Pol. They just now frightened me with his threats, but since then things have changed greatly; you will be attacked by a more powerful enemy, without being able to flee from him.

Masc. Is there no way of making it up?

Val. I flee! Heaven forbid! And who can this be?

POL. Ascanio.

VAL. Ascanio?

POL. Yes; you shall see him appear presently.

VAL. He, who has pledged his word to serve me!

POL. Yes, it is he who says he has a quarrel with you; he who is determined to decide the quarrel by single combat, to which he challenges you.

MASC. He is a good fellow: he knows that generous minds do not endanger other people's lives by their quarrels.

POL. He accuses you of deceit. His anger appears to me to have so just a cause that Albert and I have agreed you should give Ascanio satisfaction for this affront, but publicly and without any delay, according to the formalities requisite in such a case.

VAL. What! father; and did Lucile obstinately . . .?

POL. Lucile is to marry Eraste, and blames you too; and the better to prove your story to be false, is resolved to give her hand to Eraste before your very face.

VAL. Ha! this impudence is enough to drive me mad. Has she lost, then, all sense, faith, conscience, and honor?

SCENE VIII.—ALBERT, POLYDORE, LUCILE, ERASTE, VALÈRE, MASCARILLE.

ALB. Well! where are the combatants? They are bringing ours. Have you prepared yours for the encounter?

VAL. Yes, yes; I am ready, since you compel me to it; if I at all hesitated, it was because I still felt a little respect, and not on account of the valor of the champion who is to oppose me. But I have been urged too far. This respect is at an end; I am prepared for any catastrophe! I have been treated so strangely and treacherously that my love must and shall be revenged. (*To Lucile.*) Not that I still pretend to your hand: my former love is now swallowed up in wrath; and when I have made your shame public, your guilty marriage will not in the least disturb me. Lucile, your behavior is infamous: scarcely can I believe my own eyes. You show yourself so opposed to all modesty that you ought to die for shame.

LUC. Such reproaches might affect me if I had not one at hand to avenge my cause. Here comes Ascanio; he shall soon have the pleasure, and without giving himself much trouble, of making you change your language.

SCENE IX.—ALBERT, POLYDORE, ASCANIO, LUCILE, ERASTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, MARINETTE, GROS-RENÉ, MASCARILLE.

VAL. He shall not make me change my language, though he had twenty arms besides his own. I am sorry he defends a guilty sister; but since he is foolish enough to pick a quarrel with me, I shall give him satisfaction, and you also, my valiant gentleman.

ERAS. A short time ago I took an interest in this, but as Ascanio has taken the affair upon himself, I will have nothing more to do with it, but leave it to him.

VAL. You do well; prudence is always timely, but . . .

ERAS. He shall give you satisfaction for us all.

VAL. He?

POL. Do not deceive yourself; you do not yet know what a strange fellow Ascanio is.

ALB. He is blind to it now, but Ascanio will let him know in a little time.

VAL. Come on, then; let him do so now.

MAR. What! before everybody?

GR.-RE. That would not be decent.

VAL. Are you making fun of me? I will break the head of any fellow who laughs. But let us see what Ascanio is going to do.

ASC. No, no. I am not so bad as they make me out; in this adventure, in which every one has put me forward, you shall see my weakness appear more than anything else; you will discover that Heaven, to which we must all submit, did not give me a heart to hold out against you, but that it reserved for you the easy triumph of putting an end to Lucile's brother. Yes; far from boasting of the power of his arm, Ascanio shall receive death from your hands; nay, would gladly die, if his death could contribute to your satisfaction, by giving you, in the presence of all this company, a wife who lawfully belongs to you.

VAL. No, even the whole world, after her perfidy and shamelessness . . .

ASC. Ah! Valère, allow me to tell you that the heart which is pledged to you is guilty of no crime against you; her love is still pure and her constancy unshaken; I call your own father himself to witness that I speak the truth.

POL. Yes, son, we have laughed enough at your rage; I see it is time to undeceive you; she to whom you are bound by oath is concealed under the dress you here behold. Some question about property was the cause of this disguise, which from her earliest youth deceived so many people. Lately love was the cause of another which deceived you, whilst it made of the two families but one. Yes, in a word, it is she whose subtle skill obtained your hand at night, who pretended to be Lucile, and by this contrivance, which none discovered, has perplexed you all so much. But since Ascanio now gives place to Dorothea, your love must be free from every appearance of deceit, and be strengthened by a more sacred knot.

ALB. This is the single combat by which you were to give us satisfaction for your offence, and which is not forbidden by any laws.[24]

POL. Such an event amazes you, but all hesitation is now too late.

VAL. No, no, I do not hesitate; if this adventure astonishes me, it is a flattering surprise; I find myself seized with admiration, love, and pleasure. Is it possible that those eyes . . . ?

ALB. This dress, dear Valère, is not a proper one to hear your fine speeches in. Let her go and put on another, and meanwhile you shall know the particulars of the event.

VAL. Pardon me, Lucile, if my mind, duped by . . .

LUC. It is easy to forget that.

ALB. Come, these compliments will do as well at home; we shall then have plenty of time to pay them to one another.

ERAS. But in talking thus you do not seem to think that there is still occasion for manslaughter here. Our loves are indeed crowned, but who ought to obtain the hand of Marinette, his Mascarille or my Gros-René? This affair must end in blood.

MASC. No, no, my blood suits my body too well; let him marry her in peace, it will be nothing to me. I know Marinette too well to think marriage will be any bar to my courting her.

MAR. And do you think I will make my gallant of you? A husband does not matter; anything will do for that. We do not stand

then upon so much ceremony; but a gallant should be well made enough to make one's mouth water.

GR.-RE. Listen! When we are united by marriage, I insist that you should turn a deaf ear to all sparks.

MASC. Do you think, brother, to marry her for yourself alone?

GR.-RE. Of course; I will have a virtuous wife, or else I shall kick up a fine row.

MASC. Ah! lack-a-day, you shall do as others, and become more gentle. Those people who are so severe and critical before marriage, often degenerate into pacific husbands.

MAR. Make yourself easy, my dear husband, and do not have the least fear about my fidelity; flattery will produce no impression on me, and I shall tell you everything.

MASC. Oh! what a cunning wench to make of a husband a confidant.

MAR. Hold your tongue, you knave of clubs.[25]

ALB. For the third time, I say, let us go home, and continue at leisure such an agreeable conversation.

NOTES

[1] Du Parc, the actor who played this part, was very stout; hence the allusion in the original, "*et suis homme fort rond de toutes les manieres.*" I have, of course, used in the translation the word "straightforward" ironically, and with an eye to the rotundity of stomach of the actor. Molière was rather fond of making allusions in his plays to the infirmities or peculiarities of some of his actors. Thus, in *The Miser* (*l'Avare*), Act i, Scene 3, he alludes to the lameness of the actor Béjart: "*Je ne me plais point a voir ce chien de boiteux-la*" ("I do not like to see that lame dog"); in *The Citizen who Apes the Nobleman* (*le Bourgeois gentilhomme*, Act iii, Scene 9, he even gives a portrait of his wife.

[2] In several editions of Molière we find, instead of Gros-René, the name of Jodelet. The latest and, if I might be permitted to say so, the most careful editor of our author, Mons. E. Despois, thinks that Gros-René ought to be mentioned here. The sense shows he is right.

[3] See Homer's "Odyssey," X, v. 81–132.

[4] These two Latin words, which were in very common use in France during Molière's time, are taken from the *Vulgate*, Matthew xxv, 12: "*Domine, domine, aperi nobis.*"—*At ille respondens ait:* "*Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.*"

[5] "I hasten to obey your order."

[6] "To a son one can only prefer a son." An allusion to an article of feudal law.

[7] Immortal.

[8] There is a remote spot.

[9] "Regulate your conduct after the example of good people, your style after good authors."

[10] The two old men are kneeling opposite to one another.

[11] Frosine means by "the . . . " the woman who knows the secret of all this intrigue, and who is supposed to be the mother of Ascanio. This is explained later on, in Act v, Scene 5, page 94.

[12] In the original it is *beau valet de carreau*. Littré, in his *Dictionaire de la langue Française*, says that this word, which means literally "knave of diamonds," was considered an insult, because in the old packs of cards of the beginning of the seventeenth century that knave was called *valet de chasse* (hunting servant), a rather menial situation; while the knave of spades, *valet de pique*, was called *valet de noblesse* (nobleman's servant); the knave of hearts, *valet de cœur*, *valet de cour* (court servant); and the knave of clubs, *valet de trefle*, *valet de pied* (foot-servant).

[13] This passage is paraphrased from Erasmus, *Colloquia familiaria et Encomium Moriæ*, in which, after having called a woman *animal stultum atque ineptum verum ridiculum, et suave*, Folly adds, *Quemadmodum, juxta Græcorum proverbium, simia semper est simia, etiamsi purpura vestiatur, ita mulier semper mulier est, hoc est stulta, quamcunque personam induxerit.*

[14] Though "stable" is here used, it is only employed to show the confusion of Gros-René's ideas, who, of course, wishes to say "unstable."

[15] This long speech of Gros-René ridicules the pedantic arguments of some of the philosophers of the time of Molière. It also attributes to the ancients some sayings of authors of the day; for example, the comparison, from a Greek author, that "a woman's head is like a quicksand," is from a contemporary; the saying from Aristotle, comparing woman to the sea, is from Malherbe. Words very familiar look more homely when employed with high-flown language, and Gros-René's speech is no bad example of this, whilst at the same time it becomes more muddled the longer it goes on. There exists also a tradition that the actor who performs the part of Gros-René should, in order to show his confusion, when he says "goes sometimes down the cellar," point to his head, and when he mentions "up into the garret," point to his feet.

[16] Formerly lovers used to wear bracelets generally made of each other's hair, which no doubt were hidden from the common view; Shakespeare, in his *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, Act i, Scene 1, says: "Thou, Lysander, thou hast . . . stol'n th' impression of her fantasy with bracelets of thy hair."

[17] An imitation from Horace, book iii, ode 9, verses 17 and 18:

Quid ? si prisca redet Venus
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo ?

[18] A wisp of straw, or a stick, was formerly used as a symbol of investiture of a feudal fief. According to some authors, the breaking of the straw or stick was a proof that the vassals renounced their homage; hence the allusion of Molière. The breaking of a staff was also typical of the voluntary or compulsory abandonment of power. Formerly, after the death of the kings of France, the *grand maitre* (master of the household) broke his wand of office over the grave, saying aloud three times, "*le roi est mort*," and then, "*Vive le roi.*" Hence also, most likely, the saying of Prospero, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Act v, Scene 1, "I'll break my staff," *i. e.*, I voluntarily abandon my power. Sometimes the breaking of a staff betokened dishonor, as in Shakespeare's second part of *Henry VI*, Act i, Scene 2, when Gloster says: "Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court, was broke in twain."

[19] According to tradition, Gros-René and Marinette stand on the stage back to back; from time to time they look to the right and to the left; when their looks meet they turn their heads abruptly away, whilst Gros-René presents over his shoulder to Marinette the piece of straw, which the latter takes very good care not to touch.

[20] Roland, or Orlando in Italian, one of Charlemagne's paladins and nephews, is represented as brave, loyal and simple-minded. On the return of Charlemagne from Spain, Roland, who commanded the rear-guard, fell into an ambuscade at Roncezvalles, in the Pyrenées (778), and perished, with the flower of French chivalry. He is the hero of Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso." In this same poem, Cant. xii, is also mentioned Ferragus, or Ferrau in Italian, a Saracen giant, who dropped his helmet into the river and vowed he would never wear another till he had won that worn by Orlando; the latter slew him in the only part where he was vulnerable.

[21] It is thought the introduction of Mons. de la Rapière contains an allusion to the poor noblemen of Languedoc, who formerly made a kind of living by being seconds at duels, and whom the Prince de Conti compelled to obey the edicts of Louis XIV against dueling. *The Love-tiff* was first played in 1656 at Béziers, where the States of Languedoc were assembled.

[22] That is the visit of which Frosine speaks, Act iv, Scene 1, page 86.

[23] In a little book still sold on the quays of Paris, and called *la Cle des Songes*, it is said that to dream of pearls denotes "embarrassed affairs," and of broken eggs, "loss of place and lawsuits."

[24] Severe laws were promulgated in the preceding reign against dueling; Louis XIV also published two edicts against it in 1643 and in 1651. *The Love-tiff* was first performed in 1656.

[25] The original has *as de pique*, and different commentators have, of course, given various explanations. But why, says M. Despois, should Marinette, who appears to be fond of cards, not call people by names derived from her favorite game? She calls Gros-René in another place *beau valet de carreau*. (See Note 12, preceding page.)

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